

MARVEL

DEADPOOL

CLASSIC



DEADPOOL

CLASSIC



DEADPOOL



CLASSIC

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MARVEL
COMICS

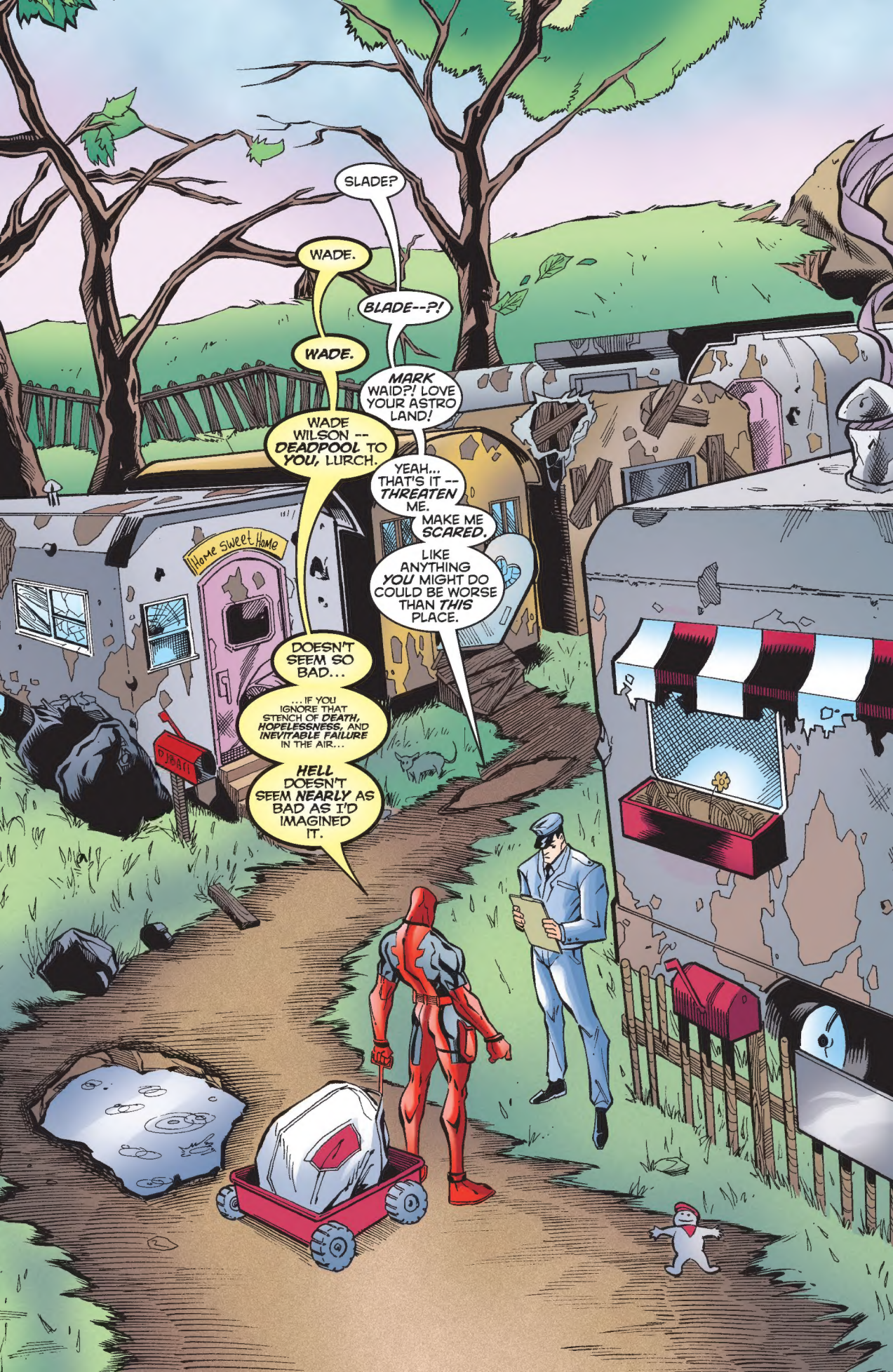


#34

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DEADPOOL





SLADE?

WADE.

BLADE--P!

WADE.

MARK
WAID?! LOVE
YOUR ASTRO
LAND!

WADE
WILSON --
DEADPOOL TO
YOU, LURCH.

YEAH...
THAT'S IT --
THREATEN
ME.
MAKE ME
SCARED.

LIKE
ANYTHING
YOU MIGHT DO
COULD BE WORSE
THAN THIS
PLACE.

DOESN'T
SEEM SO
BAD...

... IF YOU
IGNORE THAT
STENCH OF DEATH,
HOPELESSNESS, AND
INEVITABLE FAILURE
IN THE AIR...

HELL
DOESN'T
SEEM NEARLY AS
BAD AS I'D
IMAGINED
IT.

Home Sweet Home

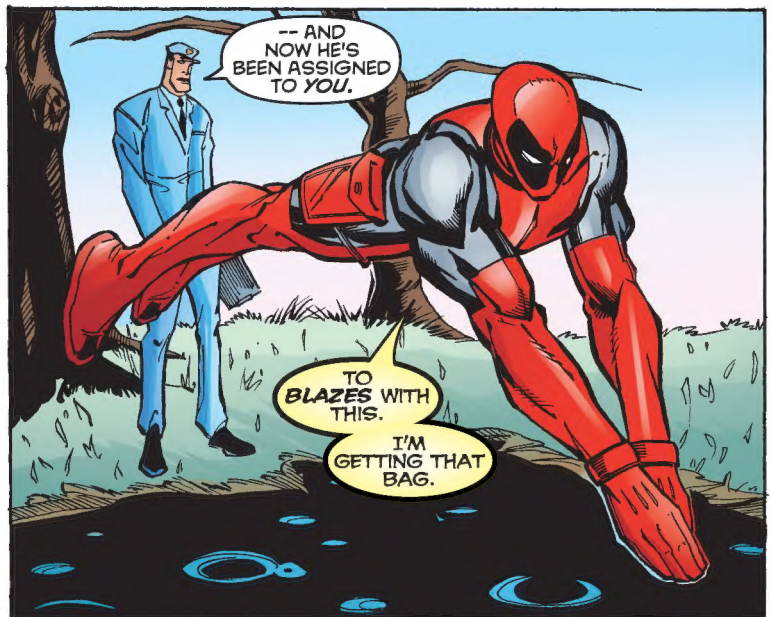
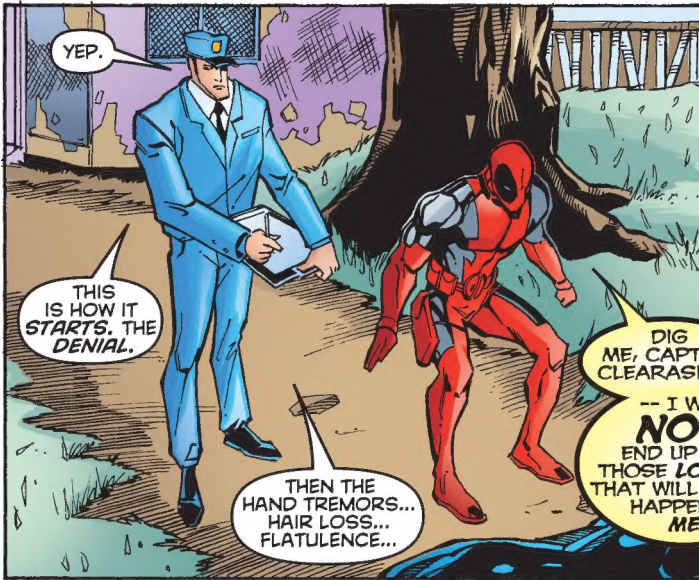
DEAD

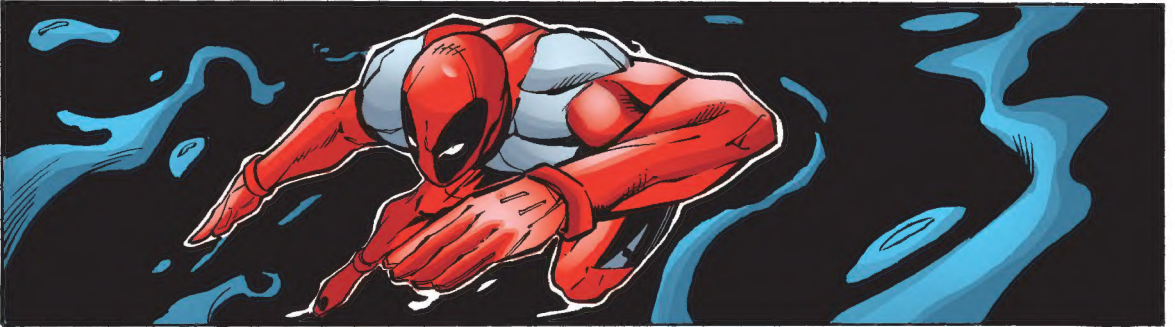
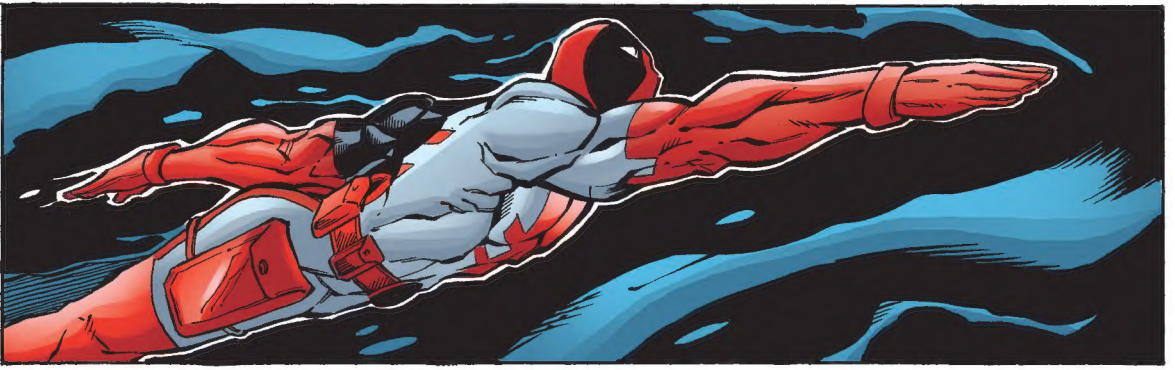


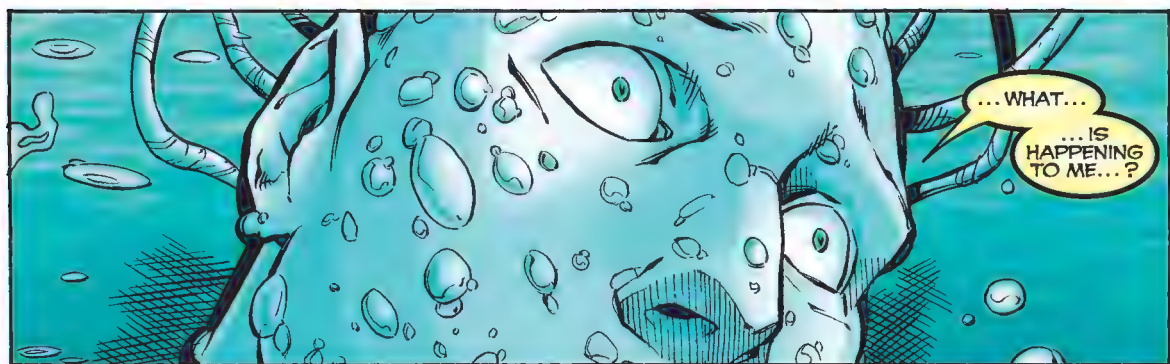
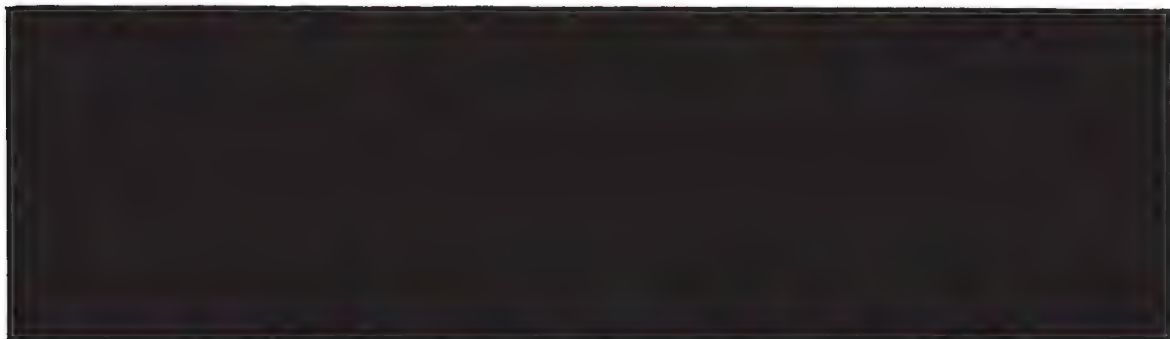
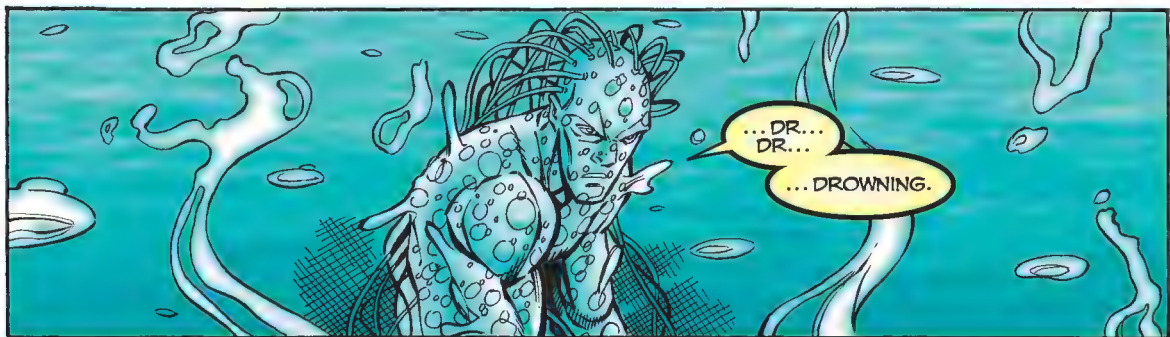
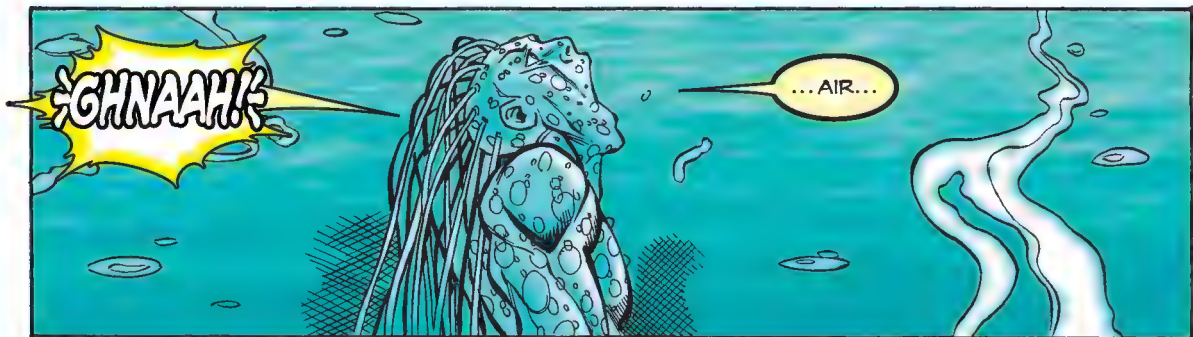














SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL

• Chapter X Verse One •

SENDING IN THE CLOWNS

STORYTELLERS
CHRISTOPHER PRIEST & PACO DIAZ

FRAMING SEQUENCE BY
GUS VASQUEZ

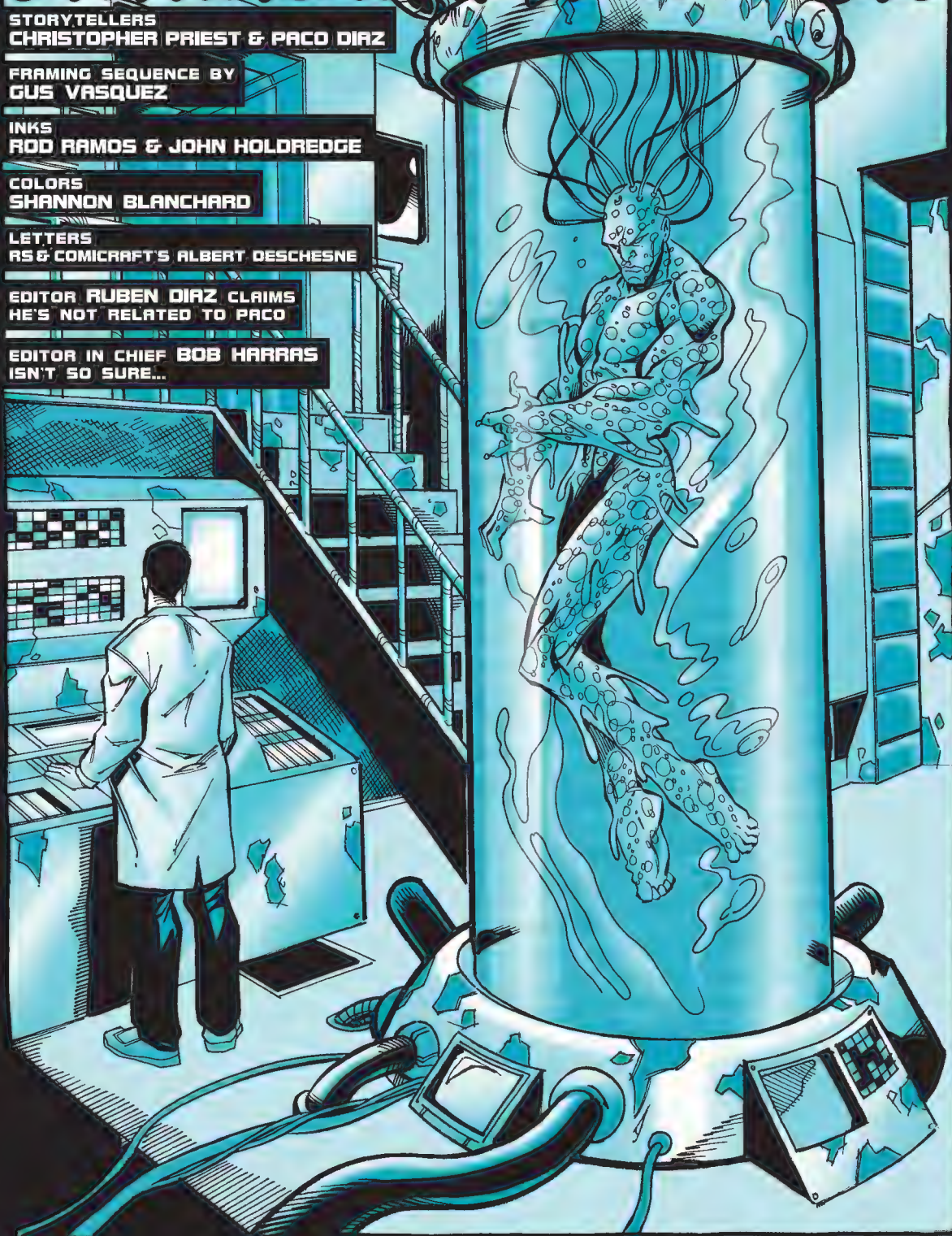
INKS
ROD RAMOS & JOHN HOLDREDGE

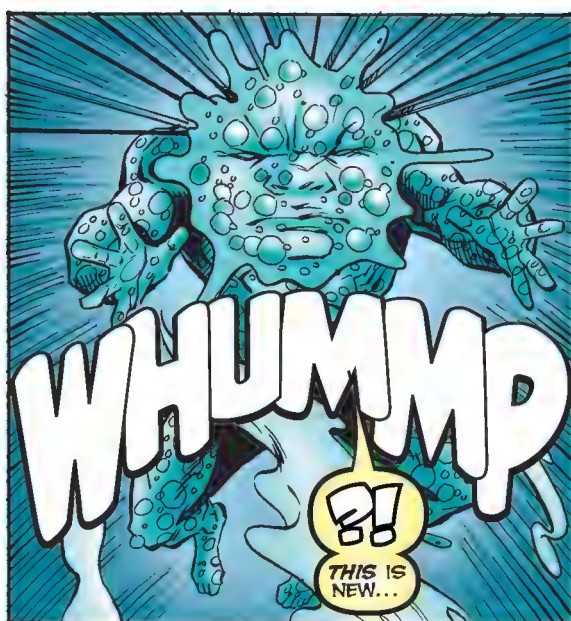
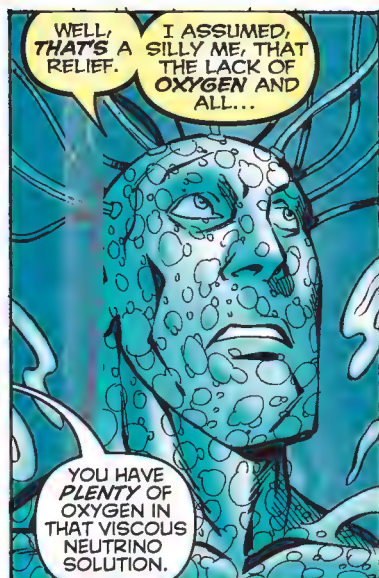
COLORS
SHANNON BLANCHARD

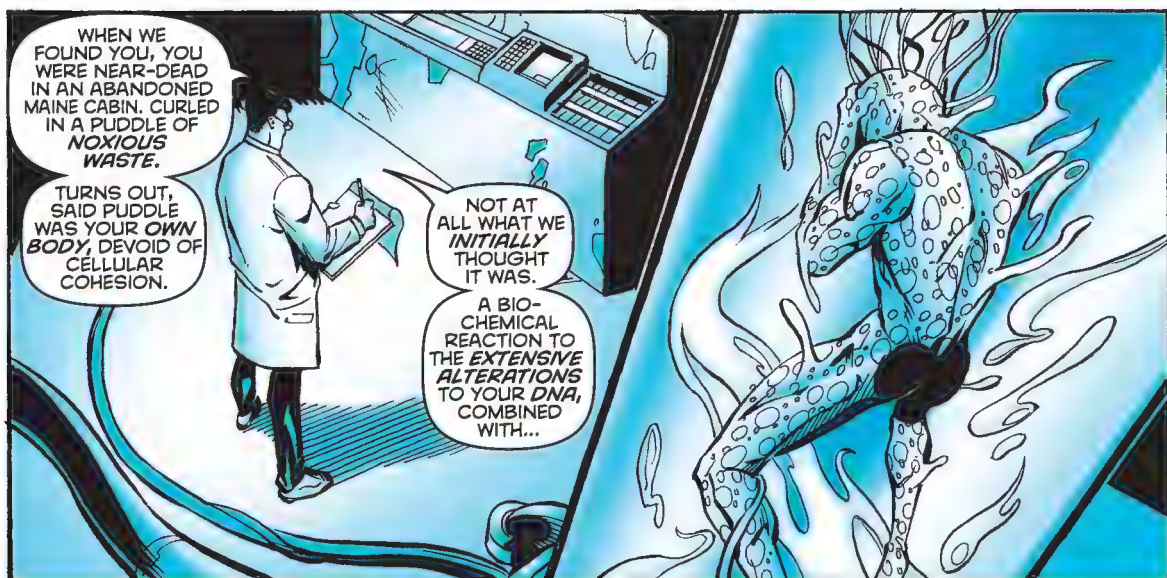
LETTERS
RS & COMICRAFT'S ALBERT DESCHESNE

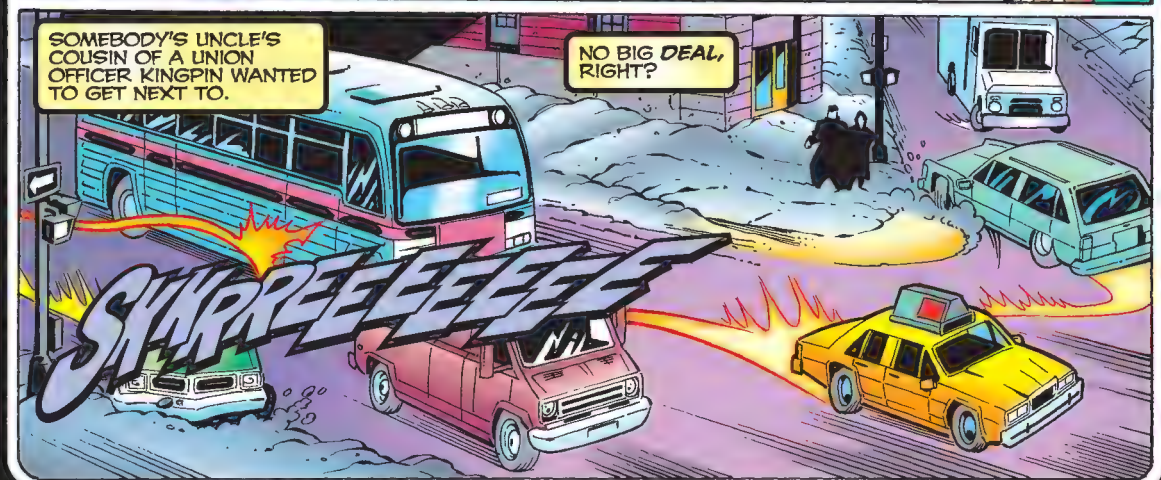
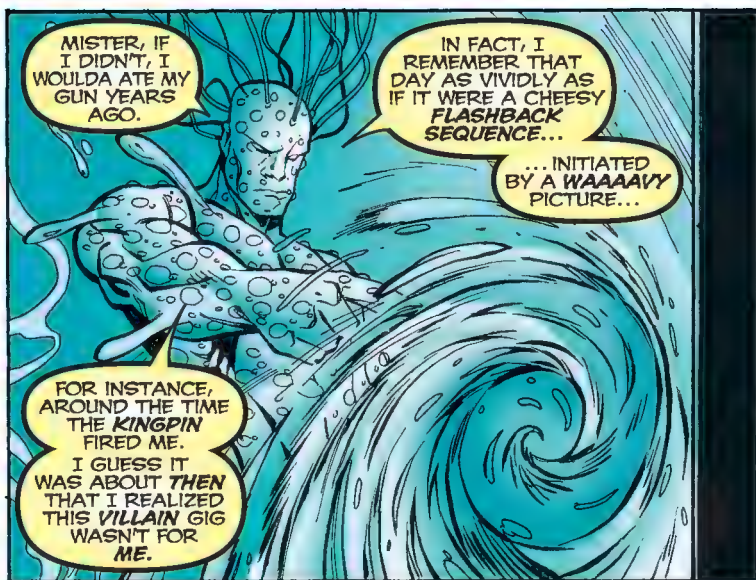
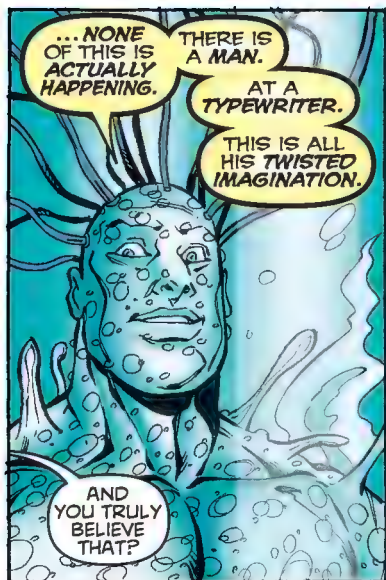
EDITOR **RUBEN DIAZ CLAIMS**
HE'S NOT RELATED TO PACO

EDITOR IN CHIEF **BOB HARRAS**
ISN'T SO SURE...









SOMETHING WAS
REALLY BOTHERING
ME. COULDA BEEN
THE SANTA SUIT --

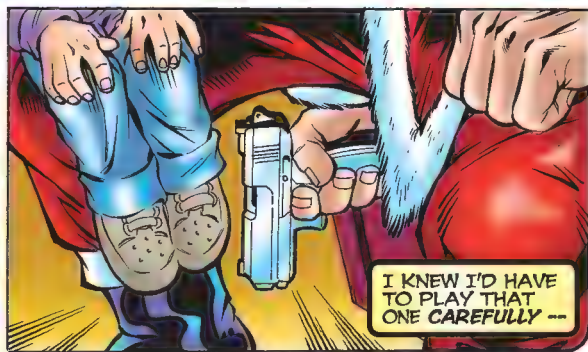
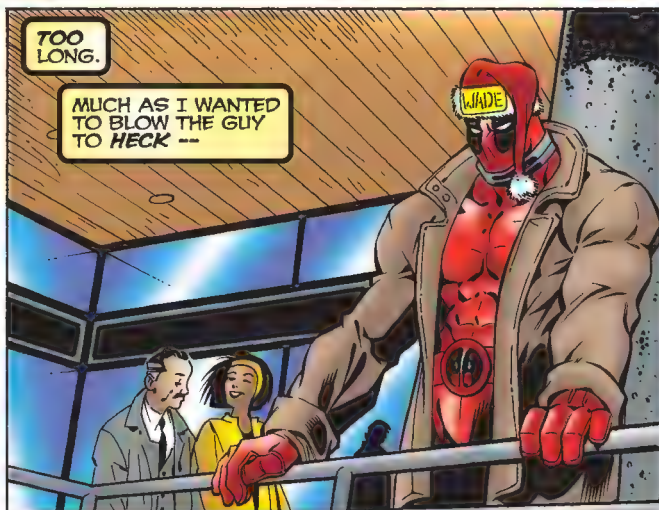
-- COULDA BEEN
THE TACO BELL I
HAD FOR LUNCH...

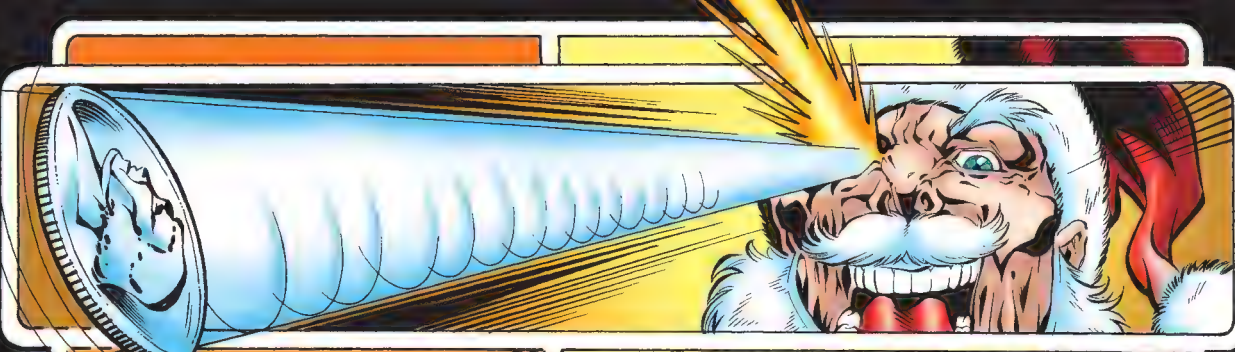
↳GASP↳

ANYWAY, I
HESITATED.

WHICH WAS ABOUT WHEN I
SHOULDA UPDATED MY RESUME.







SANTA'S GOTTA TAKE A LITTLE **BREAK** NOW, KIDDIES.



BACK IN AN **HOUR**.

IN THE MEANTIME, GO BADGER YOUR PARENTS FOR THE MOST **EXPENSIVE** STUFF YOU CAN **THINK** OF.



WHAT THE KRIS KRINGLE ARE YOU TRYIN' TA PULL---P?

NEWSFLASH FOR YOU, RAT BOY: SANTA'S **DEAD**.

UNLESS YOU PLAN ON **JOININ'** HIM, YOU'D BETTER DO **EXACTLY** WHAT I TELL YOU.

YES, MISTER
FISK... AND
ABOUT LINE ITEM
34(B) --

-- TWO
HUNDRED
SEVENTY-FOUR
THOUSAND FOR
A "WEEKEND
RESEARCH
PROJECT"---?

34(B)---?

YES -- AH --
PAGE -- 632 --
TOWARDS THE
BOTTOM
THERE.

GOT
IT.

YES, WELL,
MR. FISK FREQUENTLY
REQUIRES EXTENSIVE...
RESEARCH DONE.

IF YOU CHECK THE
ATTACHED SCHEDULE
1632C, YOU WILL NOTE
THE SUB-ITEMIZATION OF...

WHO WAS THE
GUY?

WHAT "GUY"
DO YOU REFER TO,
DEADPOOL?

THE NEW OP ---

--- CONSIDERING
THE FACT THAT
I DIDN'T.

OP=OPERATIVE
-- DIAZ

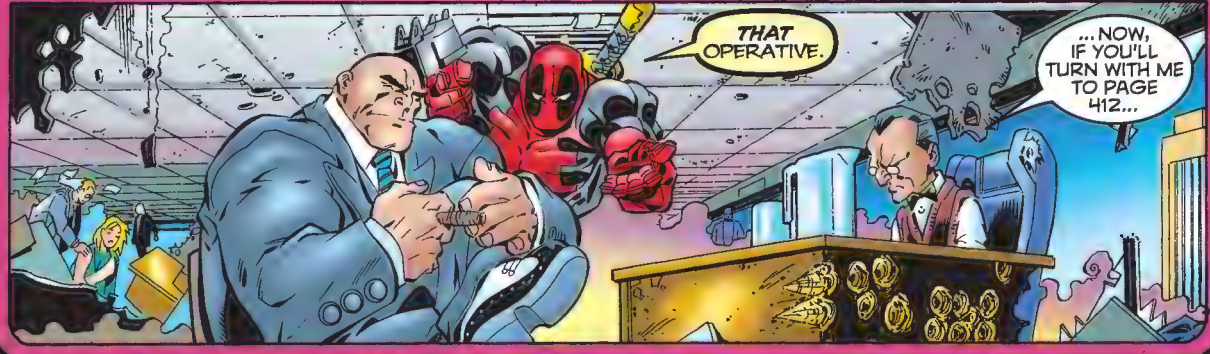
WHY'D YOU
SEND A NEW
OP IN?

I'M SURE I HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT.

ALL RIGHT --
LET'S MOVE ON TO
YOUR CAPITAL GAINS
ALLOCATIONS...

NO IDEA,
HUH? NO CLUE ABOUT
THE SECOND
OPERATIVE?

WHAT
OPERATIVE---?



LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO YOU IN **PLAIN ENGLISH.**

...WHOA... FORGOT HOW FAST FATBOY IS...

YOU'RE BECOMING A **LIABILITY, WILSON.** I'M NOT YET CONVINCED YOU ARE READY FOR FULL TIME --

--"RESEARCH"--?

THE AUTHORITIES ARE **CERTAINLY** ON THEIR WAY, WHICH GIVES YOU INCREASINGLY FEWER **OPTIONS.**

IF YOU KILL ME, I'LL COLLAPSE AND MY WEIGHT WILL SNAP YOUR NECK.

IF YOU LEARN **DISCRETION** AND **EFFICACY** --

-- AND IF YOU CAN OUTPERFORM THE **OTHER** RESEARCHER VYING FOR YOUR POSITION --

-- THEN PERHAPS I WILL RECONSIDER YOUR EMPLOYMENT.

"**BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND...**"

THOUGHT I'D SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE...

Y'KNOW...
...I FIND MYSELF **ODDLY AROUSED.**

BULLSEYE!

OKAY --
YOUR TURN --
SCREAM OUT
MY NAME.

HEY,
WILSON,
HERE'S A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR PIE
HOLE!

LET'S NOT
MAKE THIS
PERSONAL. TELL
YOU WHAT --

-- WHOEVER'S STILL *BREATHING* 30 SECONDS FROM NOW GETS THE GIG.

DEAL?

C'MON.

THERE'S
A COOKIE
IN IT FOR
YA

THWIP THWIP

NAH.

LET'S MAKE IT
PERSONAL.

EITHER
WAY WILL
DO.

BBRAAAATATATATATATATATAT

BBRAAAAT

WELL, I
CAN'T SPEAK
FOR THE REST OF
AMERICA, BUT FOR
ME, THIS IS PURE
SELFISHNESS.

A FEW
BUCKS IN THE
BANK -- A LITTLE
CAREER
ADVANCEMENT --

I JUST
DON'T GET
IT.

I MEAN,
WHERE DO YOU
PEOPLE COME FROM,
AND WHY DOES
EVERYBODY WANT
MY JOB?!

MUST BE
THE DENTAL
PLAN...

-- MAN'S
GOTTA BUILD
HIS REP
SOMEHOW,
Y'KNOW.

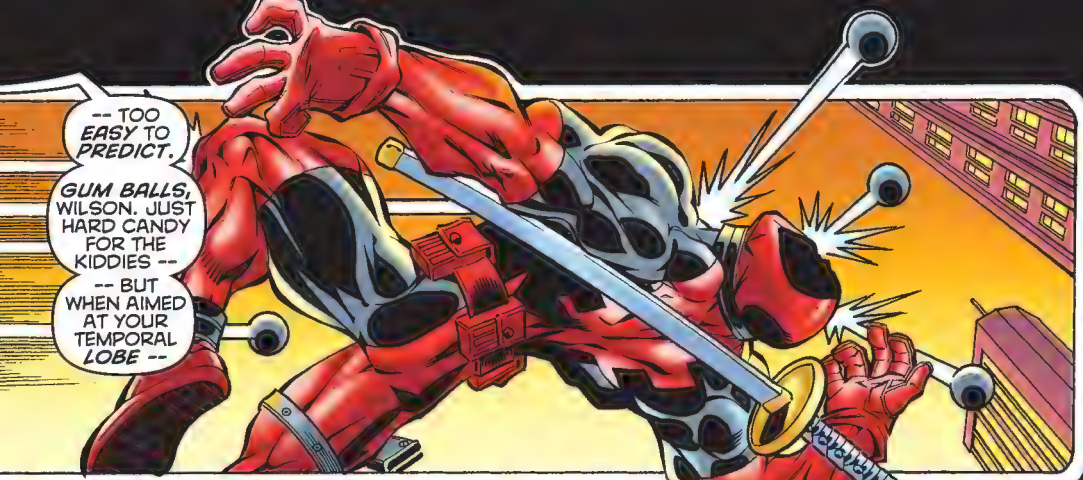
A REP
I MAY HAVE
DAMAGED BY
HAVING WORKED
WITH YOU!

THOSE
FEW JOBS WE'VE
DONE TOGETHER
SEEMED LIKE A
GOOD IDEA AT
THE TIME --

-- BUT
NOW I HAVE TO
WONDER IF THAT
WAS EVER A
GOOD IDEA!

I HAVE TO WONDER
IF YOU'VE GOT
THE CHOPS!

I MEAN,
YOUR RIDICULOUS
TRANSPORTER
SCHTICK --



-- TOO EASY TO PREDICT.

GUM BALLS, WILSON. JUST HARD CANDY FOR THE KIDDIES --

-- BUT WHEN AIMED AT YOUR TEMPORAL LOBE --



-- IT'S MORE LIKE A LIGHT SWITCH!

... GHAA... WISH HE'D SHUT UP...

... THIS MUST BE WHAT LISTENING TO ME IS LIKE...



YOUR FREELANCE GIGS FOR KINGPIN WERE PRETTY LUCRATIVE, WILSON --

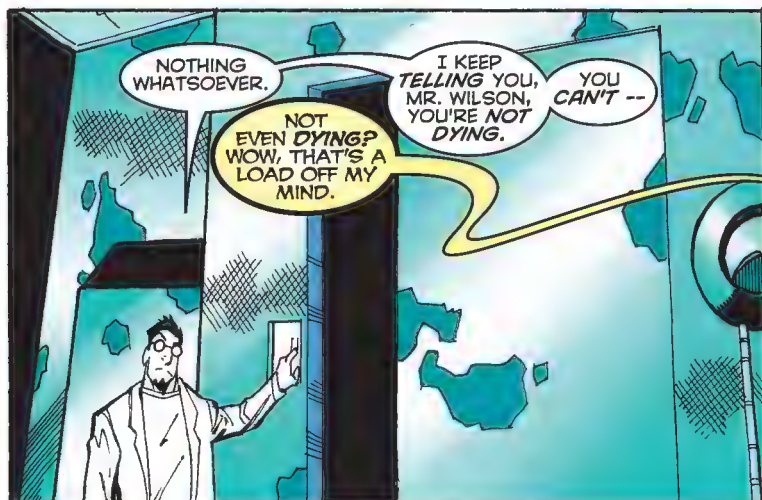
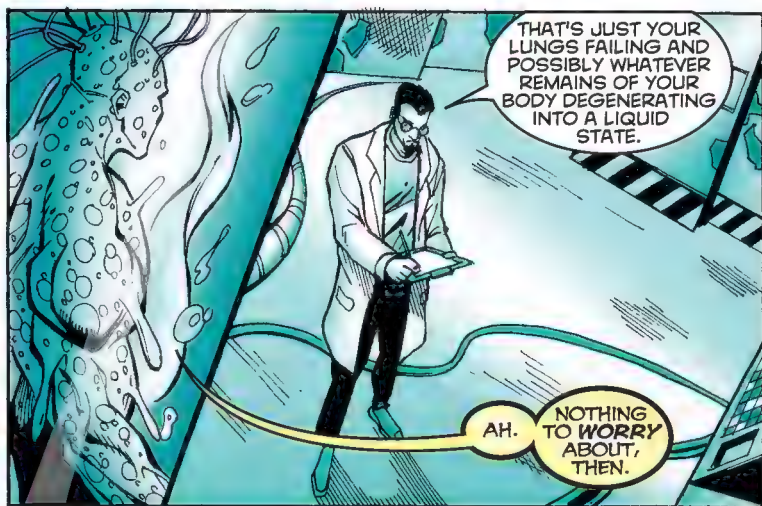
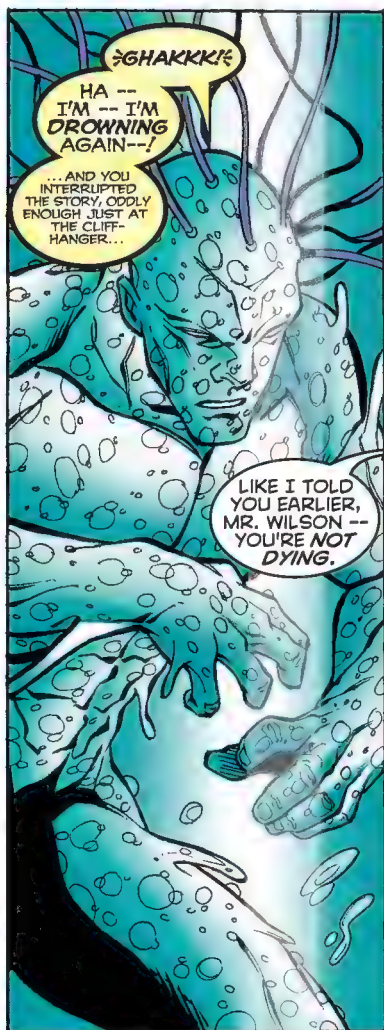
-- LIKE SOMETHING I'D BE INTERESTED IN.



AND, SO.

BULLSEYE... IF YOU BLOW MY HEAD OFF...

... THAT'LL REALLY ANNOY ME.





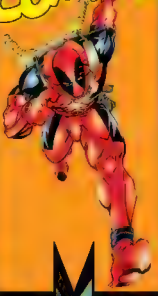
-- I'VE
SEEN TO
IT.

DEATH IN SNOT!

NEXT

CAN 'POOL SAVE DEATH? SHOULD HE?
AND WHO IS GENERIC SCIENTIST GUY?
C'MON, YOU KNOW THERE'S MORE TO
HIM THAN WE'RE TELLING YOU!

MARVEL
COMICS



APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

DEADPOOL

#35

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PRIEST
DIAZ
SMITH

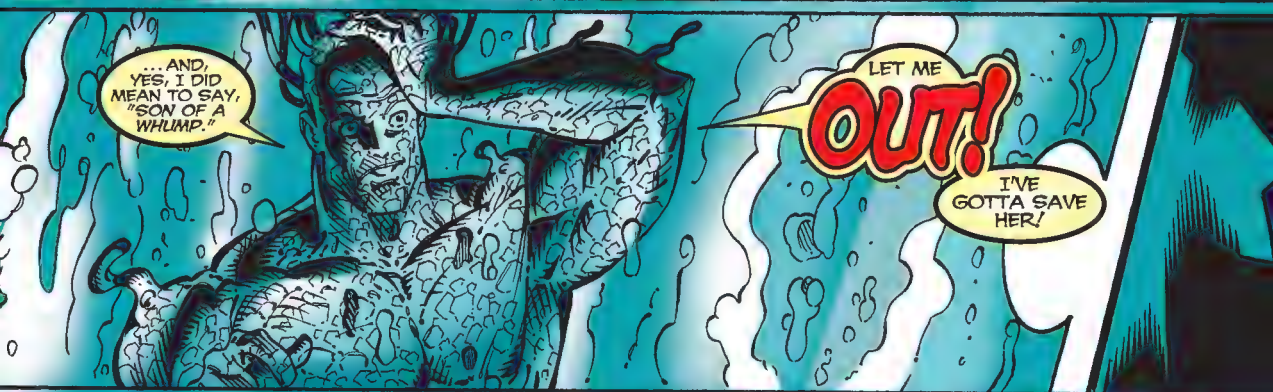
SECRETS
BENEATH THE
SKIN!





YOU SON OF A...

WHUMP



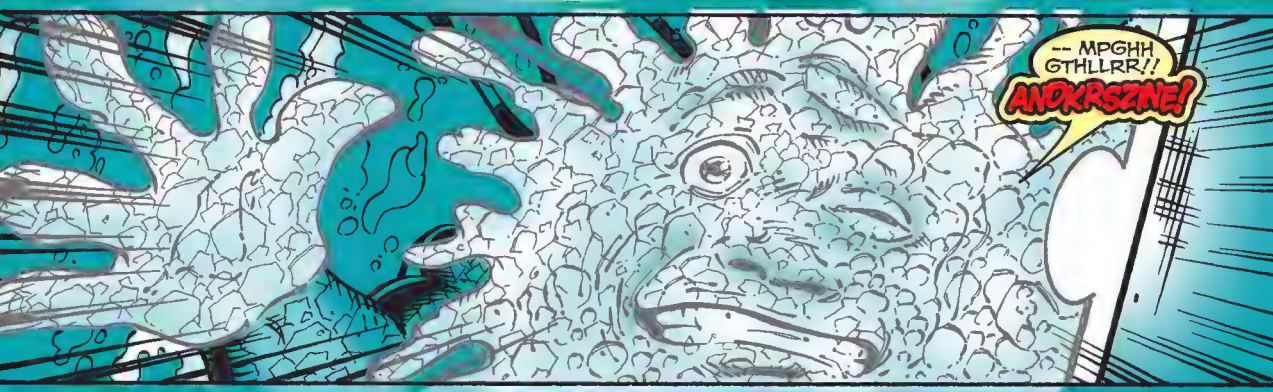
...AND, YES, I DID MEAN TO SAY, "SON OF A WHUMP."

LET ME
OUT!

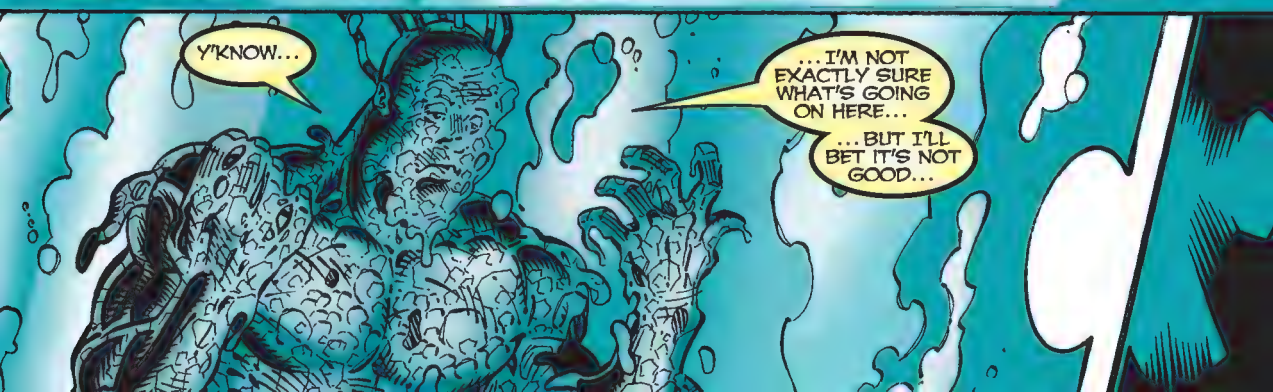
I'VE GOTTA SAVE HER!



LET ME
OUTTA HERE
OR I'LL
KILL ==



-- MPGHH GTLLRR!!
ANDKRSZNE!



Y'KNOW...

...I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...

...BUT I'LL BET IT'S NOT GOOD...



SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! **STAN LEE PRESENTS:**

• Chapter X Verse Two •

STORYTELLING:
CHRISTOPHER PRIEST
PACO DIAZ & ANDY SMITH

INKS:
SMITH, HOLDREDGE
& PEPOY

COLORS:
SHANNON BLANCHARD

LETTERS:
RS&COMICRAFT'S
TROY PETERI

EDITOR:
RUBEN DIAZ

CHIEF:
BOB HARRAS

DEADPOOL





CHEEZ...
DEATH LOOKS...
WELL... DEAD.

AND I
MEAN THAT
IN A BAD
WAY.

WHY DO
YOU WORRY SO
MUCH ABOUT
HER --?

HOW CAN
YOU FORM AN
EMOTIONAL
ATTACHMENT TO
AN ABSTRACT
CONCEPT? A
CHILDISH
PERSONIFICATION
OF A NATURAL
TRANSITORY
STATE.

DEATH IS
NOT A PERSON.
IT IS A CHANGE
OF STATUS.

AND NOT
NEARLY THE
MOST TRAUMATIC
ONE.

SHE'S
MUCH MORE
THAN THAT,
EGGHEAD --

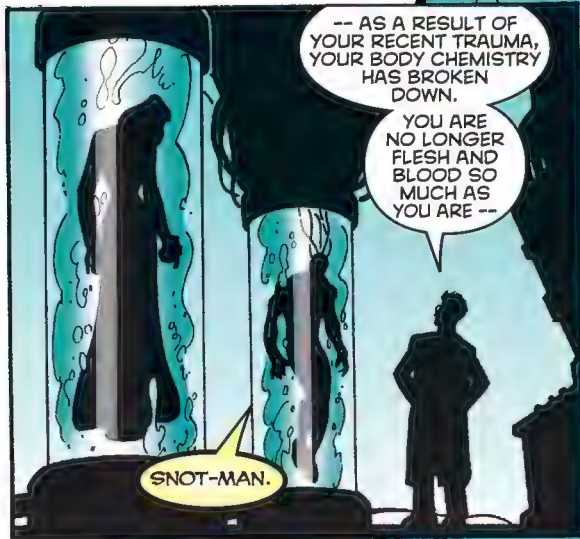
--DEATH
AND I... ARE
FRIENDS. ☺

IT'S TOO
COMPLEX AND
PART OF OLD
CONTINUITY, SO
LET'S SKIP IT AND
GET ON TO THE
PART WHERE YOU
EXPLAIN --

-- WHY MY
HEAD IS MADE
OF RUBBER?!

I ALREADY
TOLD YOU,
DEADPOOL --

SEE THE DEADPOOL &
DEATH '98 ANNUAL --R00



-- AS A RESULT OF
YOUR RECENT TRAUMA,
YOUR BODY CHEMISTRY
HAS BROKEN
DOWN.

YOU ARE
NO LONGER
FLESH AND
BLOOD SO
MUCH AS
YOU ARE --

SNOT-MAN.

-- BETTER.
EVEN MORE
POWERFUL THAN
BEFORE...

REALLY?
THEN WHY
CAN'T I SAVE
HER? OR EVEN
MYSELF?

AND EVEN
IF I DO GET
OUTTA HERE...
WHAT'S NEXT
FOR ME?

THIS
REMINDS ME
OF ANOTHER
TIME WHEN I
WAS FULL OF
QUESTIONS...
BACK BEFORE
I WORKED FOR
KINGPIN...

I'D BEEN OUT OF THE WEAPON X PROJECT FOR MAYBE A MONTH OR TWO...

I WAS FREELANCING -- A TOTALLY JACKED-UP WAY TO MAKE A LIVING. TAKING ONE RAT-FACED JOB AFTER ANOTHER JUST TO PAY THE RENT.

I WAS ON A ROUTINE SNATCH-AND-CROAK WHEN MY LIFE CHANGED FOREVER...

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT YOUR WORK WITH THE EAST SIDE MOB. MY NAME IS PAUL AND THAT'S BETWEEN Y'ALL.

WHAT I DO KNOW IS I'M SIX WEEKS LATE ON MY MASTERCARD, SO, HEY --

-- NO HARD FEELINGS, HUH?

GOTTA TELL YA, THOUGH -- THIS STUFF GETS SO ROUTINE, Y'KNOW?

AND, DOIN' THE LONG DIVISION, I'M LOOKIN' AT A LIFETIME OF PUTTIN' OUT THE TRASH.

THE WEAPON X PROGRAM GAVE ME ENHANCED ABILITIES WHILE DISFIGURING ME JUST A TAD...

Y'KNOW, SISTER...

... YOU'D MAKE THIS A WHOLE LOT EASIER IF YOU'D STOP SQUIRMING --

-- AND BREAKING WIND --

... AND, NOW THAT I'M ON MY OWN, I'M JUST TREADING WATER --

-- KINDA LIKE YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO.



SERIOUSLY,
SISTER --

-- THERE
MUST BE MORE
TO LIFE THAN
THIS, RIGHT? I
MEAN, LIFE CAN'T
BE JUST A
PAYCHECK.

AH --
LESSEE --

"MOTH"?
YOU
OPENED YOUR
"MOTH"?

ANYWAY,
AS I WAS
SAYING, I
JUST FEEL
LIKE...

... I DUNNO,
SISTER, LIKE
THERE SHOULD
BE MORE,
SOMEHOW.

THESE
POWERS --
MY HEALING
FACTOR AND
ENHANCED
STRENGTH --

-- "TRACY:
BECAUSE YOU
OPENED YOUR
BIG MOTH AND
FORCED US INTO
HIDING --"

'ZAT
WHAT IT
SAYS
HERE?

AND,
HEY --
THIRD LINE
DOWN -- IS
THAT AN
"A" --?



-- THEY SHOULD
MEAN SOMETHING,
RIGHT?

SOMETHING
MORE THAN JUST
ICING GUYS -- AND
NUNS -- I'VE NEVER
EVEN MET BEFORE.

...



... YOU TALK TO
GOD, RIGHT? I
MEAN, YOU
BELIEVE IN
SOMETHING.

WONDER
WHAT THAT'S
LIKE.

IT'S BEEN
YEARS SINCE
I EVEN KNEW
MY OWN NAME.

GOT
RID OF
MY LIFE,
TOO.

... I DUNNO,
SISTER --

THENSH
MKNMSJ
QPTLV! BSHLRP
QJKSMHN
WTTN!

RIGHT.
LIKE YOU
WOULDN'T
SAY THAT.

PARDON THE
INTERRUPTION --

--?! WHERE THE AU JUS DID YOU COME FROM --?!

IRRELEVANT.

YOU
MAY BE
JUST THE MAN
I'M LOOKING
FOR.



ALWAYS
MAKES ME
NERVOUS WHEN I
HEAR THAT FROM
A GUY.

I MEAN DOES
THIS GIG INVOLVE EITHER
BELL BOTTOMS AND/OR
MOTORCYCLES --?

MEET ME AT
WAREHOUSE C-17
ON PIER 20.
FOUR A.M.



I BELIEVE
I MAY PROVIDE
THE ANSWERS
YOU SEEK.

"HE
SAID AS
HE LEAPT
OFF A
BRIDGE."

I DUNNO,
SISTER --
WHAT DO YOU
THINK --?

THRWFF
KSLEY MSFPH
TRSLK --!

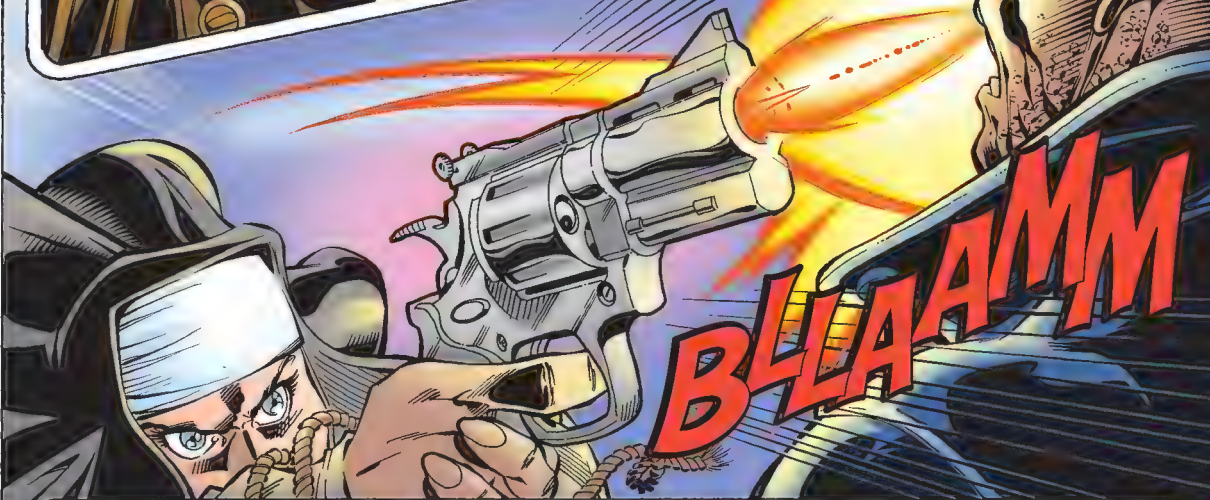
GOOD
POINT.



FEH.
THIS
IS YOUR
LUCKY DAY,
SISTER.

SCRAM.
SKEE-DADDLE.
VAMOOSSE. ASTA
LASAGNA. GIVE
MY REGARDS TO
BROADWAY.

HIT THE
RO --



BLLAAMM



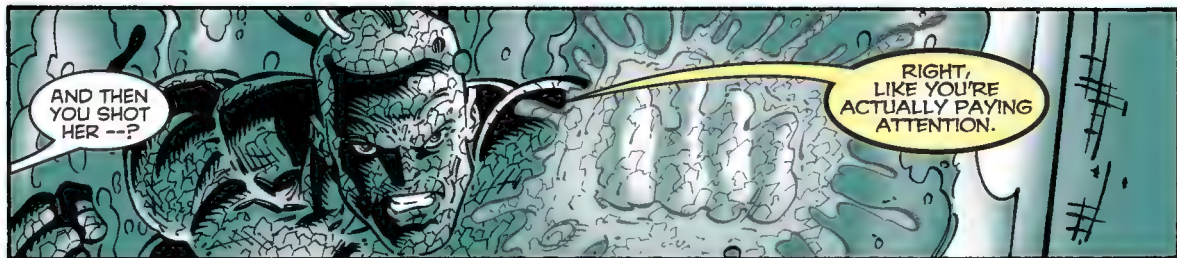
Y'KNOW, I JUST
NOTICED...
... THAT
NUN HAD A
MOUSTACHE.



SLIGHT TACTICAL
ERROR --



-- FOR WHICH I,
SERENDIPITOUSLY,
HAVE A REMEDY.



AND THEN
YOU SHOT
HER ---?

RIGHT,
LIKE YOU'RE
ACTUALLY PAYING
ATTENTION.



SURE
I AM.

ALL OF THIS
BACKSTORY
IS EXTREMELY
USEFUL TO ME. HELPS
ME UNDERSTAND
YOU BETTER.

GLAD I
COULD HELP ---
WHO DO
YOU WORK
FOR---?!

I AM...AN
INDEPENDENT
CONTRACTOR.
MUCH LIKE
YOURSELF.



YOU'RE NOTHING LIKE
ME ---! AND YOU'RE
MORE THAN SOME
MOPE IN A LAB
COAT ---

--- IF YOU'VE
MANAGED TO
BEAT DEATH!
C'MON --- LET THE
LI'L GAL GO ---

--- I MEAN,
WHAT DID
DEATH EVER DO
TO YOU?!



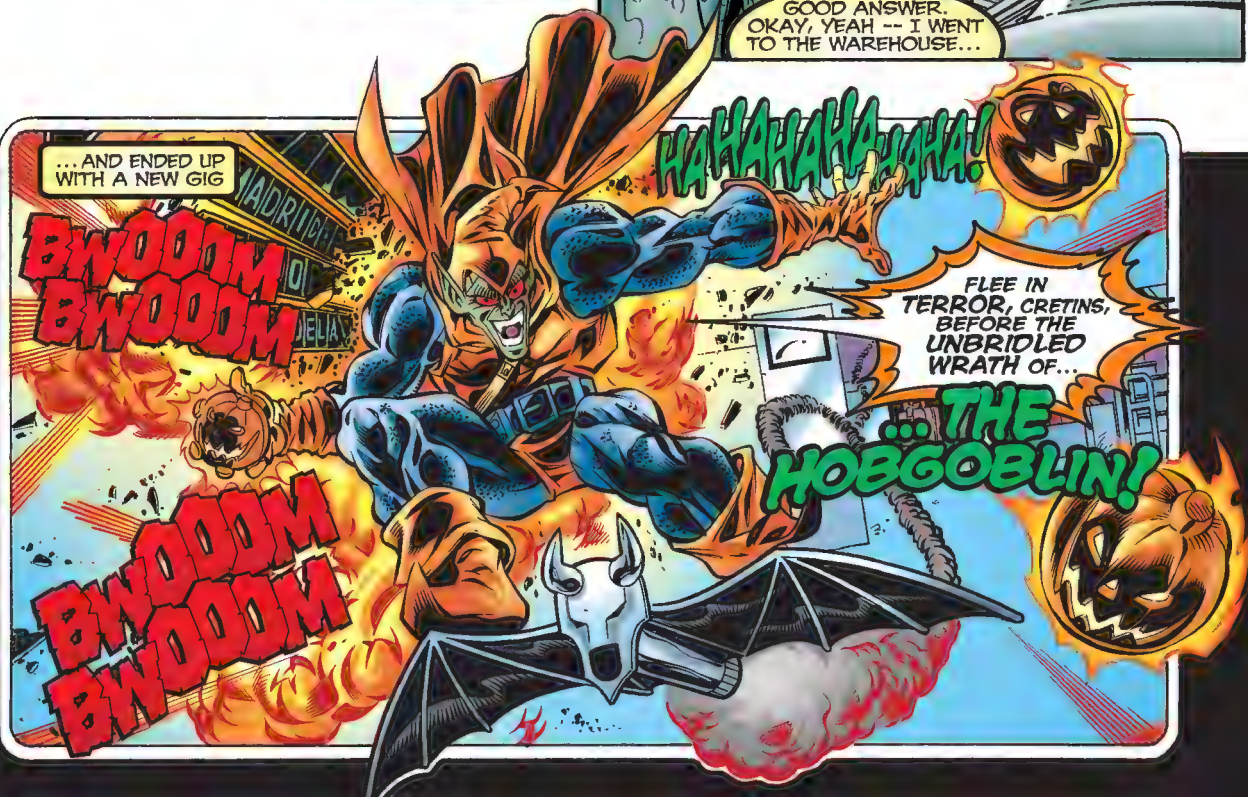
IT'S...A LONG
STORY.

AND,
SPEAKING
OF WHICH,
DID YOU MEET
THE MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER AT HIS
WAREHOUSE?

WHY
SHOULD
I TELL
YOU?

SO YOU
CAN LULL ME
INTO LETTING MY
GUARD DOWN FOR
YOUR INEVITABLE
ESCAPE ATTEMPT?

GOOD ANSWER.
OKAY, YEAH --- I WENT
TO THE WAREHOUSE...



... AND ENDED UP
WITH A NEW GIG

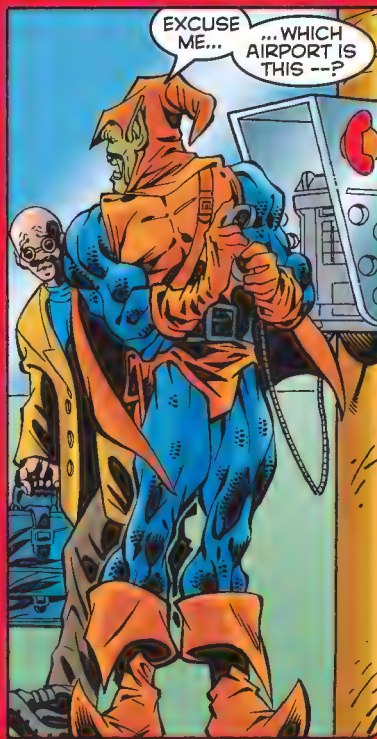
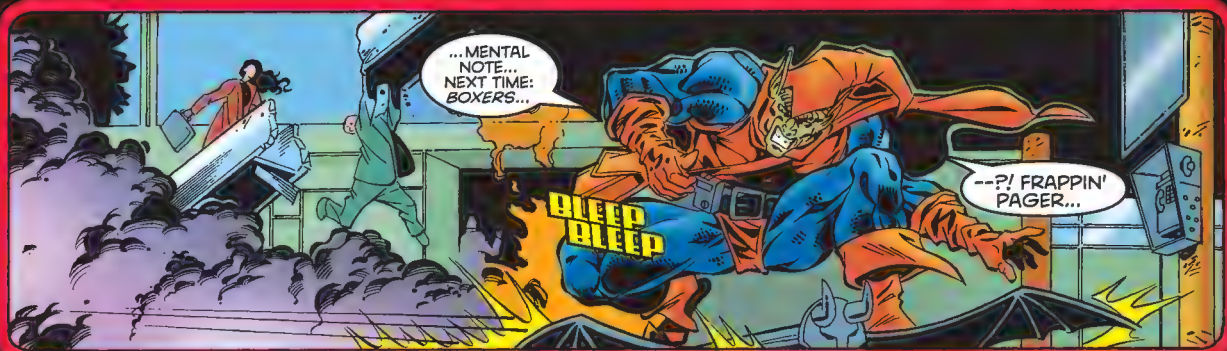
**BWOOM
BWOOM**

**BWOOM
BWOOM**

HAHAHAHAHA!

FLY IN
TERROR, CRETINS,
BEFORE THE
UNBRIDLED
WRATH OF...

**...THE
HOBGOBLIN!**





LET'S JUST SAY MY STINT AS ONE OF THE HOBGOBLIN'S DECOYS WAS SHORT-LIVED...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN --?



I WAS WHERE YOU SAID TO GO -- WAREHOUSE C-20 ON PIER 17!

ARE YOU ALWAYS THIS STUPID, OR IS THIS SOMETHING SPECIAL?

IT WAS WAREHOUSE C-17 ON PIER 20! LOOK --

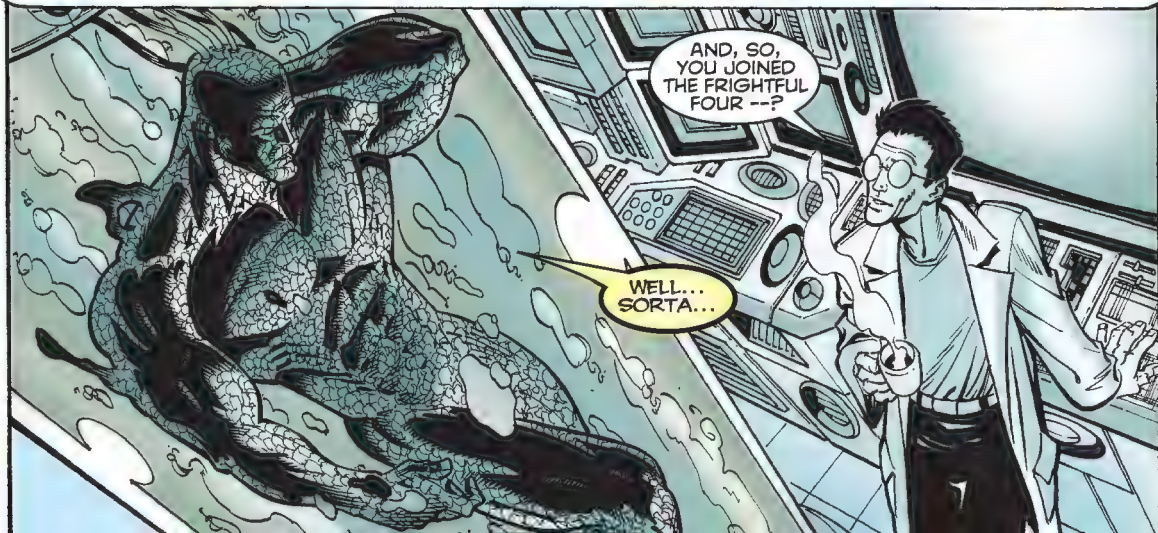
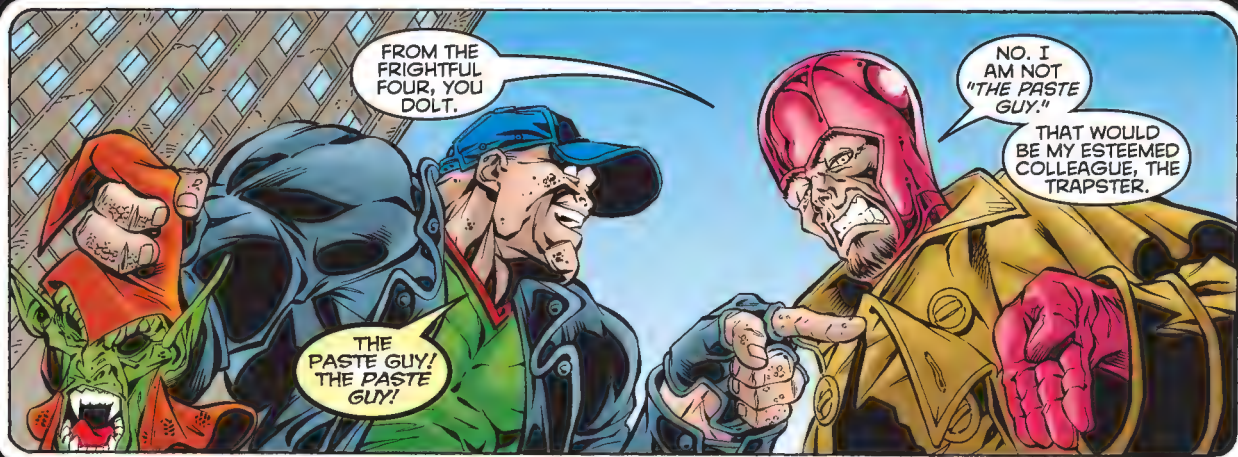


I AM --
-- THE WIZARD.



SORRY.
NOTHING.

THE WIZARD OWW --?



THE WIZARD HAD ALSO RECRUITED TWO OTHER GUYS -- THE CONSTRICTOR AND THE TASKMASTER.

WE
LOOK LIKE
DUCKS.

YES,
BUT...
... DUCKS
WITH
GUNS!

ENOUGH
PRATTLING --!

THOSE TRAINING
UNIFORMS SERVE
A SPECIFIC
PURPOSE.

SHOULD
YOU SURVIVE
THIS TEST MISSION,
YOU WILL BE FREE TO
DETERMINE YOUR
OWN UNIFORM
DESIGN.

I KINDA
LIKE IT!

HMMMM...
"DEATH
DUCK"...

'TIS AN
INSULT THAT I,
THE TASKMASTER
AND FOUNDER OF
THE CRIME COLLEGE,
SHOULD WEAR A
"TRAINING
UNIFORM" --

HEY.
TWO
WORDS:
"BOXER
SHORTS."

SILENCE!

THE
WINGLESS
WIZARD SHALL
BROOK NO MORE
PRATTLE FROM
THE LIKES OF
YOU!



FOOL!
THINK
YOU THESE
FOOLISH DISCS CAN
BRING LOW THE
TASKMASTER?!

YEAH, BIG
HEAD --

-- WHO
DIED AND
MADE YOU
QUEEN
BETTY?!

NO -- YOU
DOPES --

-- DON'T
TOUCH
THEM --



-- THAT'S
PROBABLY
JUST WHAT HE
WANTS!
THE DISCS ARE
SETTING UP A
ZERO GRAV FIELD --
DISORIENTING
YOU JUST LONG
ENOUGH --



-- FOR
HIM TO
MAKE HIS
MOVE!

VERY
ASTUTE, MR.
WILSON.
AS YOUR
FELLOW
CLASSMATES
ARE ABOUT TO
LEARN --!



--?! PIXIE
DUST--?!

GROUND
GLASS, YOU FOOL!
AND, IF I'M NOT
MISTAKEN --

YOU
ARE
NOT.

ZOOM



...WELL... I
THOUGHT IT WAS
A CONTEST,
Y'KNOW?

PIN THE
WIZARD TO
THE MAT, WIN
A BIG BOWL
OF FLAN.

I
FIGURED
THAT RAY GUN
HE GAVE ME
WAS RIGGED,
SO I DIDN'T
FIRE IT.

AFTER A
BRIEF STOP AT
THE EMERGENCY
ROOM, WE MOVED
ON TO THE REAL
TEST --

-- AT THE
BAXTER
BUILDING.

IN CASE YOU'VE
BEEN IN GUAM
FOR THE LAST
DECADE: THIS
IS WHERE THE
FANTASTIC FOUR
USED TO LIVE.

I NEVER GOT THAT
BY THE WAY --

-- WHY THEY'D BE SO
PUBLIC WITH THEIR
ADDRESS. I MEAN,
CAMPED OUT THERE
IN MID-MANHATTAN --

-- THEIR PHONE
NUMBER LISTED --

-- JUST MADE 'EM TARGETS
FOR ALL KINDA NUTS...



LEMME 'SPLAIN
SOMETHIN' TO YA,
RUGRAT --

ONE
MORE GAG AND
I SHOVE YA IN TH'
MICROWAVE.
AGAIN.

--GIGGLE!--
WILL
NOT!

WILL
TOO.



I'D NEVER SEEN
ANOTHER "SUPER"
HERO BEFORE.

SEEMS SILLY
NOW. I MEAN --

I WANTED TO ASK
THE GUY FOR HIS
AUTOGRAPH.

-- HERE WAS A GUY
WHO'D FOUND HIMSELF.

A MAN WHO'D
BEEN DISFIGURED
AND SHUNNED BY
THE PUBLIC --

-- KID,
I PROMISE
YA --

-- ONE MORE
TIME AND
YOU'RE A POP
TART --!

-- BUT HE'D SOMEHOW
COME TO *TERMS* WITH
THINGS.

I WANTED TO ASK HIM
HOW HE DID IT. BUY
THE GUY A BREWSKIE.

INSTEAD, I
SHOT HIM.

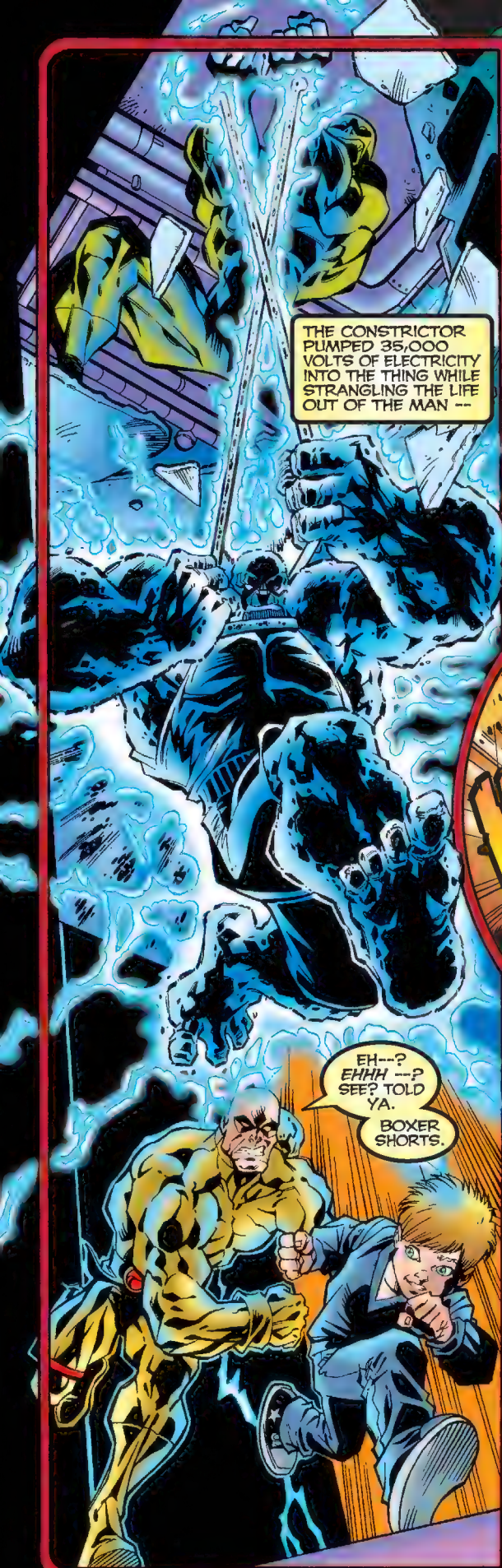
THE BAXTER BUILDING
HAD IMPRESSIVE SECURITY
SYSTEMS. THE FACT THAT
WE MADE IT IN AT *ALL*
MADE THAT WIZARD GUY
SEEM *IMPRESSIVE* --

-- SUBTRACT TWO
COOL POINTS FOR THE
BIG HAT, THOUGH...

CAN'T
MICROWAVE
ME IF YOU
CAN'T *CATCH*
ME, UNCLE
BEN!

=GIGGLE!=

SLASH!



THE CONSTRICTOR
PUMPED 35,000
VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY
INTO THE THING WHILE
STRANGLING THE LIFE
OUT OF THE MAN --

EH--?
EHHH --P
SEE? TOLD
YA.
BOXER
SHORTS.

THE TASKMASTER
FIRED OFF A WIDE-
BAND FOCUSED
PARTICLE EXPLOSIVE
ARROW --

-- WHICH, IN ANY
LANGUAGE, MEANT --



-- EXIT,
STAGE
LEFT!

STEP TWO:
SNATCH
THE KID.

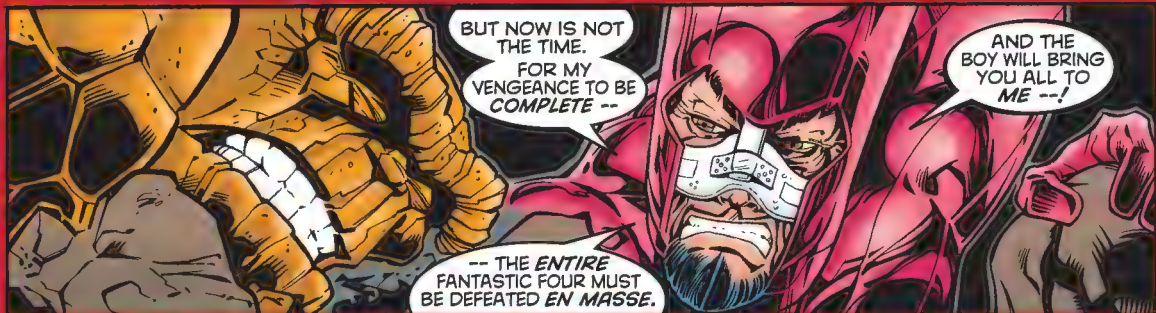


EXCELLENT.
FLAWLESSLY
EXECUTED.
YES...
YOU THREE
WILL DO QUITE
NICELY.



SLEEP
WELL, OLD
FRIEND...
...KNOWING HOW
EASILY THE WINGLESS
WIZARD COULD
HAVE...

... *SHOULD*
HAVE DESTROYED
YOU.



BUT NOW IS NOT
THE TIME.
FOR MY
VENGEANCE TO BE
COMPLETE --

AND THE
BOY WILL BRING
YOU ALL TO
ME --!

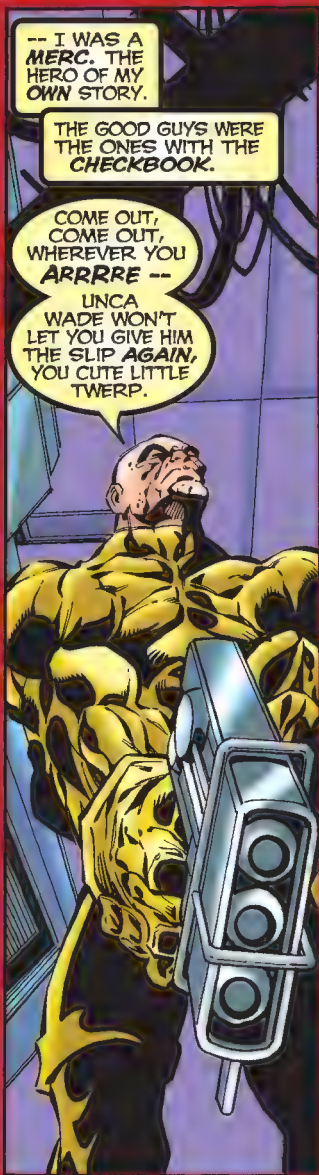
-- THE *ENTIRE*
FANTASTIC FOUR MUST
BE DEFEATED *EN MASSE*.



I WAS REALLY IMPRESSED
BY THE WHOLE IDEA. Y'KNOW...
"HEROES" AND "VILLAINS."

AS THOUGH LIFE
ACTUALLY WAS
THAT SIMPLE.

I'D NEVER REALLY
THOUGHT OF MYSELF
AS A VILLAIN --

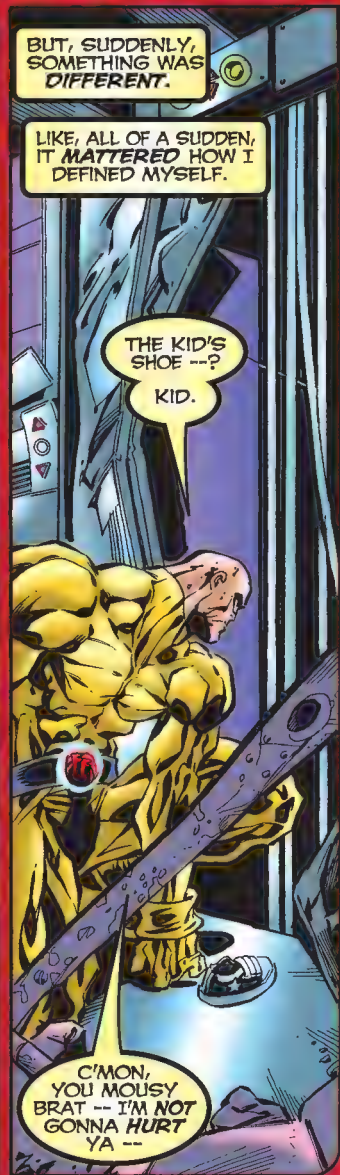


-- I WAS A
MERC. THE
HERO OF MY
OWN STORY.

THE GOOD GUYS WERE
THE ONES WITH THE
CHECKBOOK.

COME OUT,
COME OUT,
WHEREVER YOU
ARRRRRE --

UNCA
WADE WON'T
LET YOU GIVE HIM
THE SLIP *AGAIN*,
YOU CUTE LITTLE
TWERP.

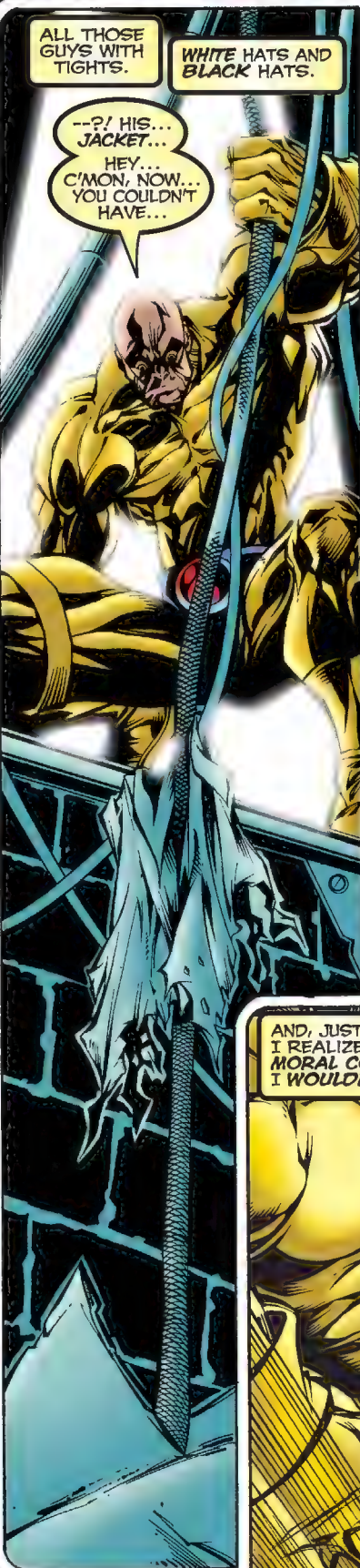


BUT, SUDDENLY,
SOMETHING WAS
DIFFERENT.

LIKE, ALL OF A SUDDEN,
IT *MATTERED* HOW I
DEFINED MYSELF.

THE KID'S
SHOE --?
KID.

C'MON,
YOU MOUSY
BRAT -- I'M NOT
GONNA HURT
YA --



ALL THOSE
GUYS WITH
TIGHTS.

WHITE HATS AND
BLACK HATS.

--?! HIS...
JACKET...

HEY...
C'MON, NOW...
YOU COULDN'T
HAVE...



Y'KNOW... WHERE
THE LINE WAS.

C'MON...

C'MON,
KID -- NOBODY
MEANT TO KILL
YOU --!

CRIPES...
SNOT IN A
SACK --!

WHAT HAVE WE
DONE --?!

JUST LIKE THAT, IT
SUDDENLY MATTERED TO
ME WHICH ONE I WORE...



AND, JUST LIKE THAT,
I REALIZED I HAD A
MORAL CODE. A LINE
I WOULDN'T CROSS.

THIS IS JUST A
GAG, KID --

-- Y'KNOW
-- SPANDEX
AND BOXER
SHORTS.

NONE
OF THIS HAS
ANYTHING TO DO
WITH LITTLE KIDS
DYING!

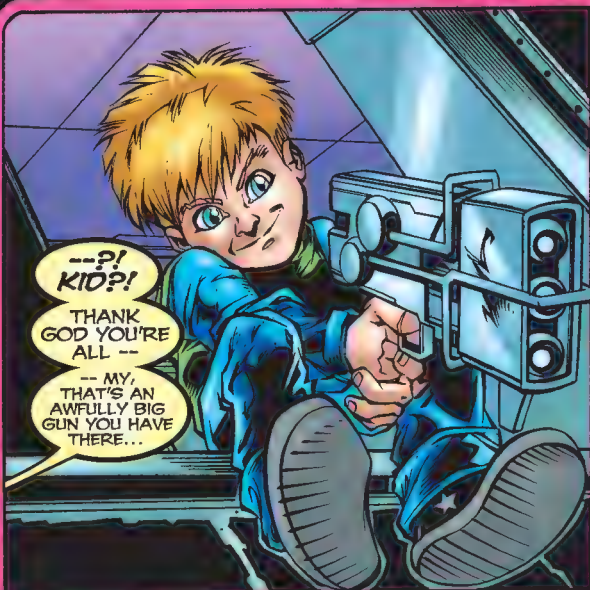


C'MON.

BUY YOU
AN ICE CREAM.
A FIRE TRUCK.
ANYTHING.

JUST -- BE ALL
RIGHT --

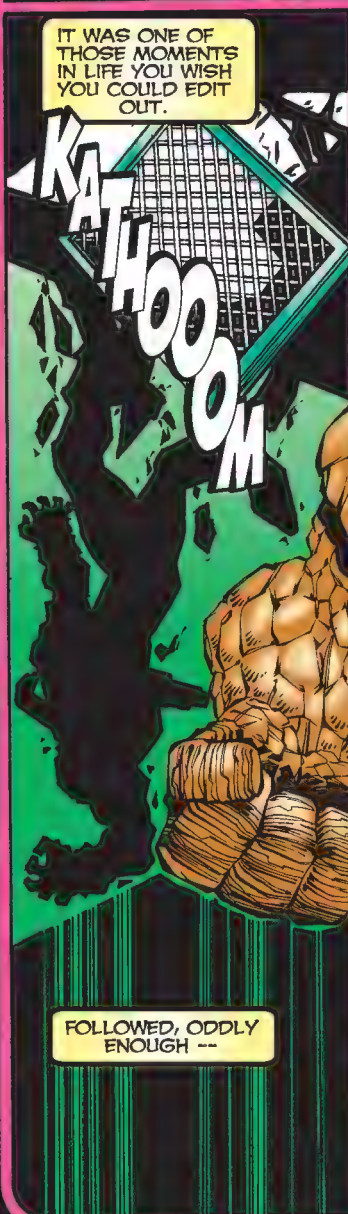
WHO ARE
YOU --?!



--?!
KID?!

THANK
GOD YOU'RE
ALL --

-- MY,
THAT'S AN
AWFULLY BIG
GUN YOU HAVE
THERE...

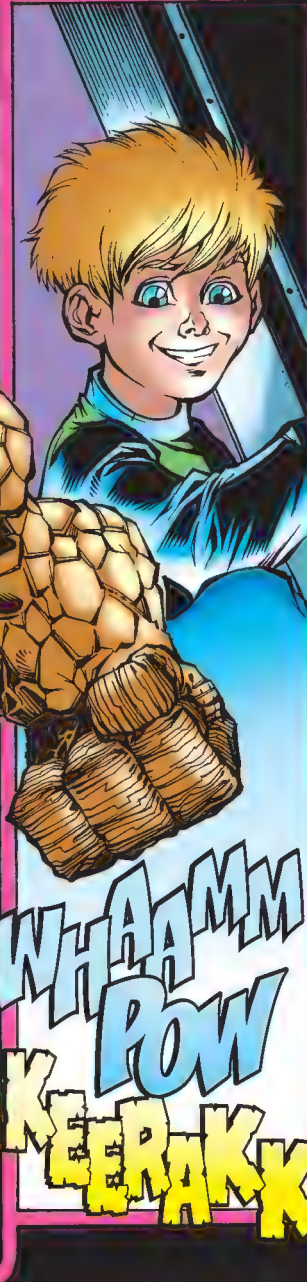


IT WAS ONE OF
THOSE MOMENTS
IN LIFE YOU WISH
YOU COULD EDIT
OUT.



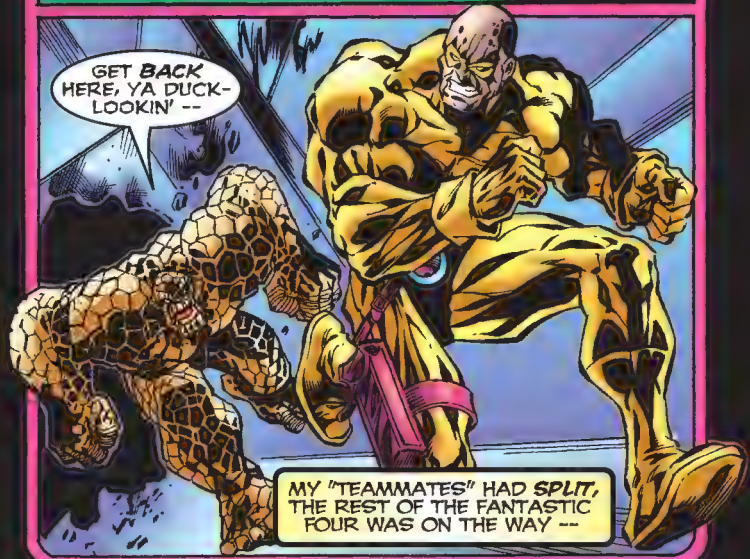
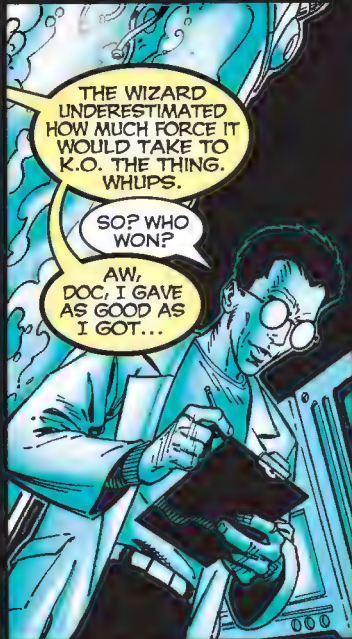
-- BY ANOTHER.

IT'S
KLOBBERIN'
TIME!



FOLLOWED, ODDLY
ENOUGH --

WHAAAMM
POW
KEERAKK



MARVEL[®]
COMICS



#36

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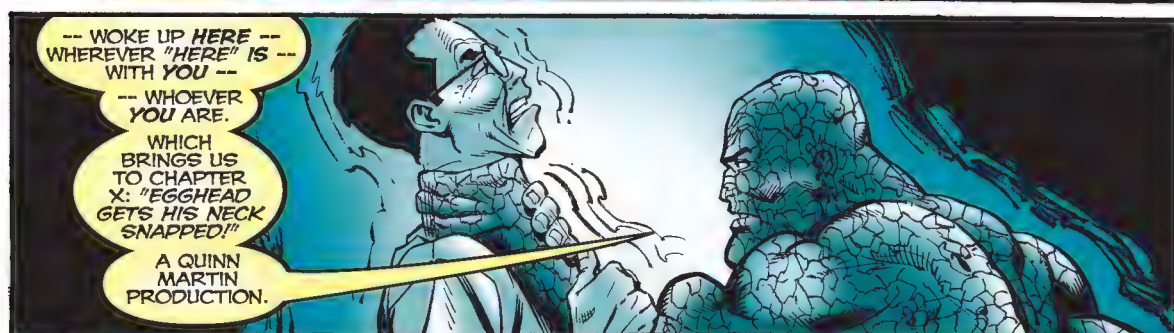
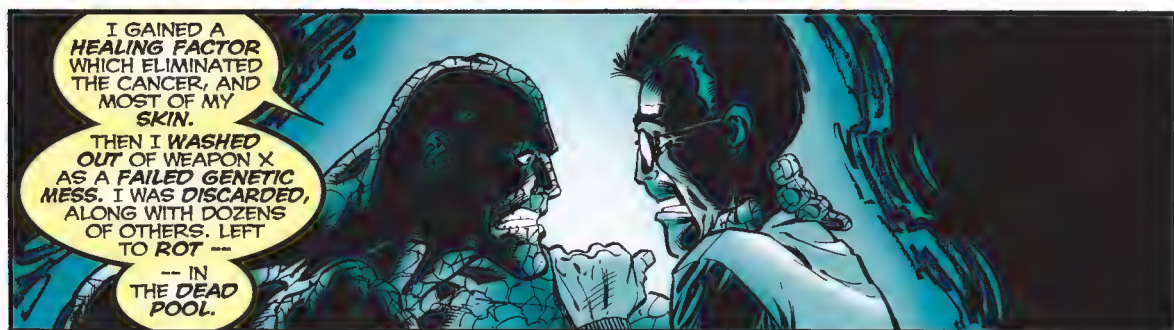
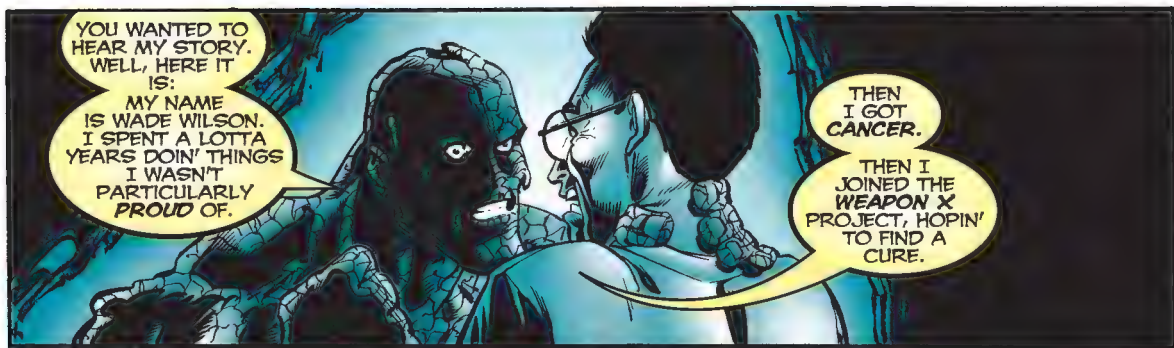
PRIEST
DIAZ
SMITH

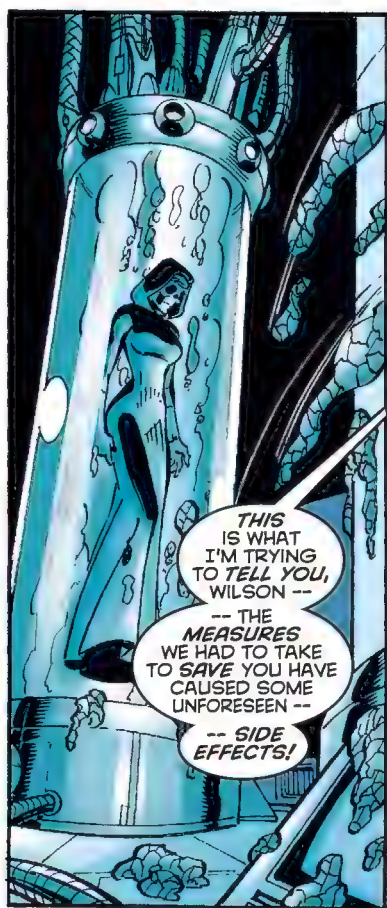
DEAD- POOL[®]

NEXT *MAGILLA*
TO CRACK A JOKE
GETS *CAPPED* WITH
A SEMI-AUTOMATIC
BANANA!

APES--
SHEESH!



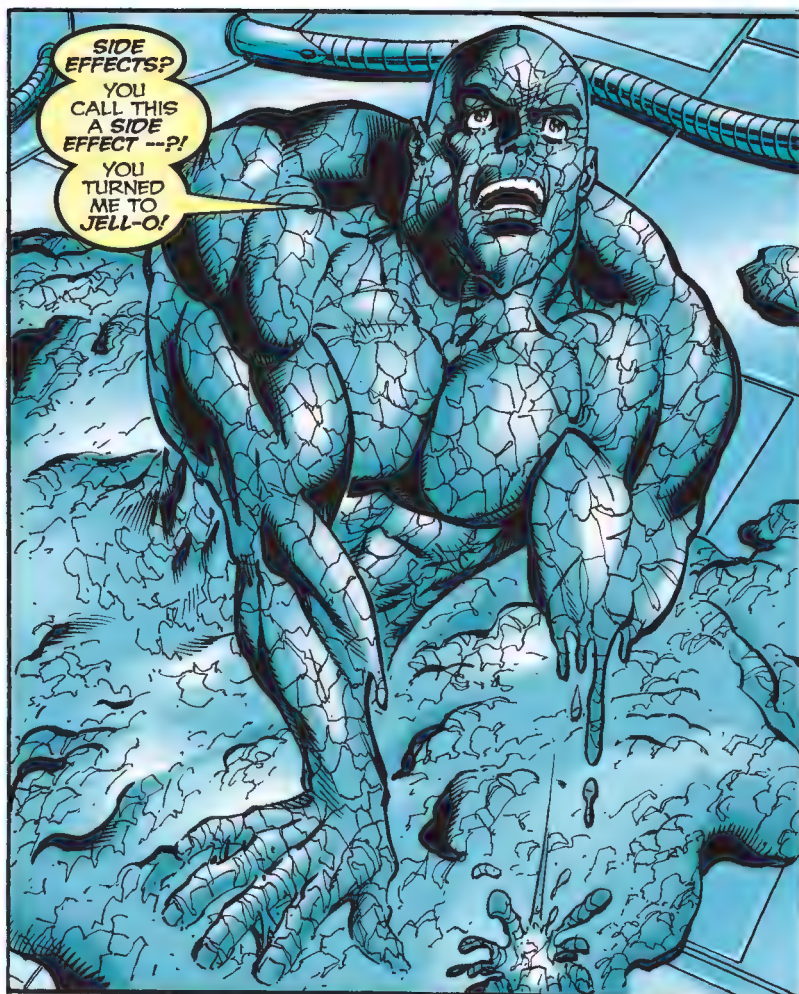




THIS IS WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU, WILSON --

-- THE MEASURES WE HAD TO TAKE TO SAVE YOU HAVE CAUSED SOME UNFORESEEN --

-- SIDE EFFECTS!



SIDE EFFECTS?
YOU CALL THIS A SIDE EFFECT --P!
YOU TURNED ME TO JELL-O!

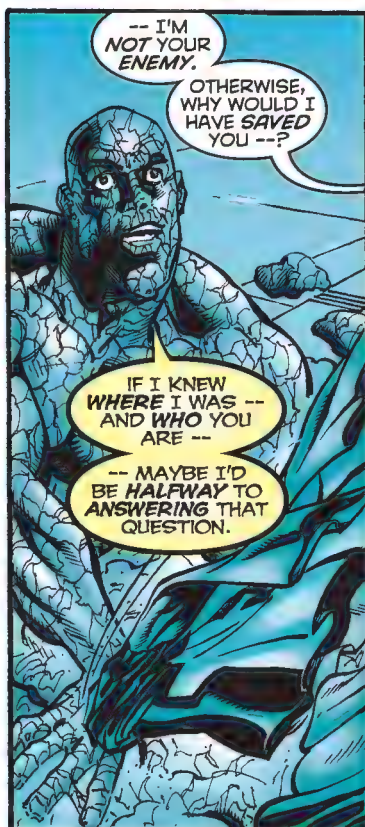


MORE LIKE PUTTY.

YOUR BONES, MUSCLE -- ALL OF IT HAS LOST A GOOD DEAL OF MOLECULAR COHESION.

YOU WILL NEED THIS CONTAINMENT SUIT TO ACHIEVE ANY REASONABLE LEVEL OF MOBILITY.

WILSON -- STOP FIGHTING ME--



-- I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY.

OTHERWISE, WHY WOULD I HAVE SAVED YOU --?

IF I KNEW WHERE I WAS -- AND WHO YOU ARE --

-- MAYBE I'D BE HALFWAY TO ANSWERING THAT QUESTION.

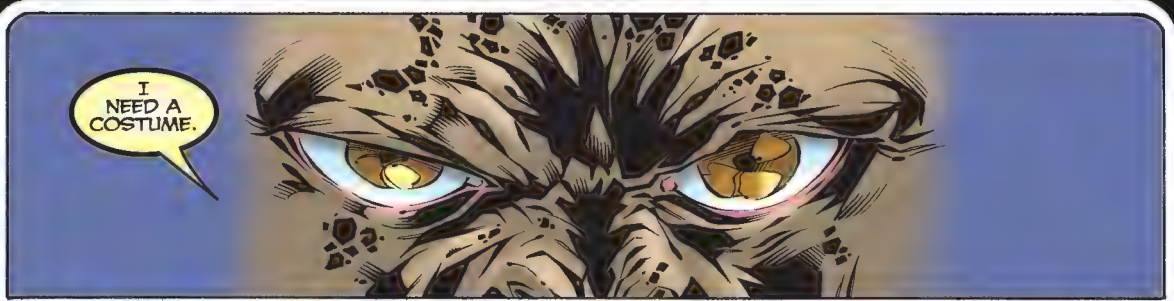


MY NAME IS IRRELEVANT.

IS THAT WITH AN "E" OR AN "I" --?

GET THAT SUIT ON. THE UNIFORM MARKS A NEW BEGINNING FOR YOU --

-- JUST LIKE THE LAST TIME...



I
NEED A
COSTUME.



YOU DON'T
SAY.

SOMETHING
BLACK --
AND FORM-
FITTING --

I'M
ALL OUT
OF BLACK
SPANDEX.

I CAN
CUSTOM ORDER
YOU SOMETHING --
375 AND UP --



WHATCHA
GOT FOR FIFTY
BUCKS?

A
HEARTY
LAUGH.

WELL --
C'MON IN THE
BACK -- MIGHT
BE SOMETHING
THERE AMONG
THE REJECTS --



NO.

NO.

HECK
NO.

HEY,
NOW...

...THIS
ONE'S GOT
POSSIBILITIES...

©
THANKS
BUT NO
THANKS
S.M.

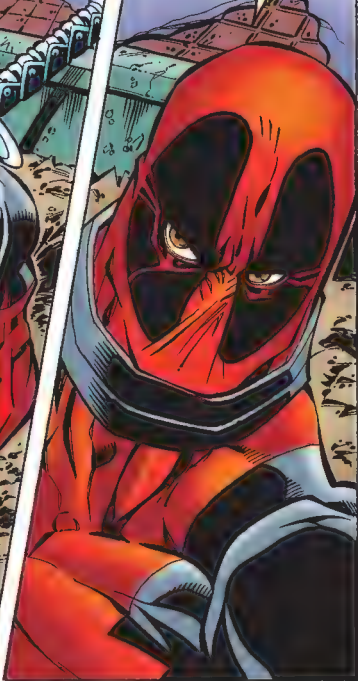


YEAH, THE *GET-UP* WAS A *TURNING POINT* FOR ME -- HELPED ME *SORT THINGS OUT*.

I'M SURE IT WAS THE *COSTUME* THAT CAUGHT THE *KINGPIN'S* NOTICE --

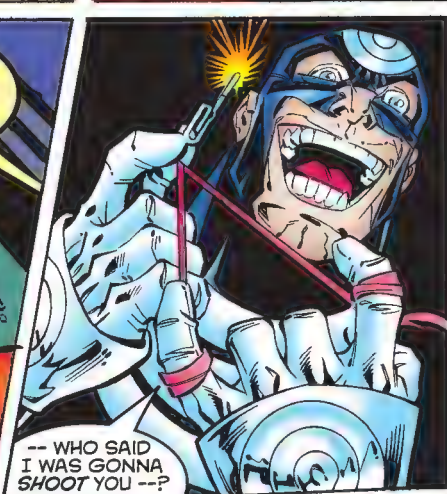
-- AND *BULLSEYE* -- THE MAN WHO LATER CAME FOR MY *JOB*...

I'VE BEEN SHOT IN THE FACE *BEFORE*.
HURT LIKE THE *DICKENS*.
HERE'S THE *THING*, THOUGH, *BOYO* --



-- DON'T *MISS*. YOU WON'T GET A *SECOND SHOT*.

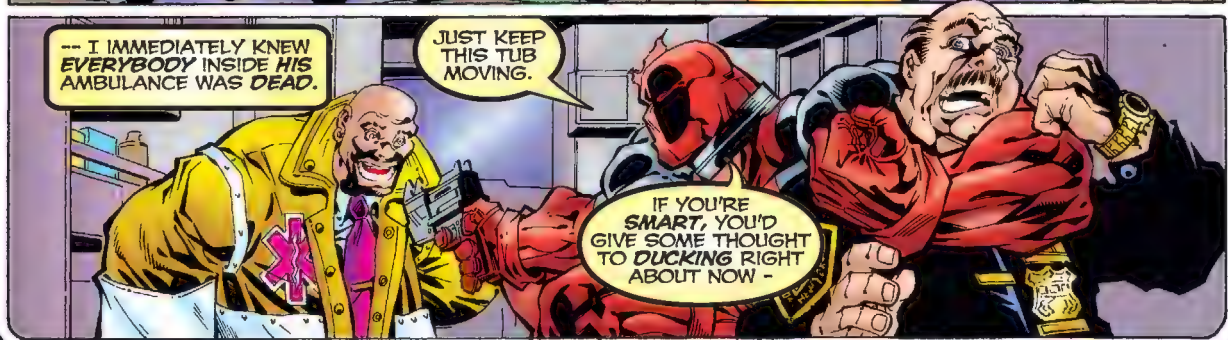
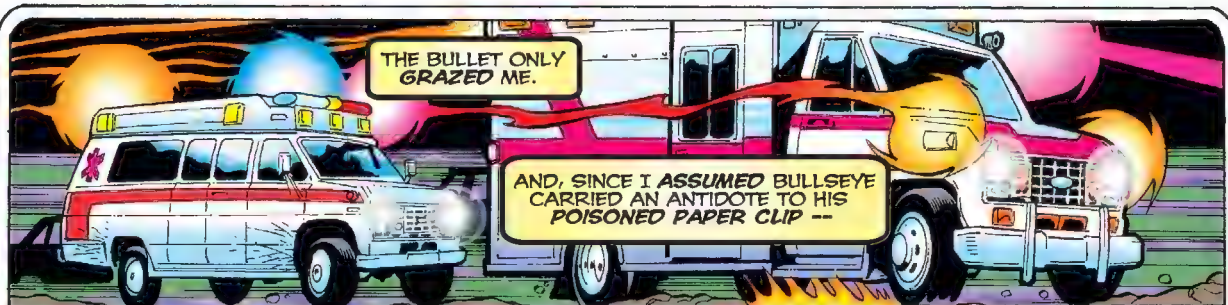
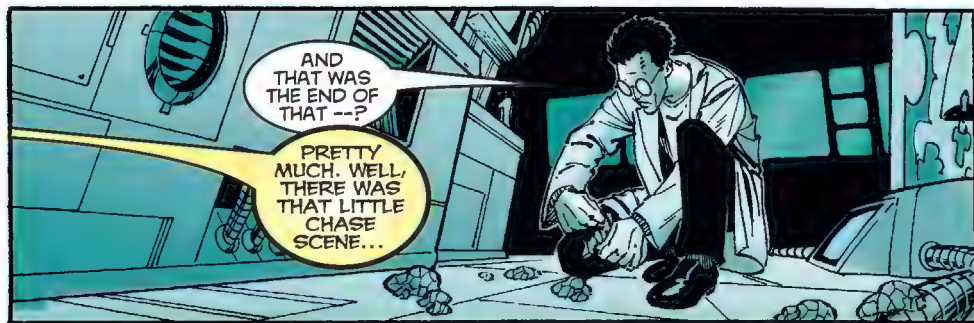
WON'T *NEED ONE*. AFTER *ALL* --

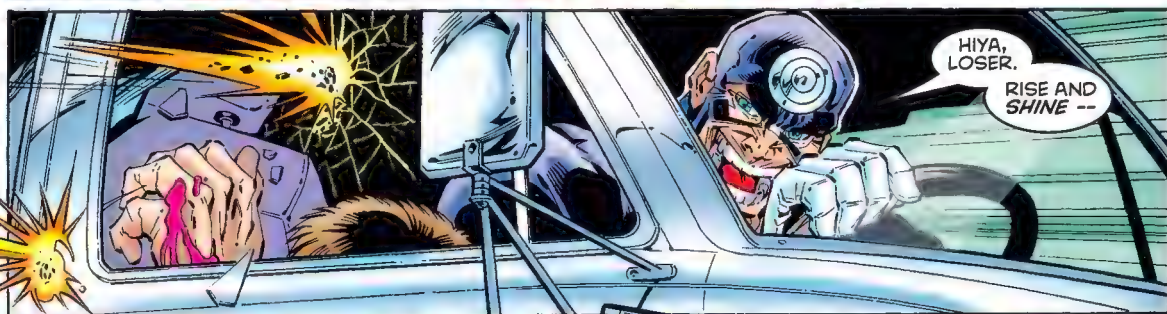
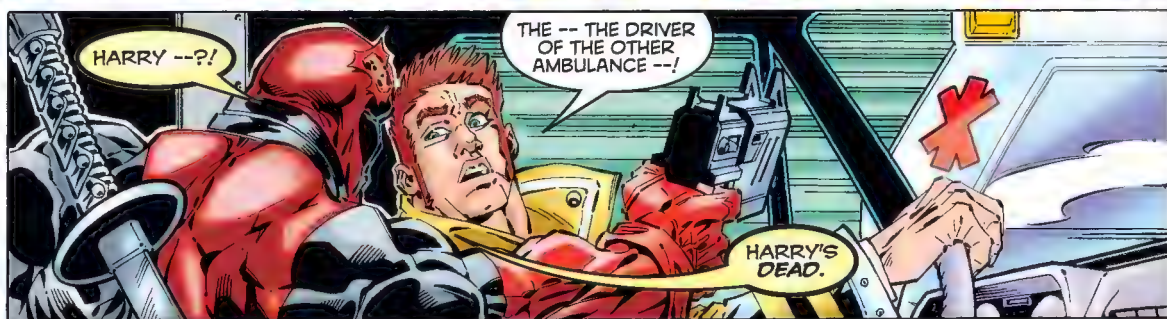


-- WHO SAID I WAS GONNA *SHOOT YOU* --?



TWIIINGGG



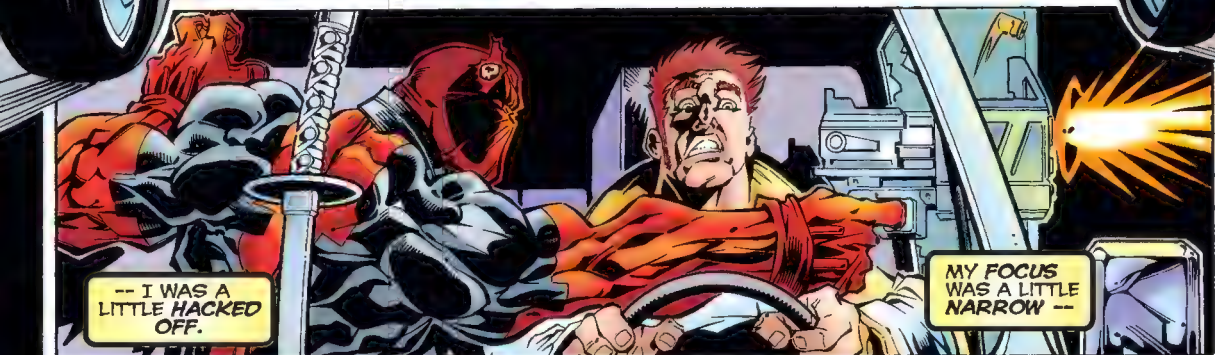




I WAS A
KILLER.

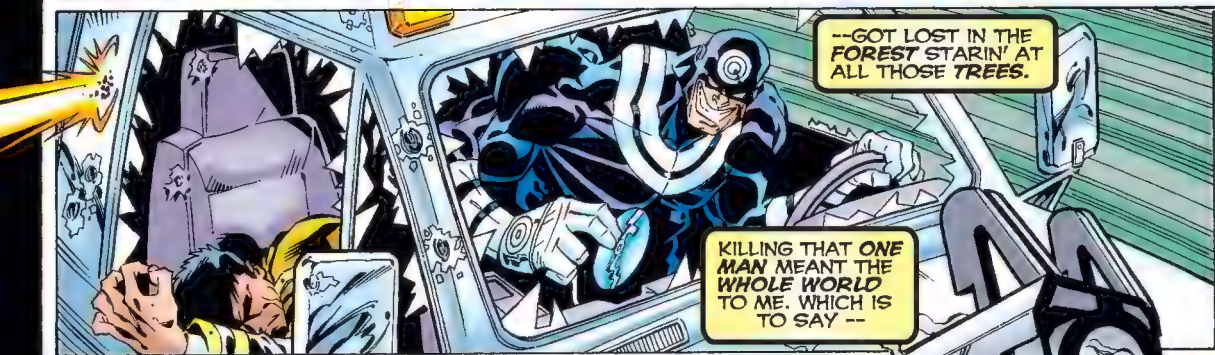
A MAN WHO JUST
SHOWED UP AND
TURNED YOUR
LIGHTS OUT.

AND, I GOTTA
ADMIT, AT THE
MOMENT --



-- I WAS A
LITTLE HACKED
OFF.

MY FOCUS
WAS A LITTLE
NARROW --



--GOT LOST IN THE
FOREST STARIN' AT
ALL THOSE TREES.

KILLING THAT ONE
MAN MEANT THE
WHOLE WORLD
TO ME. WHICH IS
TO SAY --



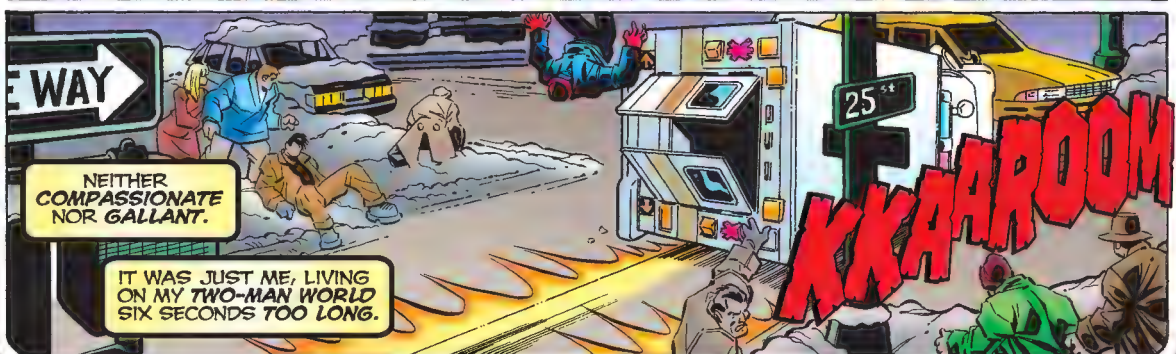
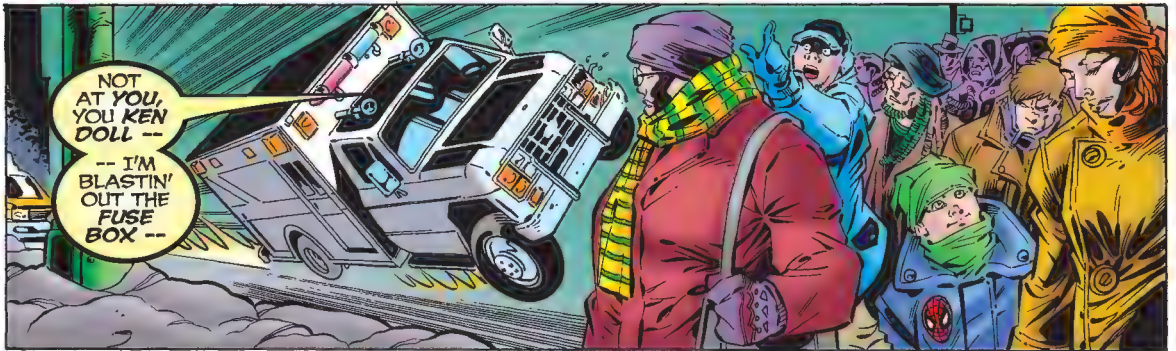
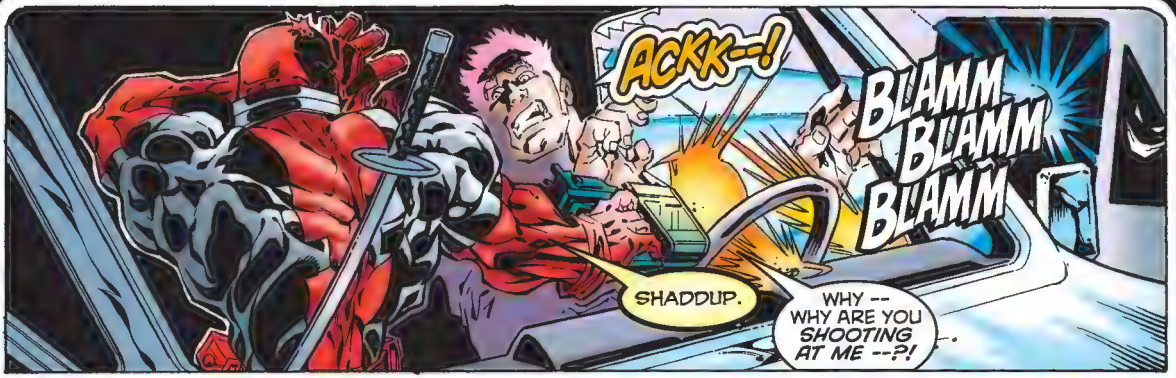
-- MY WORLD WAS
JUST THAT SMALL.

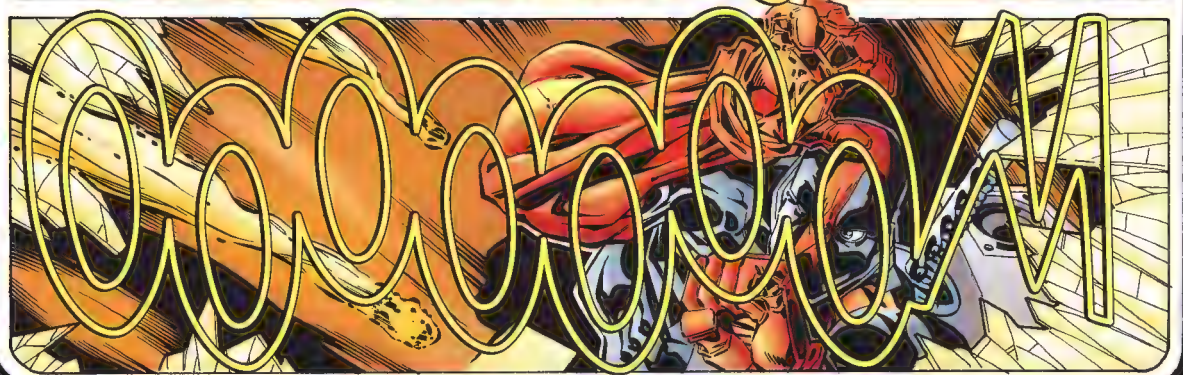
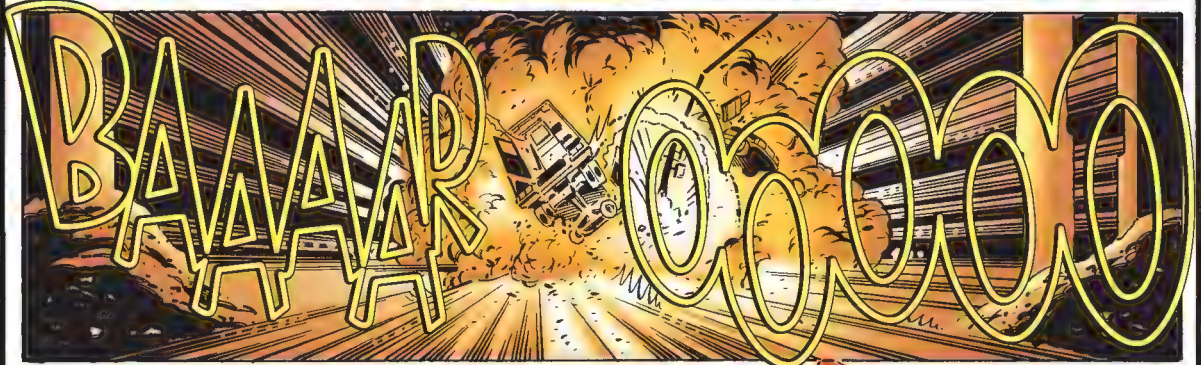
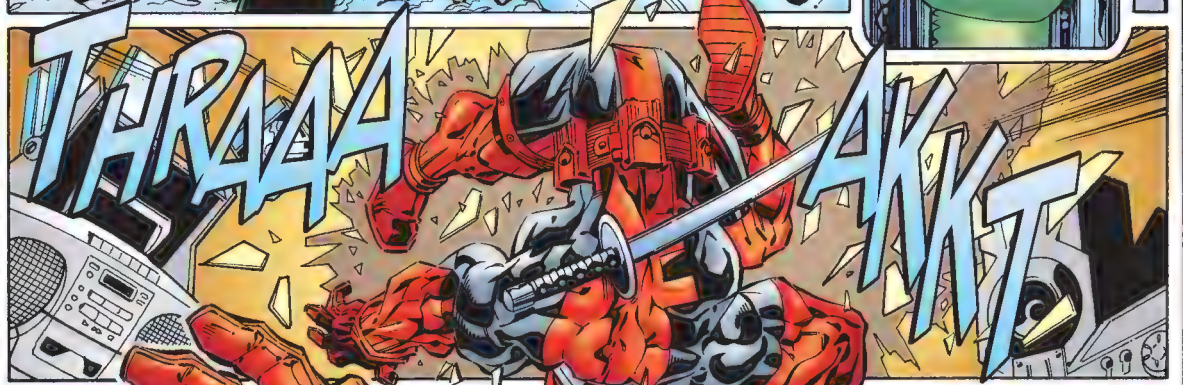
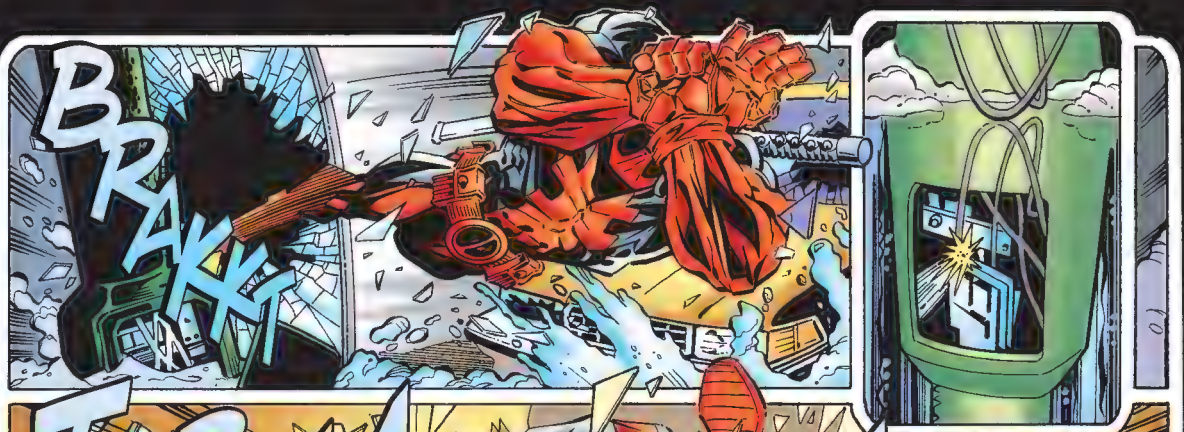
A WORLD WITH ONLY
TWO PEOPLE IN IT:

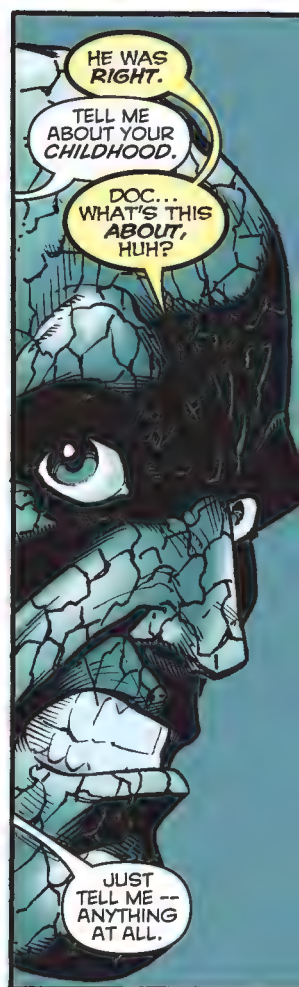
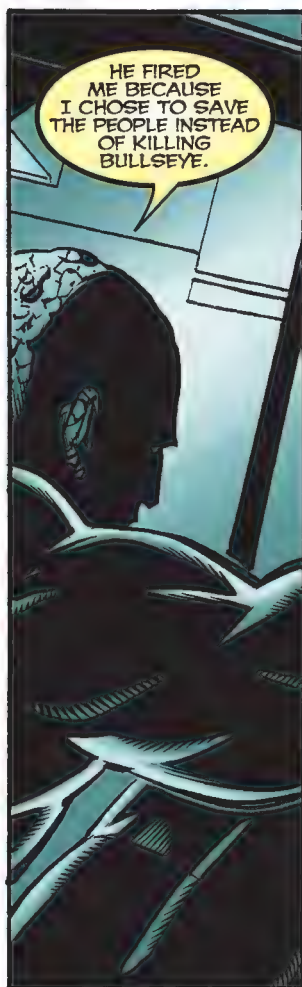
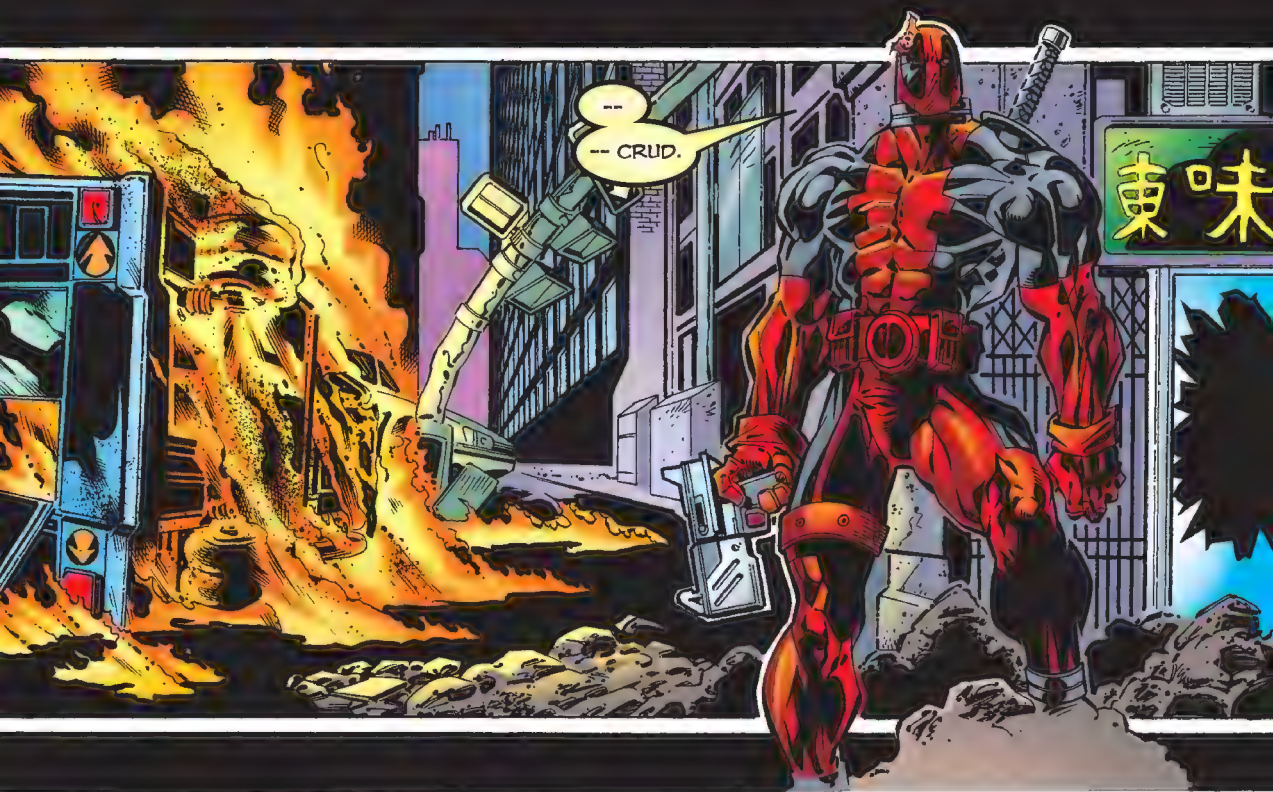


ME, AND THE MAN
TRYIN' TO STEAL
EVERYTHING I WAS.

I NEEDED A
WAKE-UP
CALL.







WELL...

...IT WASN'T PRETTY.

HELP ME.
HELP ME. NOW.

I'D NEVER MET MY DAD.

NEVER KNEW WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO HAVE ONE.

WHAT IT MEANT TO BE ONE.

WANNA SEE THAT LUNCH MONEY TOMORROW, HERB.
OR IT'S BACK IN THE WASHER.

LET'S BOUNCE.

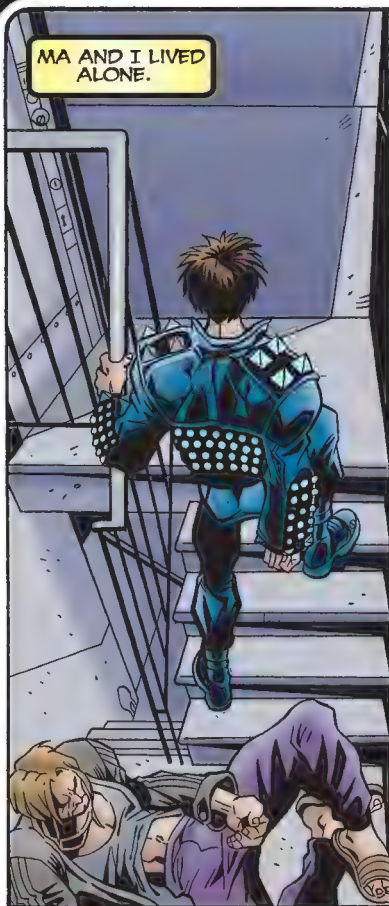
LET'S STINK-BOMB THE NURSING HOME AGAIN, YO.

WORD!

S'UP --- YOU AIN'T DOWN WIT' US? KEEP IT REAL THEN, DUDE.

BACK AT ELEVEN.

MA AND I LIVED
ALONE.



OH, HI,
KIDS --
DEADPOOL
HERE.

HATE TO INTERRUPT
THE STORY LIKE THIS, BUT
OUR FINE ARTIST HAD THE
OVERWHELMING URGE TO DRAW
ME IN THIS PIN-UP SHOT
EVEN THOUGH IT'S
NOWHERE IN
THE SCRIPT.

LET'S
RETURN TO OUR
STORY WHILE I
TEACH MICHELANGELO,
THERE, THE ERROR
OF HIS WAYS. ☺



☺ TOOK THE WORDS
RIGHT OUT OF MY
MOUTH -- ROO

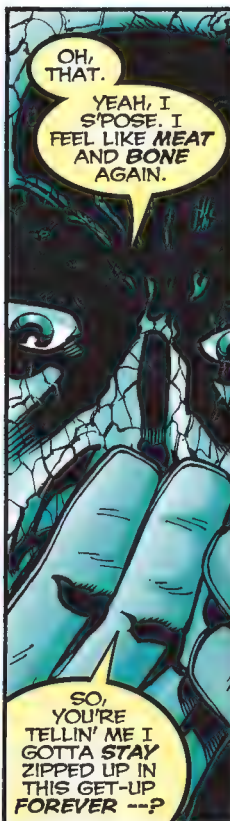


...
PROBABLY
NOT.

JUST
TALKIN' THIS
STUFF OUT AIN'T NO
MIRACLE CURE,
EINSTEIN.

FEELING
BETTER?

I WAS
TALKING ABOUT THE
CONTAINMENT SUIT.



OH,
THAT.

YEAH, I
S'POSE. I
FEEL LIKE **MEAT**
AND **BONE**
AGAIN.

SO,
YOU'RE
TELLIN' ME I
GOTTA **STAY**
ZIPPED UP IN
THIS GET-UP
FOREVER --?



YOU ONLY NEED TO
WEAR IT AN **HOUR**
OR SO A DAY TO
MAINTAIN YOUR
CELLULAR
COHESION.

WITHOUT
IT, YOU'LL
START TO
BREAK DOWN
AGAIN,
INTO --

SNOT-
MAN.

ANY
OTHER
QUESTIONS?



NOPE.
JUST
NEED TO
TEST A
THEORY,
RIGHT
QUICK --





ARE YOU DEAD --P?

->GRRPLE...<-

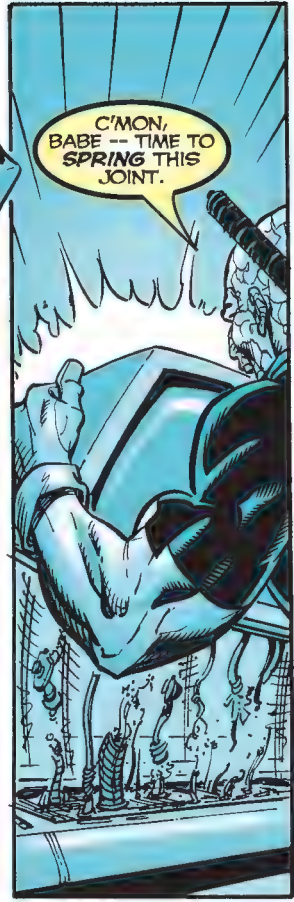
GURGLE ONCE FOR "YES."



THAT PROVES IT, THEN.

YOU REALLY DO HAVE DEATH LOCKED UP IN THAT TUBE.

HAD YOU DIED, I'DA KNOWN IT WAS A SCAM.



C'MON, BABE -- TIME TO SPRING THIS JOINT.



C'MON, BABE... SNAP OUT OF IT...

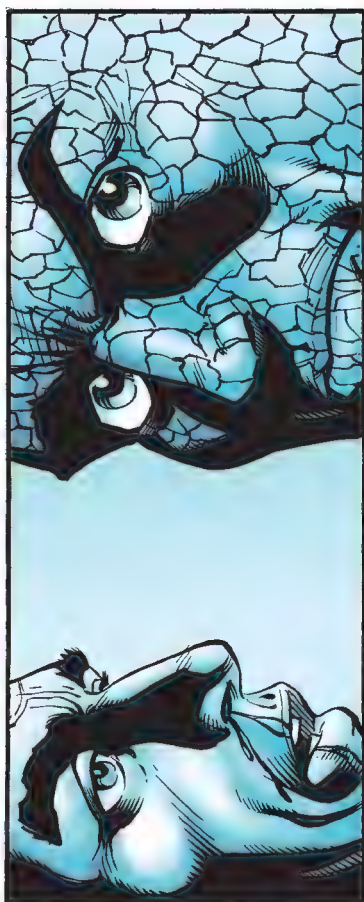
...C'MON BACK TO...

... CRIPES...



IF SHE'S DEAD, I'LL KILL YOU.

IF...SHE'S DEAD...
...YOU CAN'T KILL ANYONE...

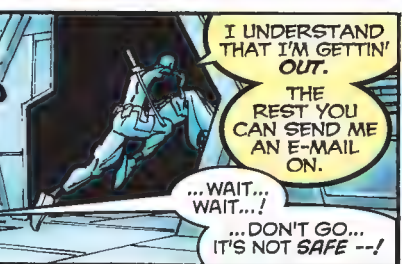


OKAY, IF SHE'S DEAD, I'LL SLAP YOU REALLY, REALLY HARD.

...WILSON... YOU DON'T... UNDERSTAND...



...HEH...
...PERFECT...

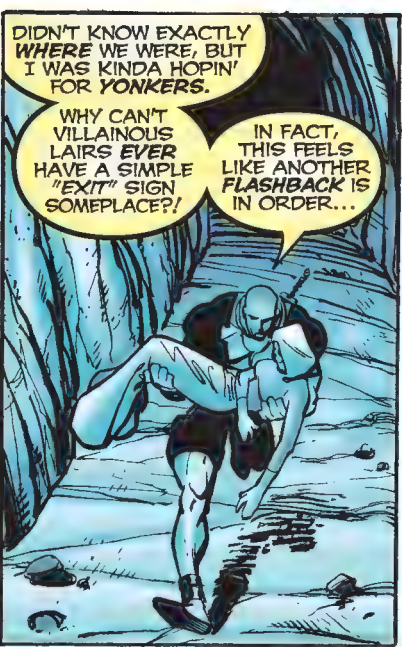


I UNDERSTAND THAT I'M GETTIN' OUT.

THE REST YOU CAN SEND ME AN E-MAIL ON.

...WAIT... WAIT...!

...DON'T GO... IT'S NOT SAFE --!



DIDN'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE WE WERE, BUT I WAS KINDA HOPIN' FOR YONKERS.

WHY CAN'T VILLAINOUS LAIRS EVER HAVE A SIMPLE "EXIT" SIGN SOMEPLACE?!

IN FACT, THIS FEELS LIKE ANOTHER FLASHBACK IS IN ORDER...

... LIKE THE FIRST TIME WE
MET... WHEN YOU HAD ME
RE-LIVE MY ESCAPE FROM
PROJECT K...

TELL
SOMEONE
YOU LIKE
THEM

NO PAIN,
INSANE

LOVE
YOURSELF

... DEATH... ?

I THOUGHT WE WERE
MEANT FOR EACH
OTHER...

COME ON,
HON! MY ACCOUNT'S
ALL SETTLED, AND I'M
READY TO MEET MY
MAKER... I DON'T WANT
TO PLAY ANYMORE ---

--- 'SPECIALLY
NOT WITH THIS MUG...

... BUT THAT NUTBAG
FRANCIS CRANKED MY
HEALING FACTOR SO
HIGH... IT ACTUALLY SENT
YOU AWAY FROM ME... ☺

--- CRUD.

"DEADPOOL,"
HUH?

YEAH.

MADE
THAT NAME
UP JUST NOW,
DIDN'TCHA?

YEAH.

"KAY, THEN,
"DEADPOOL" --
WHAT NOW?

NOW ---?

WOODSTOCK

☺ SEE DEADPOOL &
DEATH '98 ANNUAL
-- R00



SO, I WAS FINALLY FREE.

FREE OF THE CANCER... FREE OF FRANCIS...

...LIFE WAS JUST BEGINNING FOR ME. AND WHAT A GREAT LIFE IT WAS...

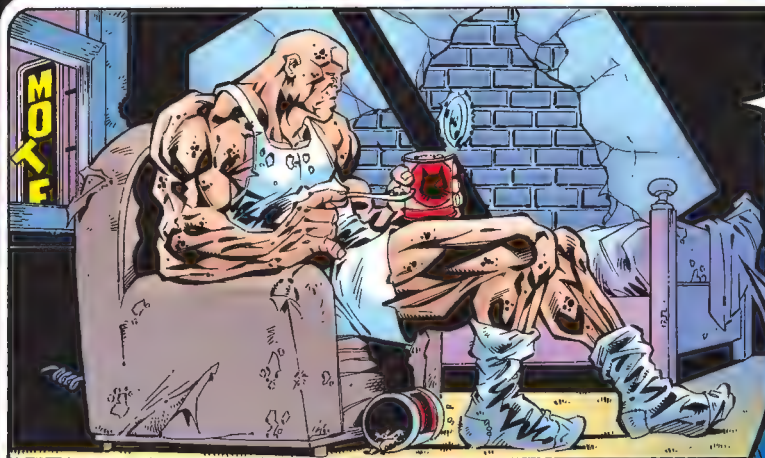


NOW, NOW, GALS -- THERE'S ENOUGH 'POOL TO GO AROUND --!

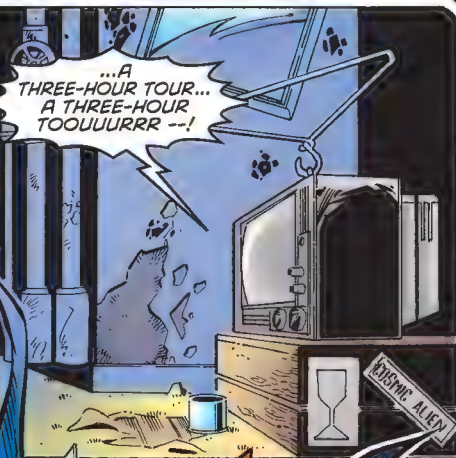
HAHAHAHAHAHA!



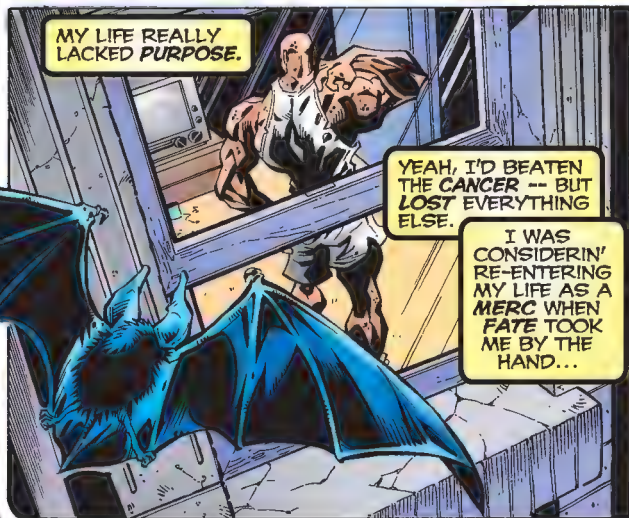
-- OKAY, MAYBE I WAS EXAGGERATING A LITTLE...



MOKE



...A THREE-HOUR TOUR... A THREE-HOUR TOOUUURRR --!



MY LIFE REALLY LACKED PURPOSE.

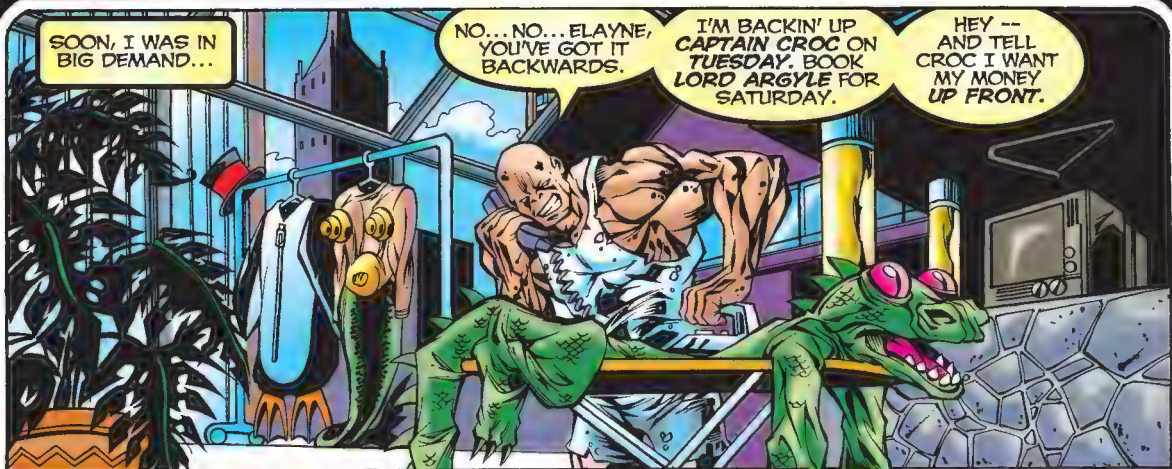
YEAH, I'D BEATEN THE CANCER -- BUT LOST EVERYTHING ELSE.

I WAS CONSIDERIN' RE-ENTERING MY LIFE AS A MERC WHEN FATE TOOK ME BY THE HAND...



-- ?! A...A BAT?

IT'S AN OMEN -- MUST BE!



SOON, I WAS IN
BIG DEMAND...

NO... NO... ELAYNE,
YOU'VE GOT IT
BACKWARDS.

I'M BACKIN' UP
CAPTAIN CROC ON
TUESDAY. BOOK
LORD ARGYLE FOR
SATURDAY.

HEY --
AND TELL
CROC I WANT
MY MONEY
UP FRONT.



STILL, MY LIFE WAS
INCOMPLETE.

SOMETHING ABOUT ME
WAS DIFFERENT --
SOMETHING ALLOWED
ME TO SURVIVE THAT
WHOLE WEAPON K
BUSINESS.

I WENT LOOKING
FOR ANSWERS.



MA --
MA IT'S
ME.

I'M
HOME --
AFTER ALL
THESE
YEARS!

HOW YA
DOIN'? ANYWAY, I
WAS WONDERIN' --



-- WHO MY
DAD WAS --
HEY!

SMAACK
SMAACK
SMAACK



KERRAAN



THWAAACK



SO
MUCH FOR
THAT
IDEA.

I GOT THIS
NOTION IN MY
HEAD THAT
FINDING MY
DAD MIGHT BE
THE KEY TO ALL
OF THIS --



-- SO, ONCE WE REACH THE SURFACE, MAYBE YOU AND ME HEAD OUT TO FIND DEAR OL' --

-- AH -- EXCUSE ME --?

ALRIGHT -- WHO ARE YOU?!

IT HARDLY MATTERS, MR. WILSON...

WHO HAS THE POWER TO CAPTURE DEATH -- TRANSPORT US TO SOME... SOME REALM OUT OF TIME AND SPACE --

MR. WILSON...

THANOS.

THE WATCHER.

DRAX THE DESTROYER.

LATOYA JACKSON.

YOU'RE SOMEBODY. AND I WANNA KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE --

-- AND WHAT YOU WANT FROM ME.

MR. WILSON... WADE...

...IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO MUCH BETTER IF YOU'D JUST TRUST ME.

YEAH, YEAH, AND I LOVE YOU, AND THE CHECK'S IN THE MAIL, AND...

-SIGH-

VERY WELL. HAVE IT YOUR WAY --

-- HERE.

MY
NAME
IS...

LOKI

I AM
HE WHOM
THOU
SEEKETH!
WADE
WILSON --

STORYTELLERS
CHRISTOPHER PRIEST
& PACO DIAZ & ANDY SMITH
INKS
HOLDREDGE, SMITH, PERROTA
COLORS
SHANNON BLANCHARD
LETTERS
AS & COMICRAFT'S
TROY PETERI
EDITOR
RUBEN DIAZ
CHIEF
BOB
HARRAS

-- I AM THY
FATHER!



SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! STAN LEE PRESENTED:

DEADPOOL • Chapter X Verse Three •

Next:

ALL HEAVEN BREAKS LOOSE! BECAUSE NOBODY DEMANDED IT!
D E A D P O O L I N S P A C E !

MARVEL
COMICS



#37

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DEADPOOL

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

WITH
SPECIAL
GUEST



PRIEST
CALAFIORE
MCKENNA





SHROUD IN
STOLEN IDENTITIES AND
CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE
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DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY
BRICK!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEAD- POOL

CHAPTER X

BENEDICTION

PART FOUR OF A
THREE-PART SERIES!

"DEAR DAD:

"THANKS FOR THE HAT."

IT'S WHAT I
SHOULDA TOLD
'IM, BABE.

BY:
PRIEST
WRITER

JIM CALAFIORE
GUEST PENCILER

MARK MCKENNA
GUEST INKER

SHARPEFONT & PT
LETTERER

SHANNON BLANCHARD
COLORIST

RUBEN DIAZ
EDITOR

BOB HARRAS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

SPECIAL THANKS TO BALA MENON
FOR THE TIMELY ASSISTANCE



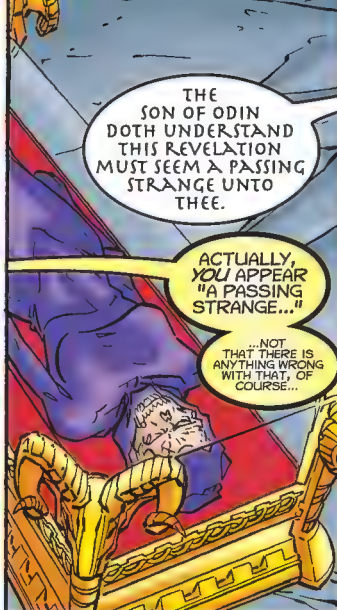


PENNY FOR THY THOUGHTS--?

I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT HOW NICE IT WOULD BE IF YOU SENT ME AND DEATH ON BACK HOME.

NO OFFENSE, OF COURSE....

NONE TAKEN, MY SON.



THE SON OF ODIN DOTTH UNDERSTAND THIS REVELATION MUST SEEM A PASSING STRANGE UNTO THEE.

ACTUALLY, YOU APPEAR "A PASSING STRANGE..."

...NOT THAT THERE IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT, OF COURSE...

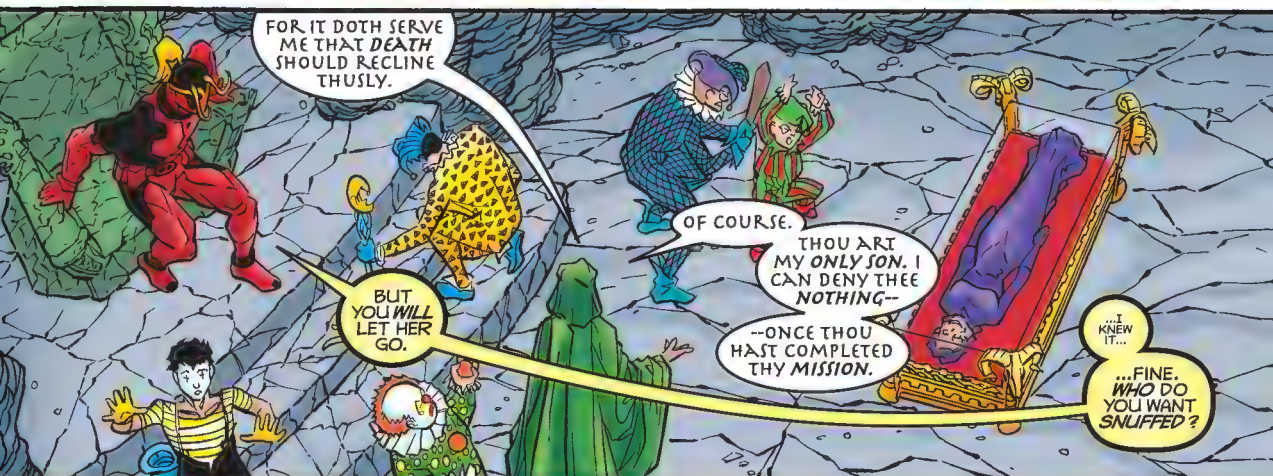


LOOK--

LOKI!!

--YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE YOU'RE MY DAD, FINE. LET HER GO.

IN DUE SEASON.



FOR IT DOTTH SERVE ME THAT DEATH SHOULD RECLINE THUSLY.

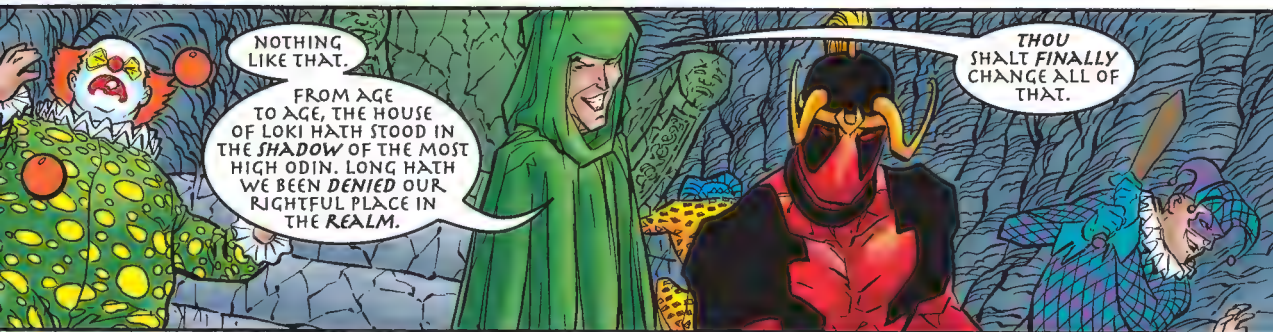
OF COURSE.

THOU ART MY ONLY SON. I CAN DENY THEE NOTHING--

--ONCE THOU HAST COMPLETED THY MISSION.

...I KNEW IT...

...FINE. WHO DO YOU WANT SNUFFED?



NOTHING LIKE THAT.

FROM AGE TO AGE, THE HOUSE OF LOKI HATH STOOD IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOST HIGH ODIN. LONG HATH WE BEEN DENIED OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE IN THE REALM.

THOU SHALT FINALLY CHANGE ALL OF THAT.



RIGHT, RIGHT...

...WHO DO YOU WANT SNUFFED?

SO THOU HAST SAID OFTEN: THOU DIDST KNOW, EVEN AS A CHILD, THOU WERT NOT LIKE UNTO MERE MORTALS.

THOU DIDST KNOW, INSTINCTIVELY, OF THY DESTINY!



OF THE
WEAPON X REJECTS,
ALONE DIDST THOU SURVIVE
WHOLE! AND, THOUGH MEN
HATH CALLED THEE
INSANE--

--THOU
KNOWEST SUCH
IS MERELY DIVINE
REVELATION AT
WORK WITHIN
THEE.

FOR
THOU ALONE
KNOWEST
THE TRUTH
OF ALL THESE
MATTERS
IS--

--NONE OF
THIS IS REALLY
HAPPENING.

THERE IS
A MAN...WITH A
TYPEWRITER...

WHICH
MEANS
YOU'RE MY
FATHER?

A
BETTER
QUESTION
FOR THEE
WOULD
BE--

...HOW
DOST THOU
KNOW I AM
NOT--?

CAN
I KEEP
THIS?

BUT OF
COURSE.

OKAY, "DAD" I'M
IN.
MAKE YOUR
PLAY.

SO, I WENT
ALONG WITH THINGS.

TOLD MYSELF IT WAS TO
HELP SAVE YOU... NOT THAT
YOU WERE MUCH OF A
FRIEND TO BEGIN WITH.

LEFT MY
UMBRELLA.

16 SAMURAI SWORDS,
FIVE HANDGUNS AND SOME
TIC-TACS BUT NO UMBRELLA.

AND THAT GUY.

WHATEVER MY REASONS,
NEXT THING I KNEW,
IT WAS
STANDING IN RUSH HOUR
CROWDS NEAR THE CHRYSLER
BUILDING--

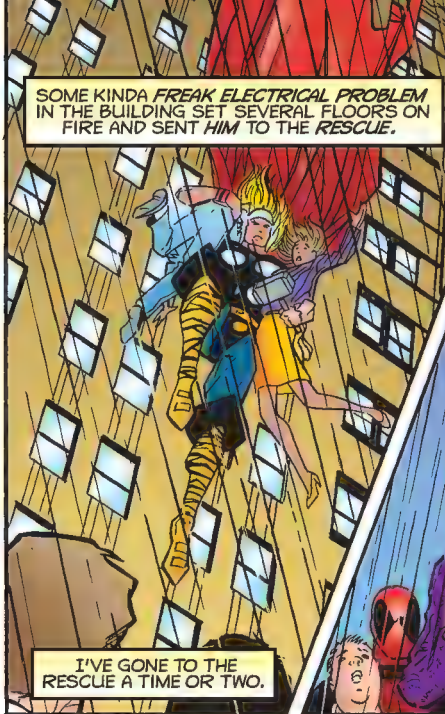
-- LOOKING UP IN THE
SKY...AT MY "UNCLE"...

The mighty
THOR

HANDSOME.
ADMIRER.

LOKI'S HALF BROTHER AND, TO
HEAR HIM TELL IT, THE LITTLE
PUNK WHO WAS ALWAYS
SUCKING UP TO DAD.

WONDER WHAT
THAT'S LIKE.



SOME KINDA *FREAK ELECTRICAL PROBLEM* IN THE BUILDING SET SEVERAL FLOORS ON FIRE AND SENT HIM TO THE RESCUE.

I'VE GONE TO THE RESCUE A TIME OR TWO.

COULDN'T BE *SURE*.
COULD BE *ENVY*, COULD
BE *TACO BELL*.



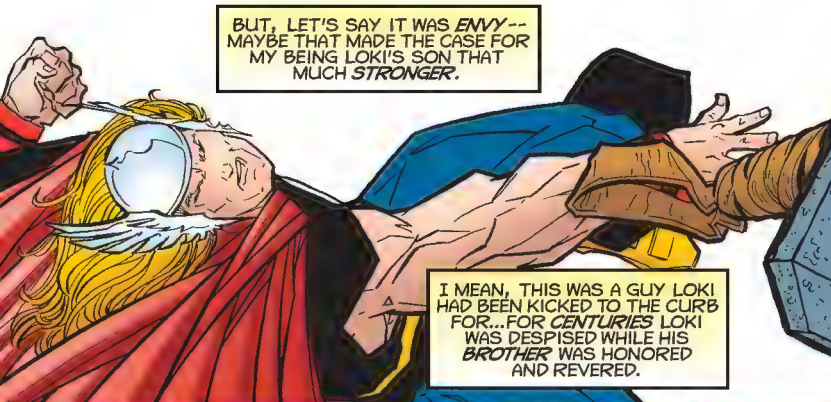
NOT ALL IT'S
CRACKED UP T'BE.

THOUGH I *WILL* ADMIT, SOMETHING
ABOUT ALL THE GRUNTS *GRINNING*
AT YOU *IS* KINDA NICE.

IN MY LINE OF
WORK, MOST PEOPLE
DON'T *APPLAUD*.

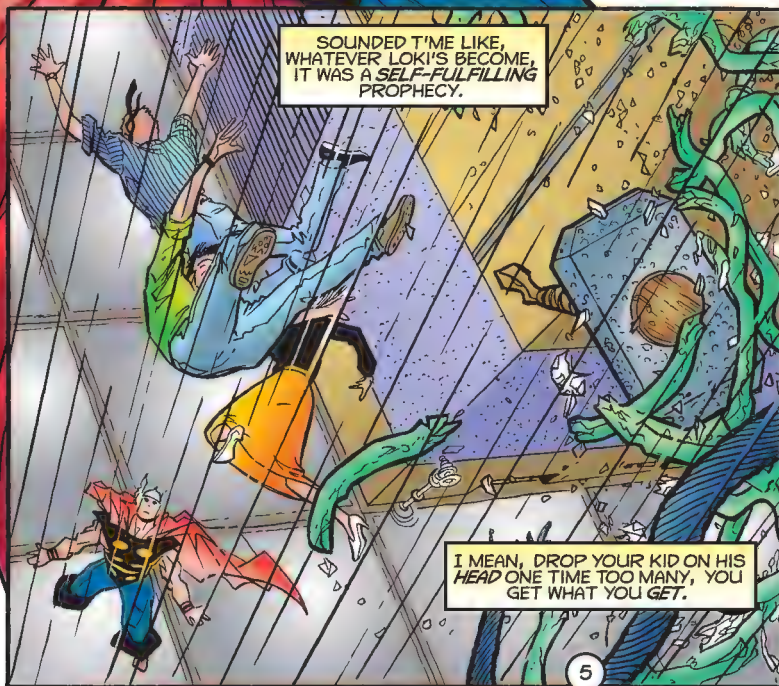
BUT, *FABIO BIG HAMMER*
THEY *WORSHIPPED*--
LIKE HE WAS A *GOD*.

AND, SUDDENLY, I HAD
THIS *TWINGE* IN MY GUT
THAT FELT A LITTLE BIT
LIKE *ENVY*.



BUT, LET'S SAY IT WAS *ENVY*--
MAYBE THAT MADE THE CASE FOR
MY BEING *LOKI'S SON* THAT
MUCH *STRONGER*.

I MEAN, THIS WAS A GUY *LOKI*
HAD BEEN KICKED TO THE CURB
FOR...FOR *CENTURIES* *LOKI*
WAS DESPISED WHILE HIS
BROTHER WAS HONORED
AND REVERED.



SOUNDED T'ME LIKE,
WHATEVER *LOKI'S* BECOME,
IT WAS A *SELF-FULFILLING*
PROPHECY.

I MEAN, DROP YOUR KID ON HIS
HEAD ONE TIME TOO MANY, YOU
GET WHAT YOU GET.



NOT THAT I'M MAKIN'
EXCUSES FOR THE GUY.
FROM WHAT I COULD TELL--

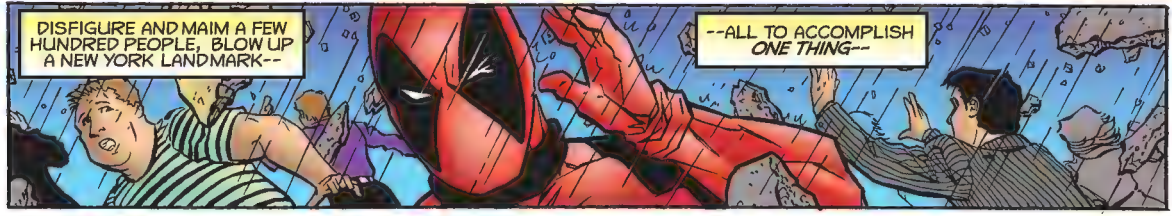


--LOKI WAS A
REAL STINKER.

I'VE NO DOUBT THE
FIRE AND EXPLOSION
WERE HIS DOING.

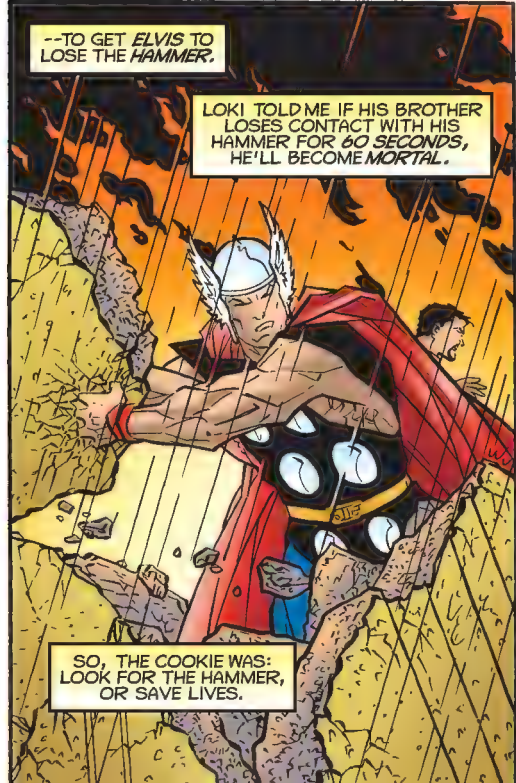
INDIRECTLY, OF COURSE.
THE GUY'S THE TRICKSTER
GOD, Y'KNOW--

"--BLOW UP THAT BUILDING AND
I'LL GIVE YOU THIS COOKIE."



DISFIGURE AND MAIM A FEW
HUNDRED PEOPLE, BLOW UP
A NEW YORK LANDMARK--

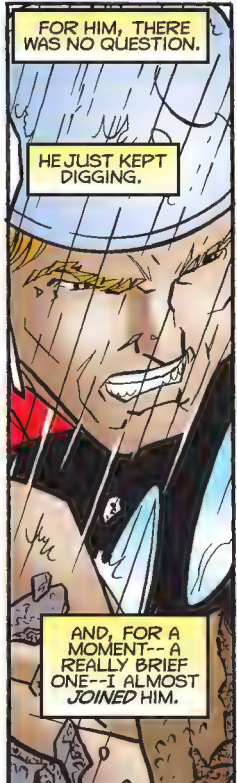
--ALL TO ACCOMPLISH
ONE THING--



--TO GET ELVIS TO
LOSE THE HAMMER.

LOKI TOLD ME IF HIS BROTHER
LOSES CONTACT WITH HIS
HAMMER FOR 60 SECONDS,
HE'LL BECOME MORTAL.

SO, THE COOKIE WAS:
LOOK FOR THE HAMMER,
OR SAVE LIVES.



FOR HIM, THERE
WAS NO QUESTION.

HE JUST KEPT
DIGGING.

AND, FOR A
MOMENT-- A
REALLY BRIEF
ONE--I ALMOST
JOINED HIM.

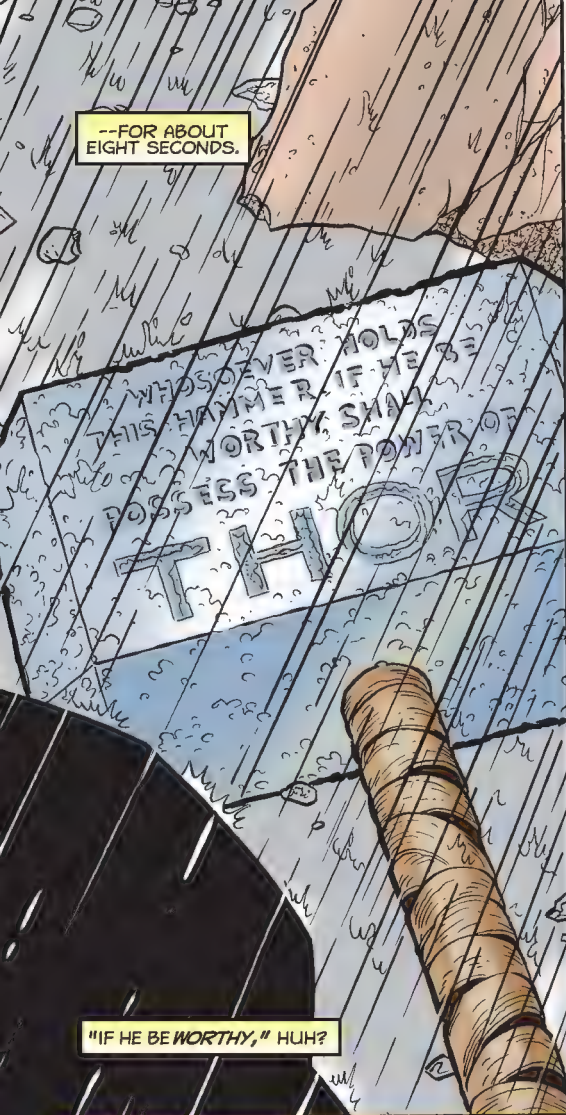


MAYBE THE WHOLE "HERO"
THING IS CATCHING. MAYBE
I WANTED TO HEAR SOME
APPLAUSE.

MAYBE IT WAS
TACO BELL.

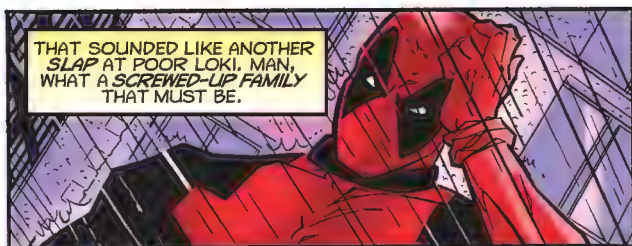
WHATEVER IT
WAS, MY
MOTIVES WERE
ALL WRONG. I
FELT REALLY
ASHAMED--

BACK UP,
MEATBALL.

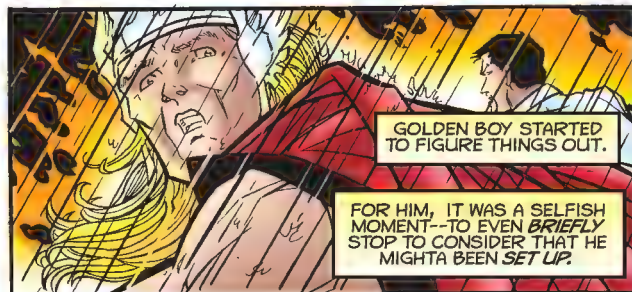


--FOR ABOUT EIGHT SECONDS.

"IF HE BE *WORTHY*," HUH?

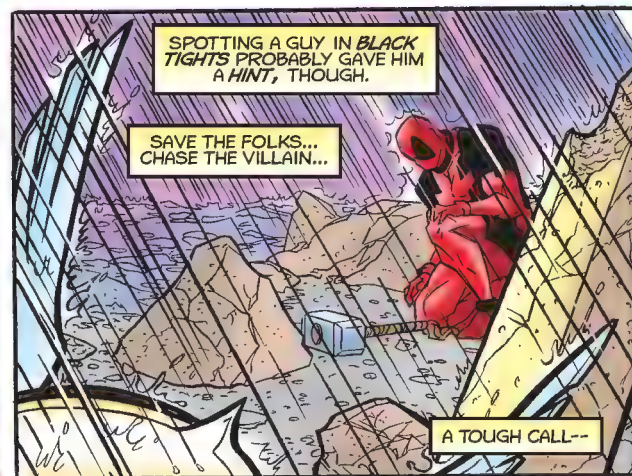


THAT SOUNDED LIKE ANOTHER SLAP AT POOR LOKI. MAN, WHAT A *SCREWED-UP* FAMILY THAT MUST BE.



GOLDEN BOY STARTED TO FIGURE THINGS OUT.

FOR HIM, IT WAS A SELFISH MOMENT--TO EVEN *BRIEFLY* STOP TO CONSIDER THAT HE MIGHTA BEEN *SET UP*.



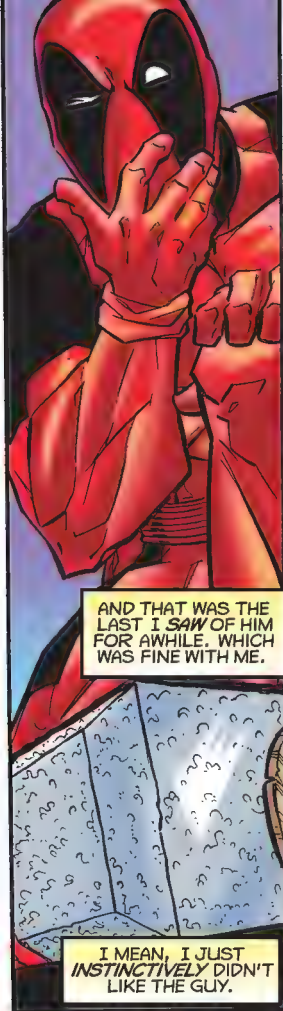
SPOTTING A GUY IN *BLACK TIGHTS* PROBABLY GAVE HIM A *HINT*, THOUGH.

SAVE THE FOLKS... CHASE THE VILLAIN...

A TOUGH CALL--

--ONE HE NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO *MAKE*.



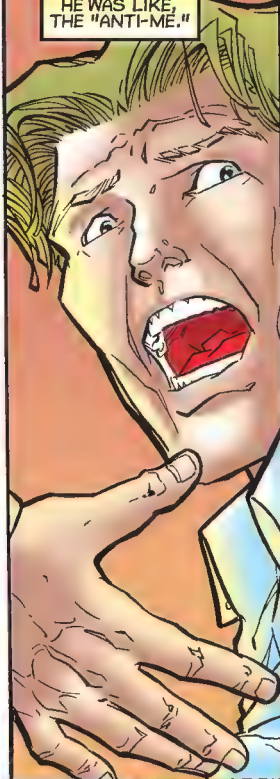


ACTUALLY, I GUESS
IT'D BE MORE
ACCURATE TO SAY I
DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY
HE MADE ME *FEEL*
ABOUT MYSELF.

HE WAS LIKE,
THE "ANTI-ME."

AND THAT WAS THE
LAST I SAW OF HIM
FOR AWHILE, WHICH
WAS FINE WITH ME.

I MEAN, I JUST
INSTINCTIVELY DIDN'T
LIKE THE GUY.



HE WAS EVERYTHING
I WASN'T. HE *HAD*
EVERYTHING I *WANTED*.

AND, FOR THAT
MOMENT, I *KNEW*--
I MEAN, I *REALLY*
KNEW-- HOW LOKI GOT
TO BE THE WAY HE WAS.



AND, FOR A FRACTION
OF THAT MOMENT, HE
REALLY WAS MY FATHER.

AND WE'D COME TO
GET WHAT WAS *OURS*.

--IMPOSSI--



"IF HE BE *WORTHY*..."



A high-angle, comic book style illustration of Deadpool. He is wearing his signature red and blue suit, but with a large, white feathered wing attached to his back. He is crouched on a grey, textured rooftop ledge, looking down with a mischievous expression. His red cape is billowing out behind him. The background is a dense cityscape with various skyscrapers and buildings, rendered in a purple and blue color palette. A speech bubble in the top left corner contains the text "AND THEN, JUST LIKE THAT--".

AND THEN, JUST LIKE THAT--

--I FELT ALL BETTER.



GOTTA TELL
YA, BABE...

...IT WAS A
REAL RUSH.

"WADE
WILSON --THOU
NOW HAST THE
HAMMER AND
THE POWER OF
THOR!"

"WHITHER
GOEST THOU
ANON--?"

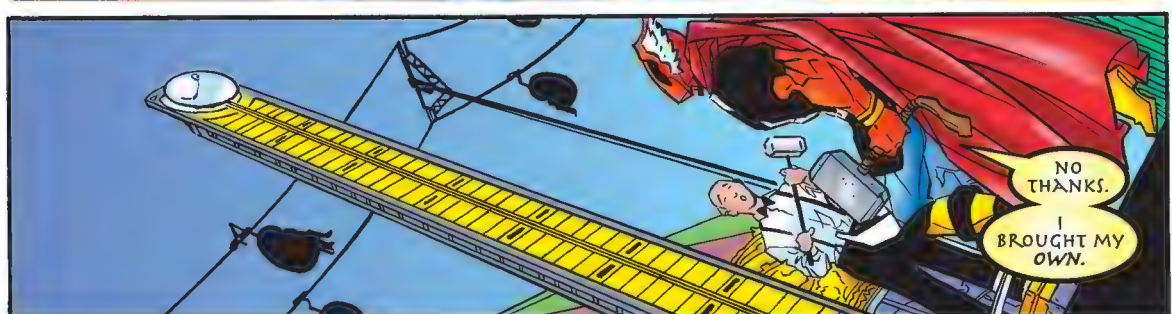
HMMM...
BIG HAMMER...
BIG CAPE...

...I
KNOWETH
JUST THE
MOVE--

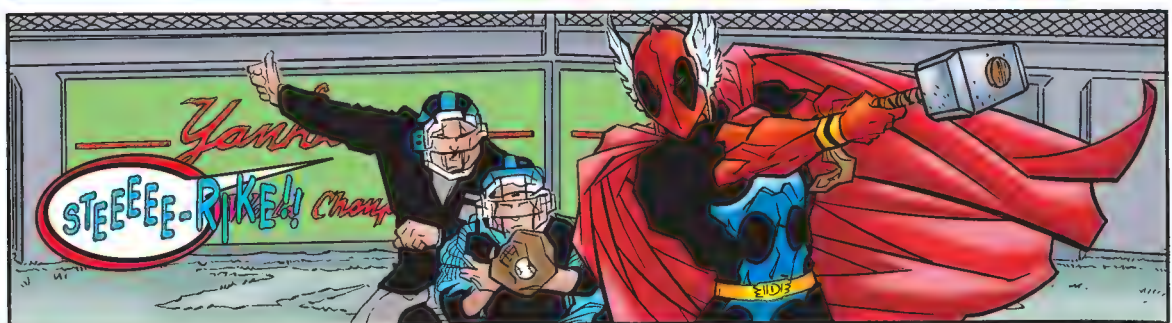


37
GORDITAS.

AND
SOME
CHIPS.



NO
THANKS.
I
BROUGHT MY
OWN.



STEEEEE-RIKE! *Chomp*



SSNAASH



--AND
GET THEE A
LIFE!!



DO NOT MAKETH ME RETURN HENCE!!

...BY THE WAY, COULDT I HAVE THY AUTOGRAPH--?



WHAM



BY OPRAH'S CHINS!

MINE HAMMER DOTH RETURN TO ME, AS THOUGH TWAS A BLOCKBUSTER RENTAL!

COOL.



DOING DOING

I'VE GOT IT, JARVIS!

A REPORTER OR A TOURIST COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN PAST THE GATE.

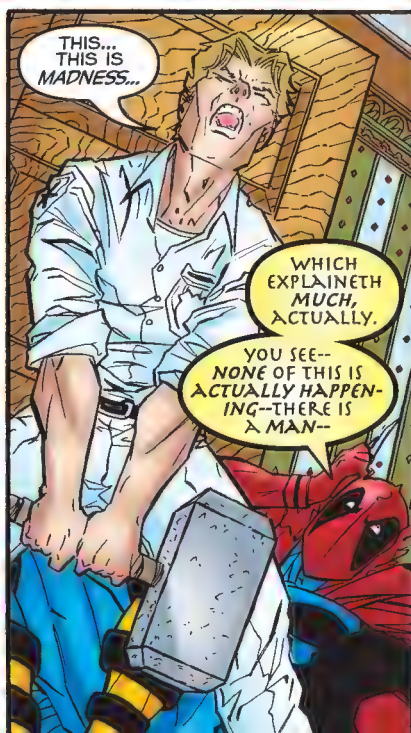
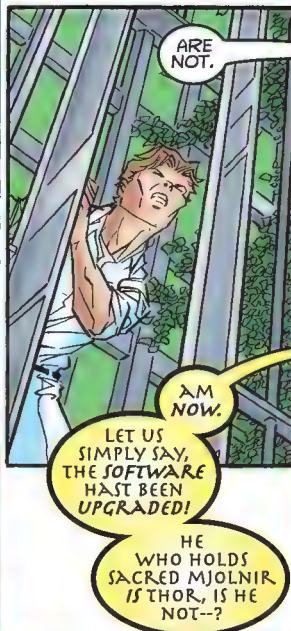
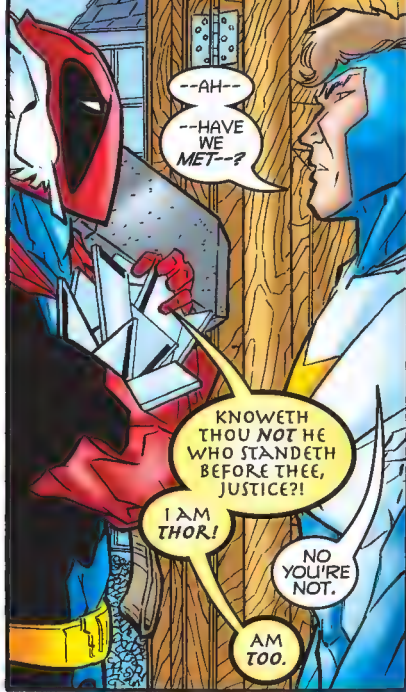
I WONDER WHO--



AVENGERS ASSEMBLE!

...WAITED ALL MINE LIFE TO SAY THAT...

COME-- LET US OFF!! LET US GO AVENGE SOMETHING!!





NEXT THING I KNEW,
WE WERE BACK WHERE
WE STARTED.

BREATHE
SHALLOW.

TRY AND
IGNORE THE
TASTE...

LOK!!!

WHAT
NEW BEDEVILMENT
IS THIS?? HAST THOU
NOT WREAKED ENOUGH
HAVOC THESE PAST
DAYS???

ACTUALLY,
NO.

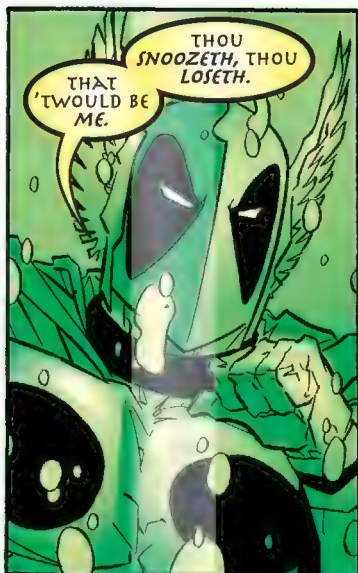
IT
SHALL NEVER BE
ENOUGH, DEAR
BROTHER.



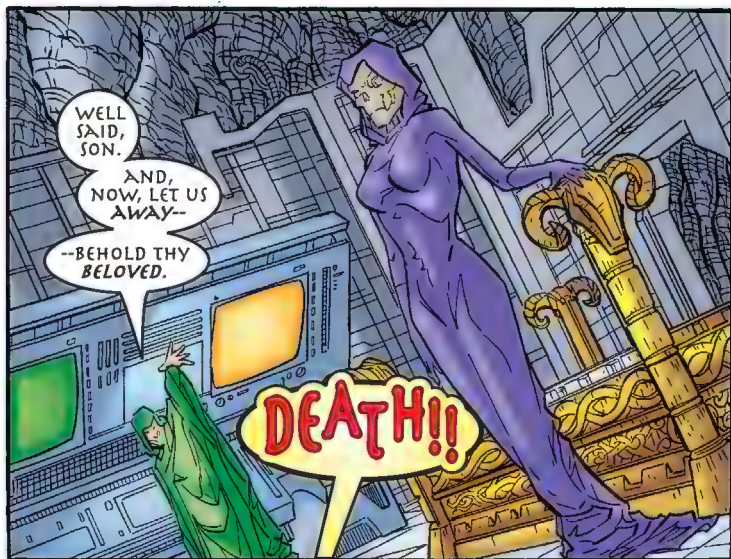
TO GIVE
THEE THE SMALLEST
TASTE OF WHAT I
HAVE SUFFERED LO
THESE MANY AGES. TO
LET YOU FEEL AS
I FEEL.

I WISH TO
LEAVE YOU WITH
A TOKEN OF MY
ESTEEM.

TO LOSE
THY BIRTHRIGHT TO
ANOTHER MORE
WORTHY.



THOU
SNOOZETH, THOU
LOSETH.
THAT
'TWOULD BE
ME.



WELL
SAID,
SON.

AND,
NOW, LET US
AWAY--

--BEHOLD THY
BELOVED.

DEATH!!



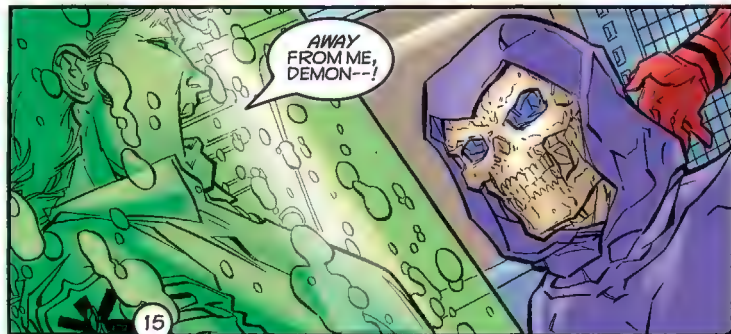
BABY--
'TIS WITH EXCEEDING
JOY THAT I CAST
MINE EYES UPON
THEE--!!

--AH--

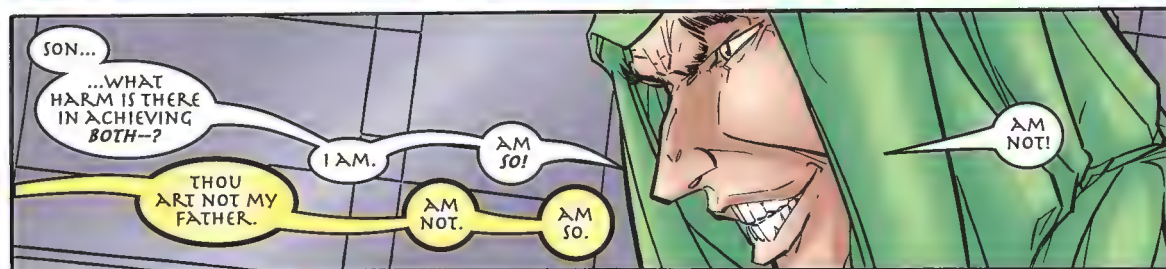
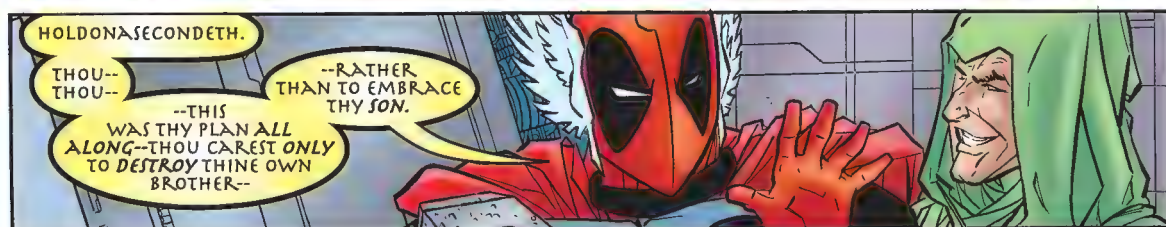
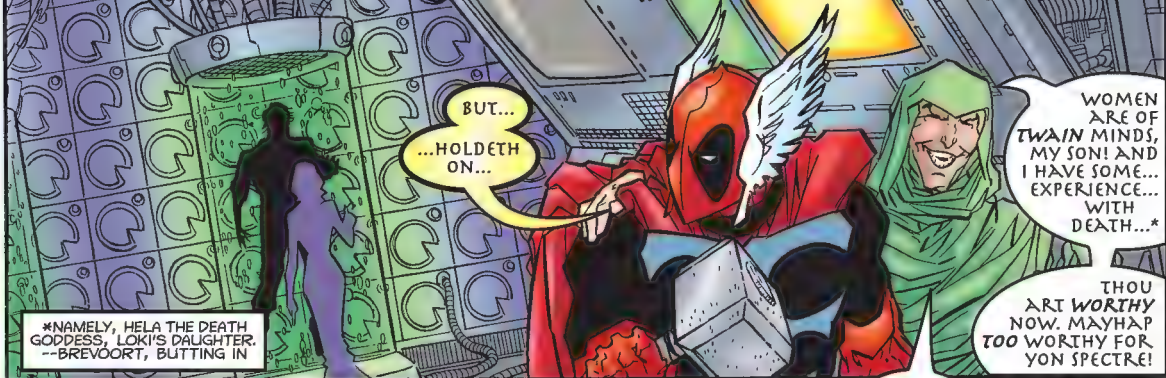
--BABY--?!

ALAS,
MY
SON--

--BUT, I
FEAR SHE MAY
NOW LOVE
ANOTHER.



AWAY
FROM ME,
DEMON--!





SURELY
THOU MUST THINK
THE SON OF...WHOM--
EVER I BE THE
SON OF...TO BE
DUMB!

TO SO
CRUELLY USE ME--
WITHOUT MEETING
MY DISCOUNT
DAY RATE--IS ONE
THING--

--BUT TO
USURP THE LOVE OF
A GOOD WOMAN--IS
CRIMINAL!!

AND
THUS DO I
SURRENDER
YON URU
HAMMER TO
HIM WHO
IS TRULY
WORTHY--!!

FINALLY!!

NOW, LET
THE HEAVENS
SING-- LET ALL
ASGARD, MIDGARD,
AND THE REALMS
IN BETWEEN
LOUDLY
PROCLAIM--



--?!?

ODIN'S
BLOOD--
THIS
CANNOT
BE--!!

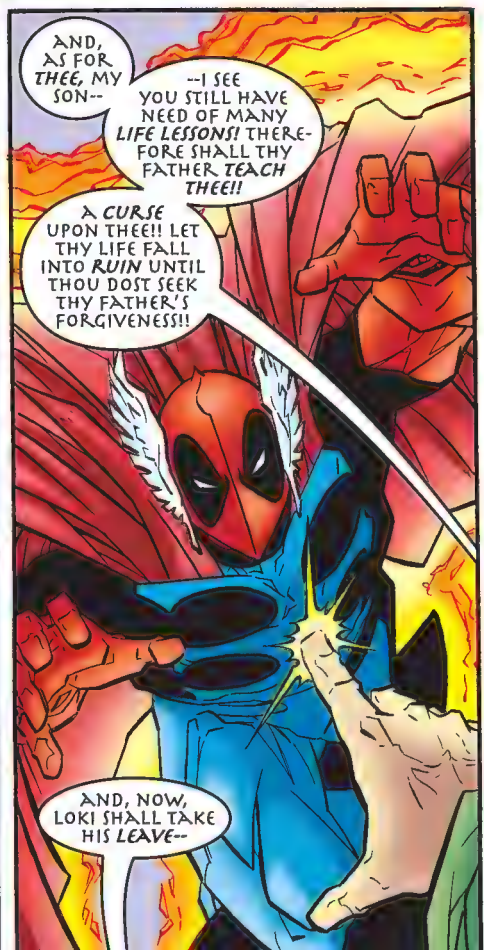
MY
APOLOGIES,
DEAR
BROTHER--



--I COULD
NOT HEAR THEE
O'ER THE SINGING
HEAVENS.

THE
MIGHTY THOR IS
NO MORE. THOU
ART NO LONGER
WORTHY--

--AND
THOU HAST BEEN
DELIVERED INTO THE
HANDS OF DEATH.
ALL TOLD, A BUSY
HOUR!

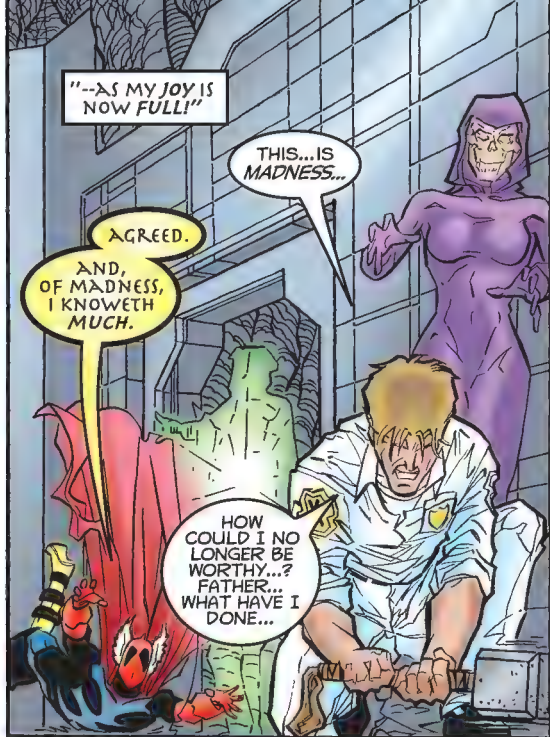


AND,
AS FOR
THEE, MY
SON--

--I SEE
YOU STILL HAVE
NEED OF MANY
LIFE LESSONS! THERE-
FORE SHALL THY
FATHER TEACH
THEE!!

A CURSE
UPON THEE!! LET
THY LIFE FALL
INTO RUIN UNTIL
THOU DOST SEEK
THY FATHER'S
FORGIVENESS!!

AND, NOW,
LOKI SHALL TAKE
HIS LEAVE--



"--AS MY JOY IS NOW FULL!"

THIS... IS MADNESS...

AGREED.

AND, OF MADNESS, I KNOWETH MUCH.

HOW COULD I NO LONGER BE WORTHY...? FATHER... WHAT HAVE I DONE...

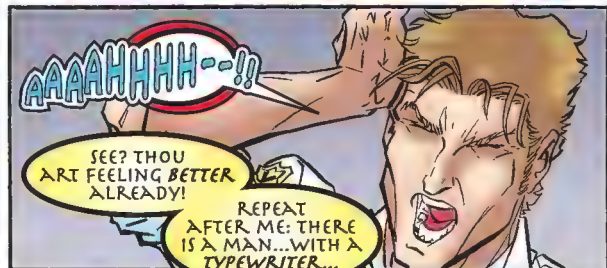


AWAY FROM ME WRETCH!!

HEY--HEY--HEY!! SHE IS MERELY DOING HER JOB!

TAKE DEEP BREATHS, FRIEND--DO WHAT I DO: REMIND THYSELF--

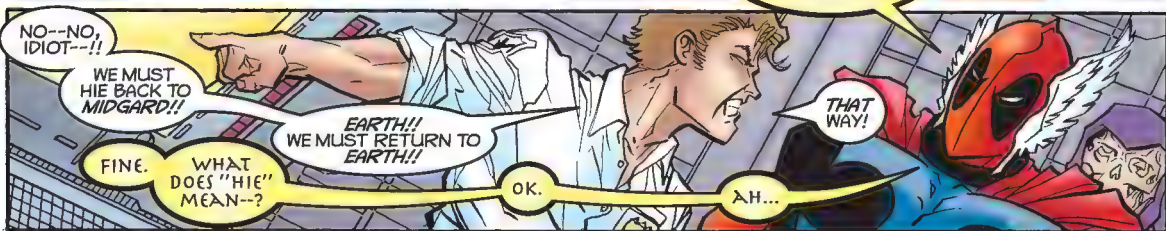
--NONE OF THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING.



AAAAHHHH--!!

SEE? THOU ART FEELING BETTER ALREADY!

REPEAT AFTER ME: THERE IS A MAN... WITH A TYPEWRITER...



NO--NO, IDIOT--!!

WE MUST HIE BACK TO MIDGARD!!

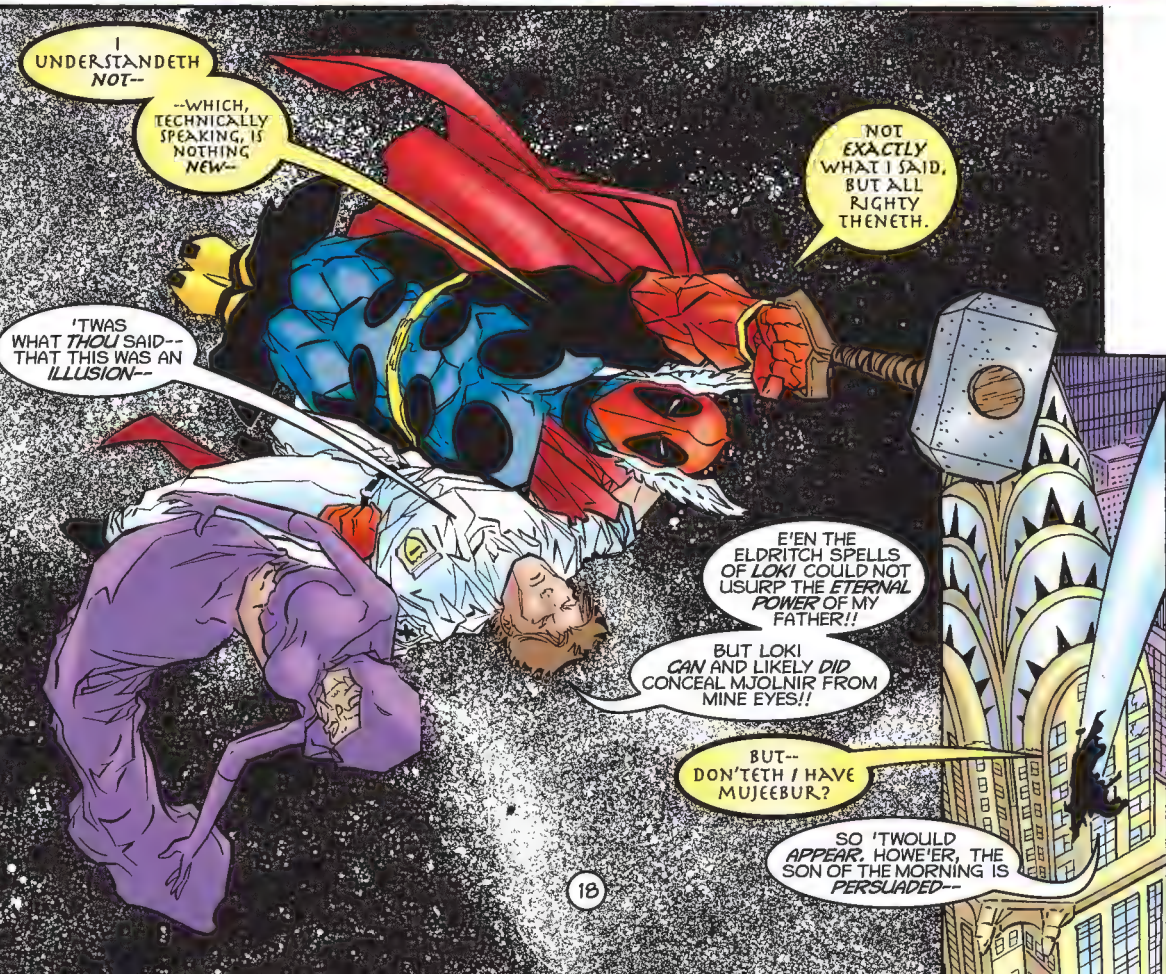
FINE.

WHAT DOES "HIE" MEAN--?

EARTH!! WE MUST RETURN TO EARTH!!

OK.

AH...



I UNDERSTANDETH NOT--

--WHICH, TECHNICALLY SPEAKING, IS NOTHING NEW--

'T WAS WHAT THOU SAID-- THAT THIS WAS AN ILLUSION--

NOT EXACTLY WHAT I SAID, BUT ALL RIGHTY THENETH.

E'EN THE ELDRITCH SPELLS OF LOKI COULD NOT USURP THE ETERNAL POWER OF MY FATHER!!

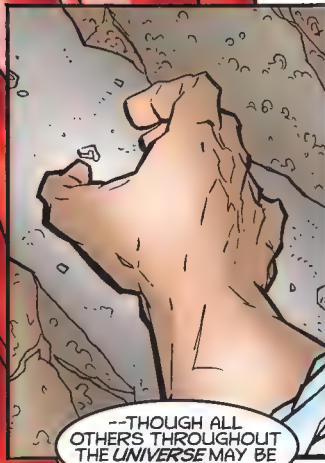
BUT LOKI CAN AND LIKELY DID CONCEAL MJOLNIR FROM MINE EYES!!

BUT-- DON'TETH I HAVE MUJEEBUR?

SO 'TWOULD APPEAR. HOW'E'R, THE SON OF THE MORNING IS PERSUADED--



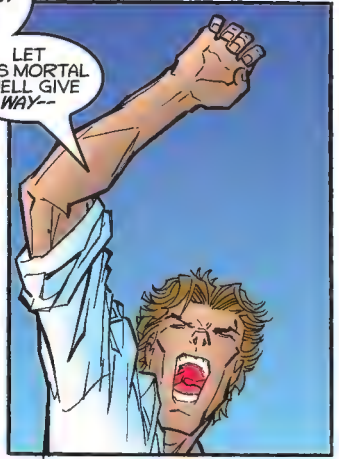
--THAT
MY FATHER'S
WORDS ARE
TRUE--



--THOUGH ALL
OTHERS THROUGHOUT
THE UNIVERSE MAY BE
LIARS!!

THIS
DAY'S
MOCKERY
ENDS
NOW!

LET
THIS MORTAL
SHELL GIVE
WAY--



--TO
THOR
the mighty

THHOOOMM



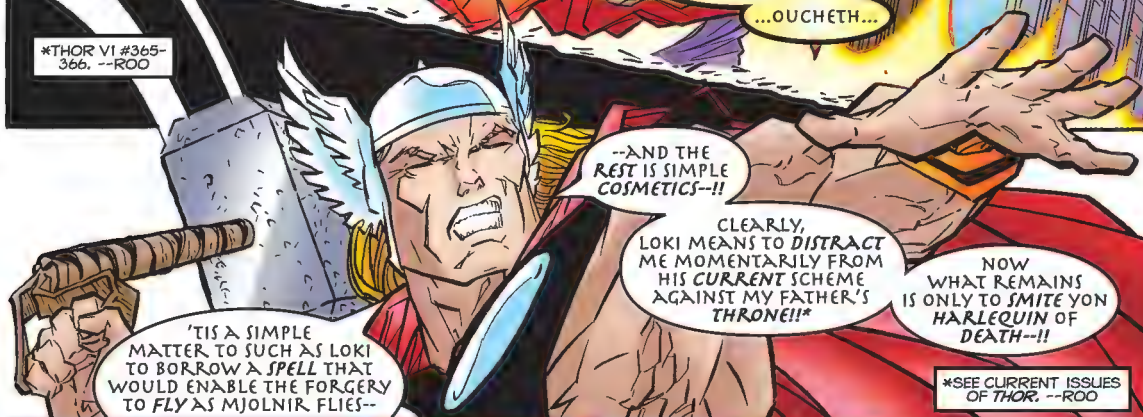
AT LAST,
THE SON OF ODIN
IS FREE OF THE
EVIL ONE'S FOUL
TRICKERY!!

CLEARLY,
THINE "HAMMER"
IS A FORGERY--POSSIBLY
THE SAME FORGED OF
GENUINE URU METAL BY
HAROKIN--CREATED
TO CONFOUND
ME!!

YES...AND
NONE COULDS BE
HAPPIER...

...OUCHETH...

*THOR VI #365-
366. --ROO



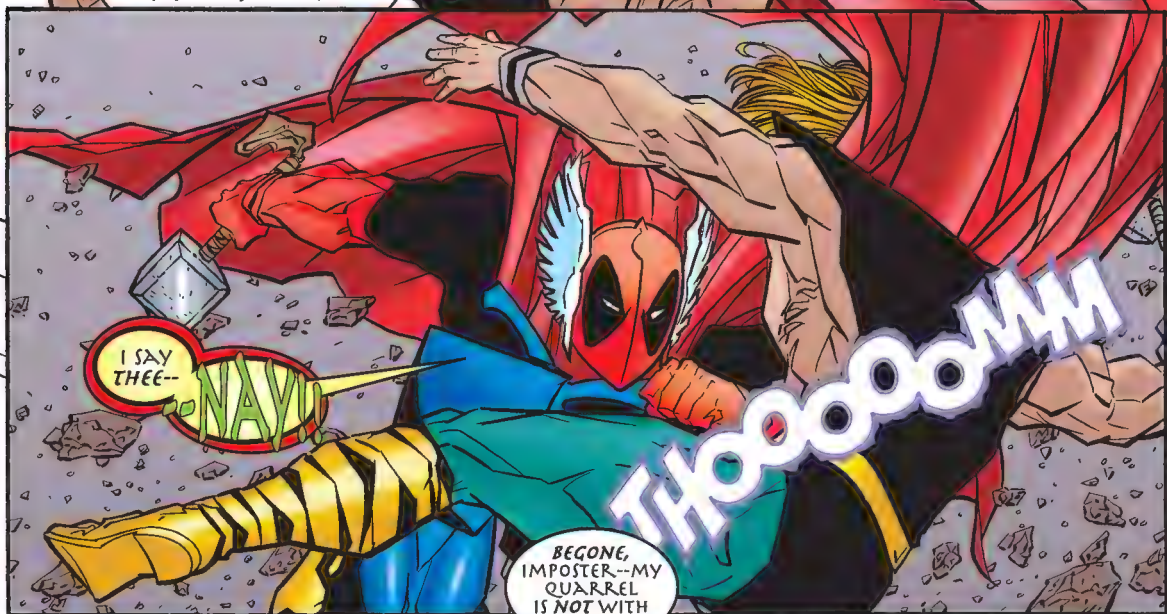
--AND THE
REST IS SIMPLE
COSMETICS--!!

CLEARLY,
LOKI MEANS TO DISTRACT
ME MOMENTARILY FROM
HIS CURRENT SCHEME
AGAINST MY FATHER'S
THRONE!!

NOW
WHAT REMAINS
IS ONLY TO SMITE YON
HARLEQUIN OF
DEATH--!!

'TIS A SIMPLE
MATTER TO SUCH AS LOKI
TO BORROW A SPELL THAT
WOULD ENABLE THE FORGERY
TO FLY AS MJOLNIR FLIES--

*SEE CURRENT ISSUES
OF THOR. --ROO



I SAY
THEE--

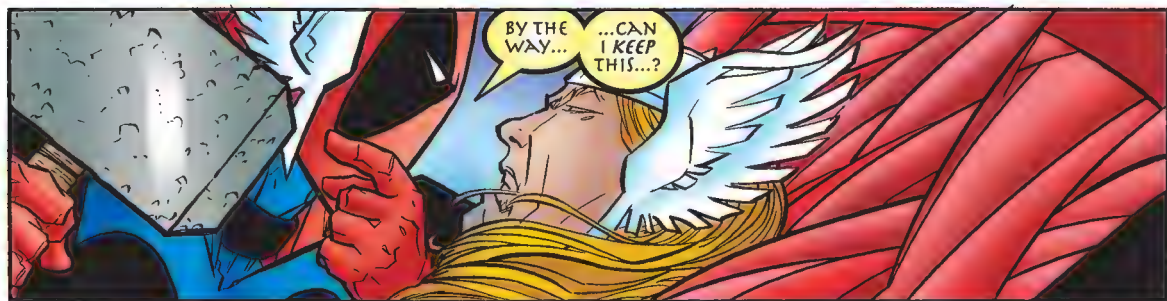
BEGONE,
IMPOSTER--MY
QUARREL
IS NOT WITH
THEE--!



SHE
IS A SPIRIT--
A SHADE--
COMPOSED OF
EVIL!

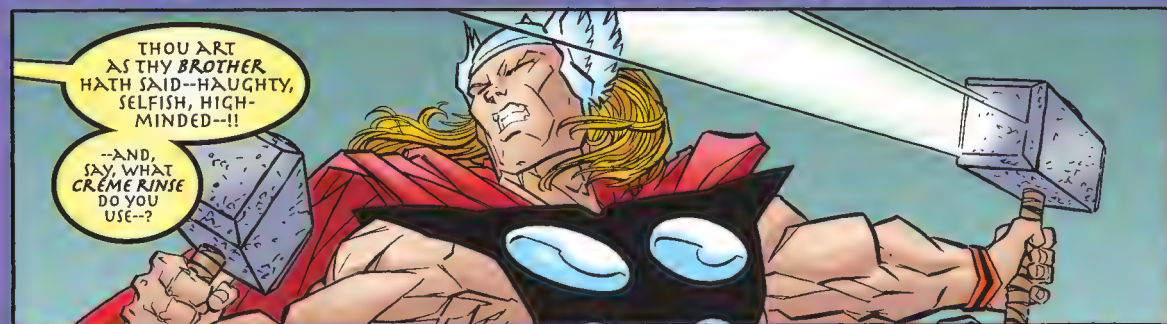
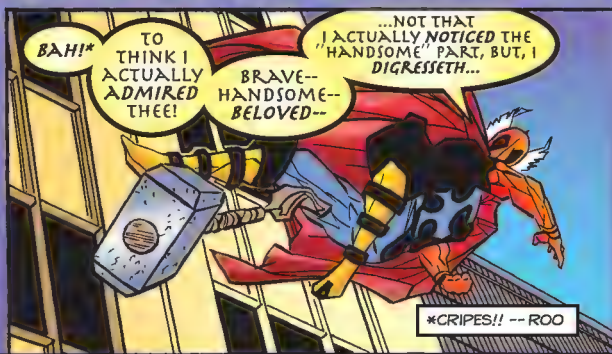
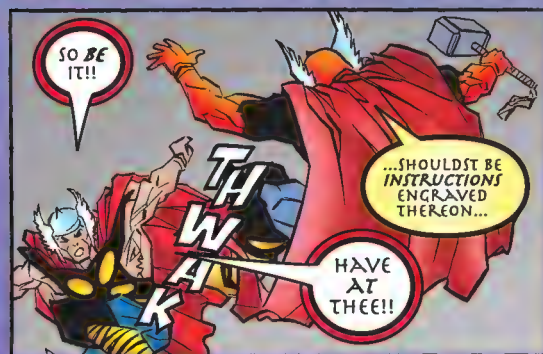
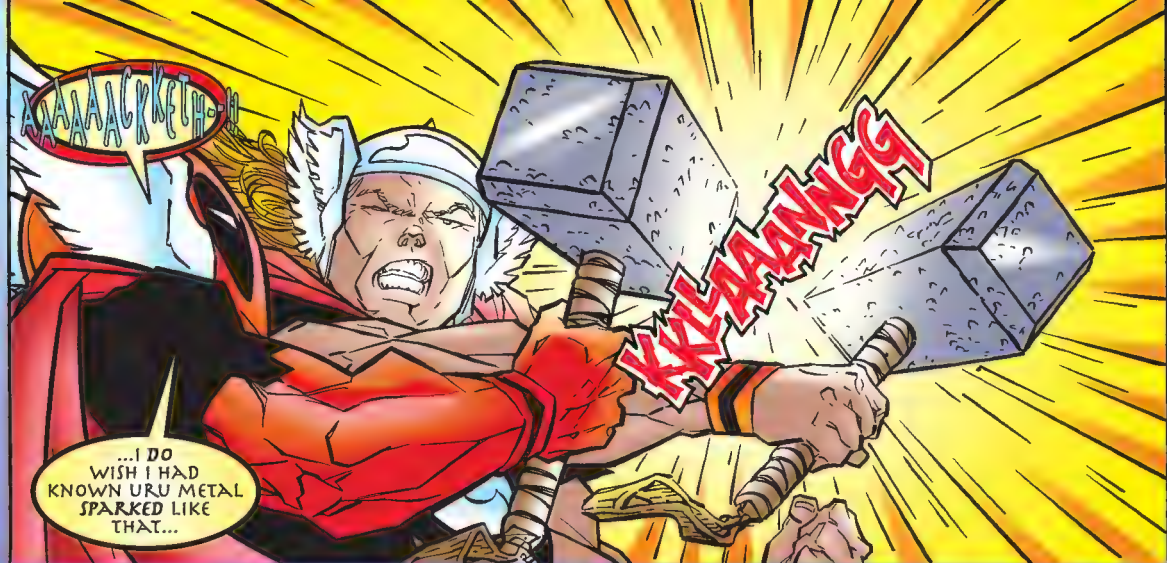
'TIS AS YOU
INTEND HARM TO SHE
WHOM WADE LOVETH!!

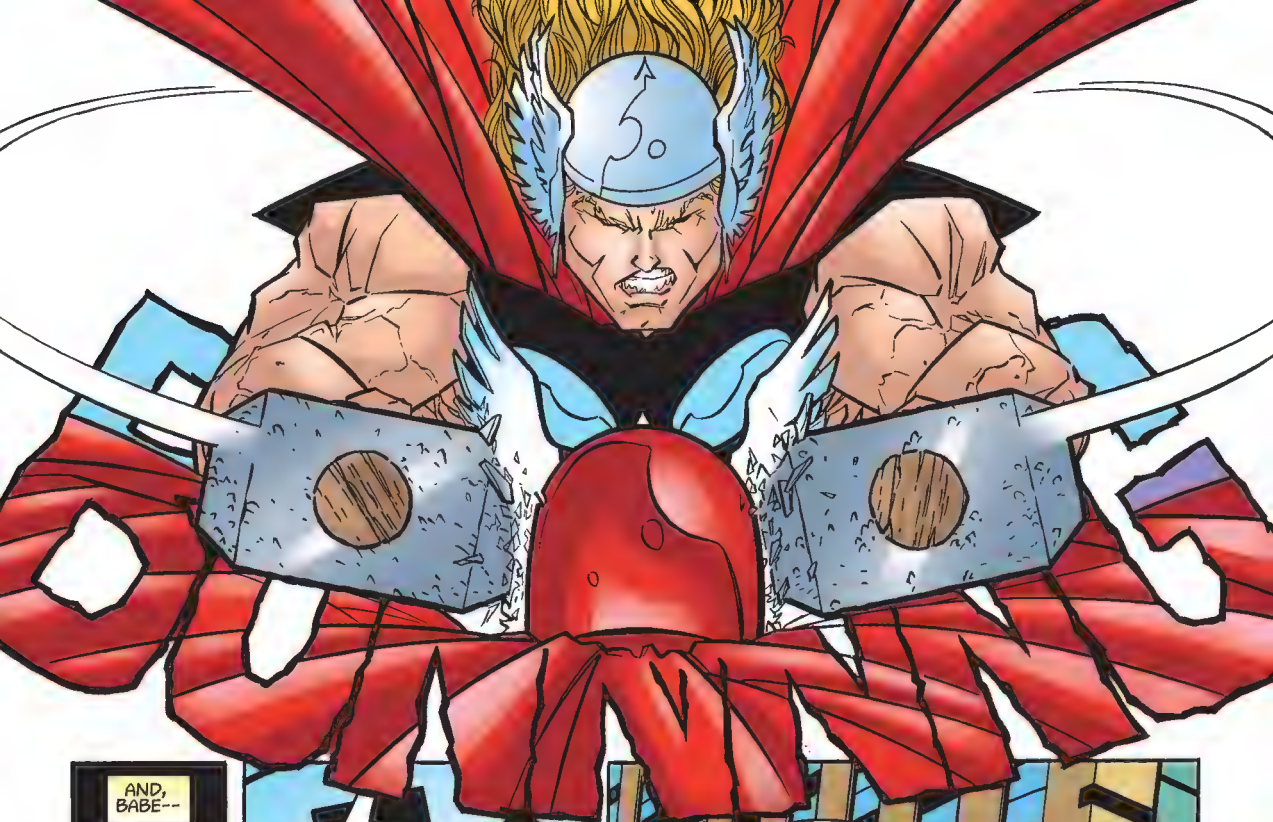
THOU
SPEAKETH OF
THAT WHICH
THOU
KNOWETH
NOT--!!



BY THE
WAY...

...CAN
I KEEP
THIS...?





AND, BABE--

--THAT WAS PRETTY MUCH IT.

MISTER... HEY-- MISTER--

--C'MON BACK. THAT'S RIGHT--THERE YA GO.

THOUGHT WE LOST YOU, FOR A MINUTE.

--HUH--? WHERE'S-- WHERE'S THE BIG GALOOT?!

WHO? WE JUST GOT HERE AND FOUND YOU.

--I SEE. I, AH-- AH--I MUSTA SCARED HIM OFF.

WELL, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME--I'VE BEEN AWAY FROM--

HOME.

IF I COULD ACTUALLY STILL CALL IT THAT, AFTER EVERYTHING THAT HAD HAPPENED.

234

234

YOU WERE GONE-- THOR WAS GONE--

IT WAS LIKE NONE OF THAT HAD ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

THAT'S WHEN I REMEMBERED LOKI'S CURSE. I FIGURED-- HOW BAD COULD IT BE--?

--THEN I FOUND OUT.

**N
E
X
T** JOHNNY HANDSOME
OUT WITH THE OLD, IN WITH THE WERD...

**MARVEL
COMICS**



APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

CHICKS DIG DEAD POOL

#38

WWW.MARVEL.COM

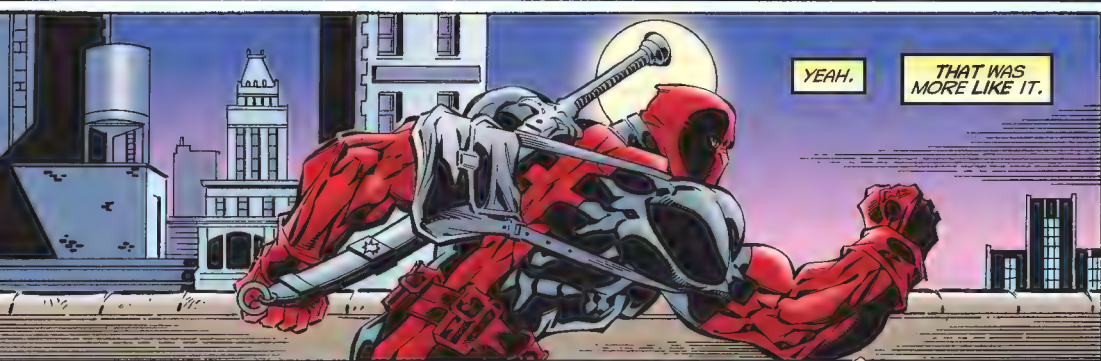
PRIEST
DIAZ
HOLDREDGE

KISS
ME!

IT'S
THE GUNS.
GOTTA BE
THE GUNS.

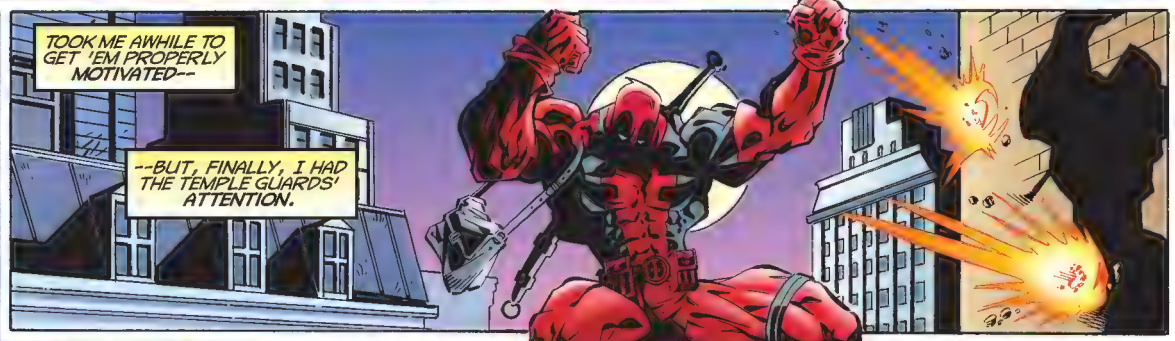
AY
PAPI!

HE'S SOOOO
SEXY!



YEAH.

THAT WAS
MORE LIKE IT.



TOOK ME AWHILE TO
GET 'EM PROPERLY
MOTIVATED--

--BUT, FINALLY, I HAD
THE TEMPLE GUARDS'
ATTENTION.

THOUGH I HAD
T' SLOW DOWN
TO KEEP FROM
LOSIN' 'EM.

GOTTA TELL YA,
BABE, THE QUALITY
OF MURDEROUS
LEGIONS HAS REALLY
GONE DOWN.

THEN AGAIN, IT'S
POSSIBLE THEY
REALLY DIDN'T WANT
TO CATCH ME.

I MEAN, CONSIDERIN' HOW
I LEFT THE FIRST DOZEN
OR SO TEMPLE GUARDS
I RAN INTO.

BUT, SEE, FOR THESE GUYS,
A GLORIOUS DEATH WAS THE
HIGH PRIZE THEY'D WAITED ALL
THEIR LIVES FOR.

AND I WAS MORE
THAN WILLING TO
OBLIGE.

YEAH, IT TOOK
AWHILE, BUT
FINALLY--





SHROUDED IN
STOLEN IDENTITIES AND
CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE
MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF
MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN?
SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS
OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S
GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS
CONFINED TO A WORLD OF
CONSTRUCTING ORDER; BLASTING
DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY
BRICK!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

**DEAD-
POOL**

JOHNNY HANDSOME

SCENE ONE

BY
PRIEST & PACO DIAZ
STORYTELLERS
JON HOLDREDGE
INKING
SHARPEFONT & PT
LETTERING
SHANNON BLANCHARD
COLORIST
FRANK DUNKERLEY
ASSISTANT EDITOR
RUBEN DIAZ
EDITOR
BOB HARRAS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

---I HAD 'EM
RIGHT WHERE I
WANTED THEM.





DEADPOOL
[WADE-EQUINUS
MAXIMUS]



THE BAD GUYS
[VILLAINOUS
VEGEMATICUS]



THE BAD GUYS'
LEADER'S LEFT FOOT
[HENCE THEIR MOTIVE FOR
CHASING DEADPOOL]

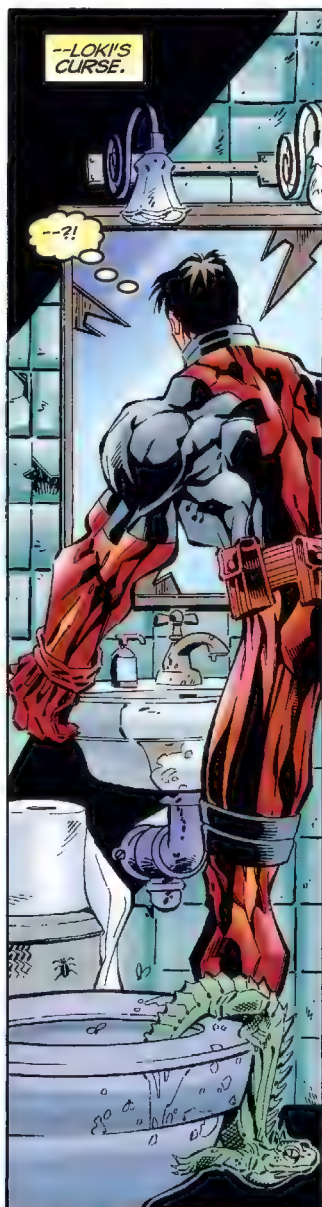


SILENT PANEL BEFORE
THE BIG CLASH
[THAT IS, IF WE KEPT
SILENT]



THE BIG CLASH
[GOOD NIGHTUS
DECONUS!]

THAT WAS MY LAST
CHANCE, BABE--
MY FINAL TRY TO
ESCAPE--



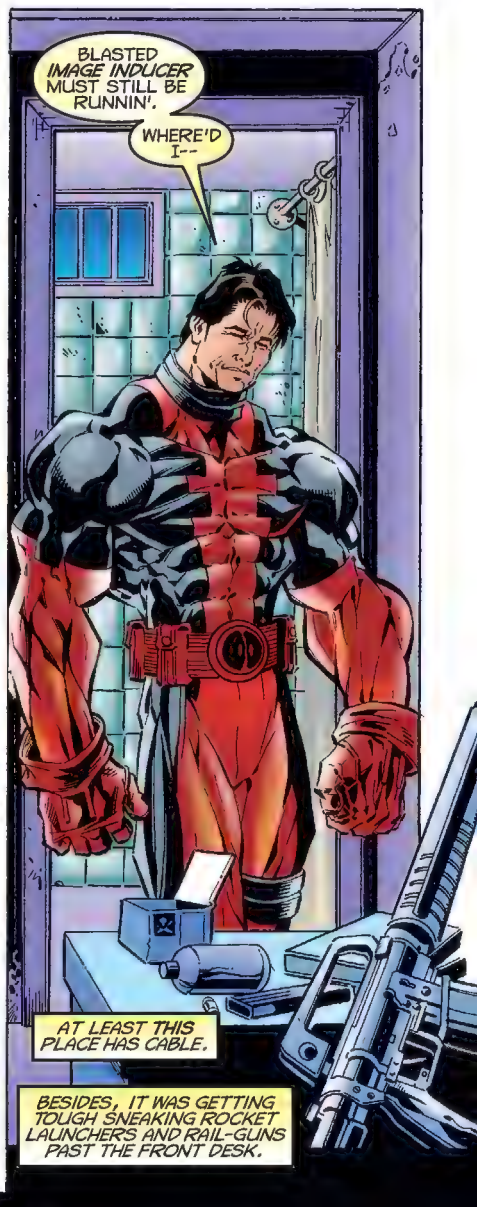
--LOKI'S CURSE.

--?!



I'D BLOWN ALL MY LOOT ON A HANDYMAN SPECIAL--

--I HAD TO GET OUT OF THAT RAT-TRAP MOTEL.



BLASTED IMAGE INDUCER MUST STILL BE RUNNIN'.

WHERE'D I--

AT LEAST THIS PLACE HAS CABLE.

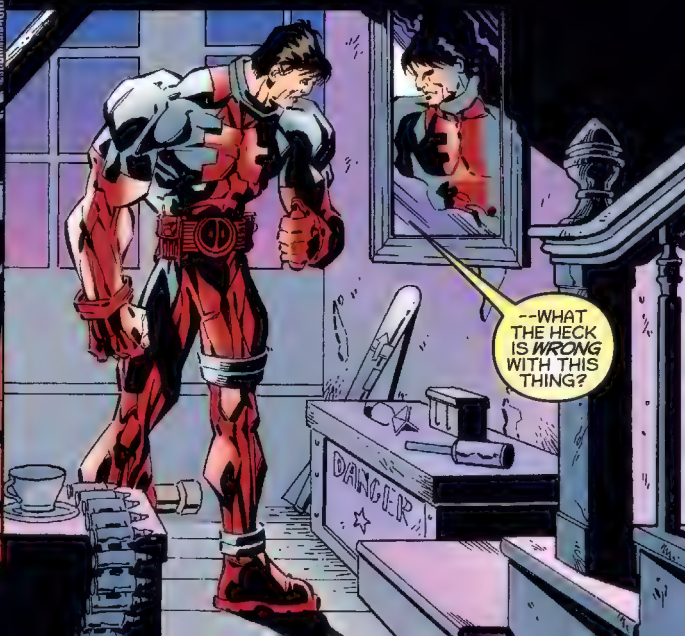
BESIDES, IT WAS GETTING TOUGH SNEAKING ROCKET LAUNCHERS AND RAIL-GUNS PAST THE FRONT DESK.



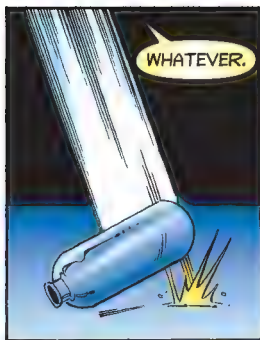
CLIK CLIK

HERE WE GO.

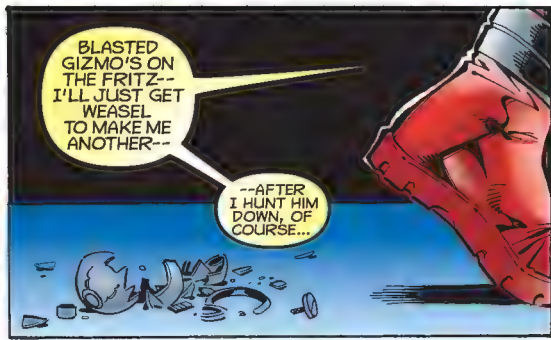
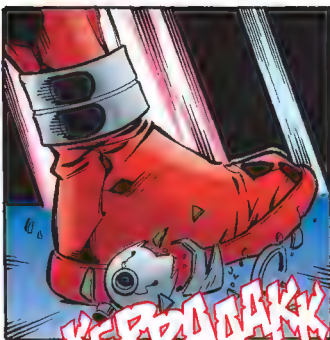
OFF--
OFF--
HMMM--



--WHAT THE HECK IS WRONG WITH THIS THING?

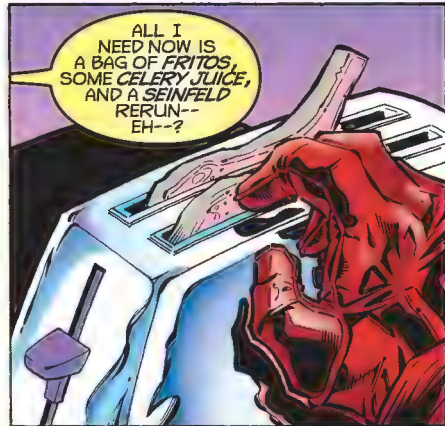
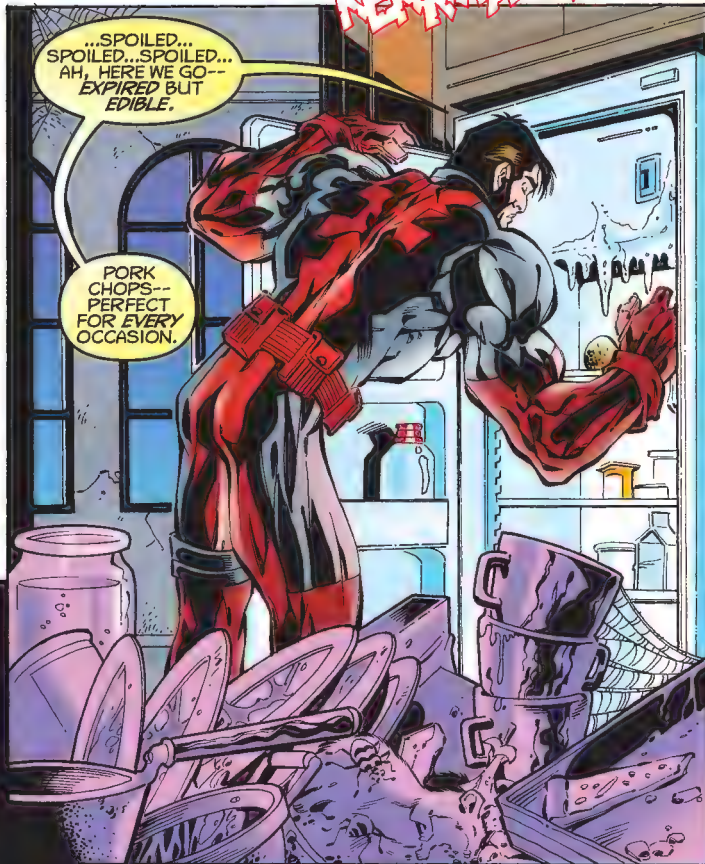


WHATEVER.



BLASTED GIZMO'S ON THE FRITZ--
I'LL JUST GET WEASEL TO MAKE ME ANOTHER--

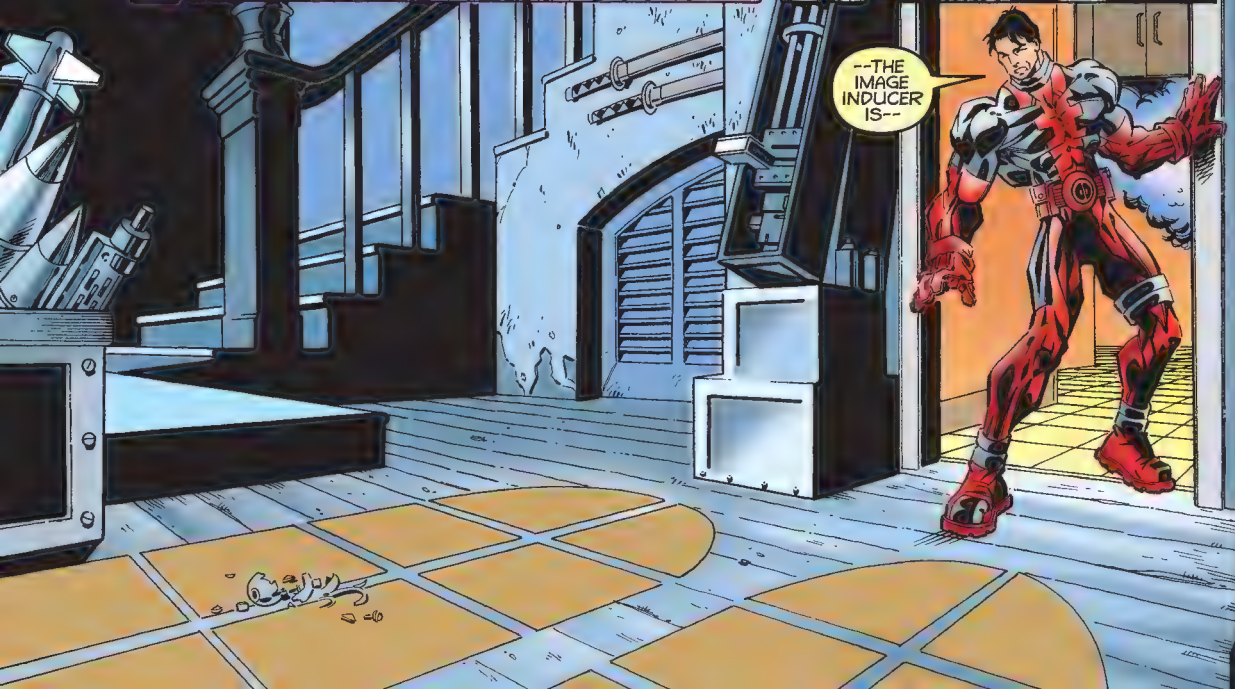
--AFTER I HUNT HIM DOWN, OF COURSE...



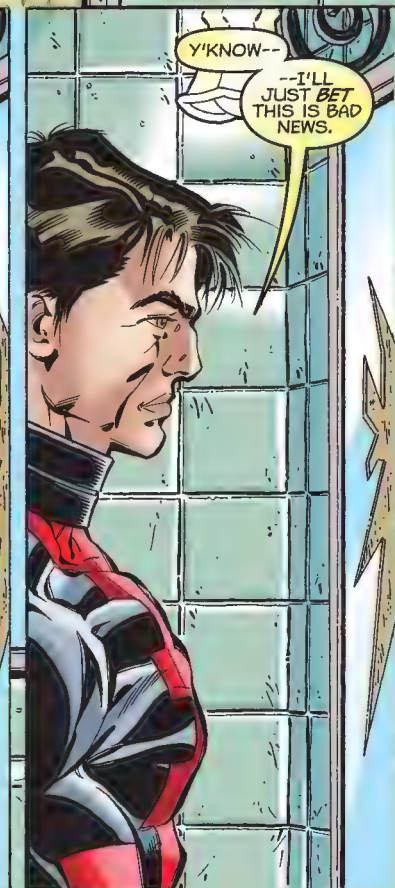
ALL I NEED NOW IS A BAG OF FRITOS, SOME CELERY JUICE, AND A SEINFELD RERUN-- EH--?



--?! BUT--



--THE IMAGE INDUCER IS--



LOOK, BABE--IT WASN'T THAT I DIDN'T APPRECIATE THE MAKEOVER AND ALL-- BUT IT WASN'T MY FACE.

I'VE HAD A LOT OF NAMES-- WORN A LOT OF MASKS-- BUT I ALWAYS COME HOME TO MY OWN MUG--

--NO MATTER HOW SCARRED IT WAS.

I USED TO WEAR THE MASK TO HIDE MY DISFIGUREMENT. THEN, I JUST WORE THE MASK TO BE WEARING THE MASK.

I NEVER REALLY UNDERSTOOD HOW THESE SCARS DEFINED ME--

--UNTIL THEY WERE GONE.

>GASP!!<

OH, MY GOD--!!

SHEEE--!!

WHAM

GEEZ-- MISTER, ARE YOU ALRIGHT--?!

SOMEBODY CALL AN AMBULANCE--!

JUST TAKE IT EASY, PAL--

HEY-- NOBODY SWEAT IT--I WAS JUST UNDOING A LITTLE COSMETIC SURGERY.

I'M SURE I LOOK WORSE THAN I FEEL--

IF THAT'S TRUE, YOU MUST FEEL TERRIFIC!

CALL ME...

LULU LABELLE
CASTING AGENT
(212) 555-7420

I BECAME A LITTLE OBSESSED...

BRAAKAT ARTAKARATAKA

GGGGRRRRLLLL

WHAT
ELSE YA
GOT?

DANGER

COULDN'T SCRAPE IT OFF.
COULDN'T BURN IT OFF.
COULDN'T SHOOT IT OFF.

AND, I'LL TELL YA, BABE,
I STARTED TO LOSE HOPE,
SO I TURNED TO MY LOVED
ONES FOR ADVICE...



I KNOW
Y'CAN'T HEAR
ME, MERCEDES--
AFTER ALL,
YOU'RE NOT DEAD
ANYMORE.

AIN'T THAT
DARN IRONIC,
YOU GET YOUR
LIFE BACK JUST AS
MINE IS STRIPPED
AWAY.

WHICH,
I GUESS, IS
PRETTY MUCH
WHAT I HAD COMIN'.
SEEN' AS HOW I'M
THE GUY THAT
KILLED YOU.*

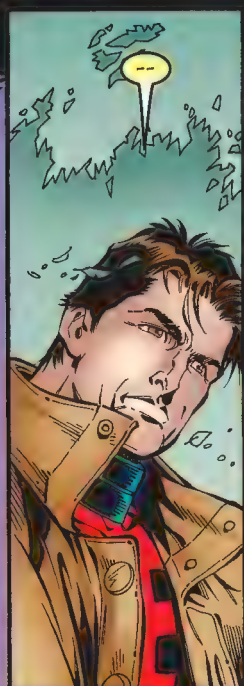
BUT I
SURE WISH
YOU WERE
HERE.

I DON'T
MEAN HERE--
IN THE GROUND
OR NOTHIN'--
I JUST--

--AH, WHATEVER,
JUST LOOKIN' FOR
THE RIGHT WORDS
TO SAY--

*SEE ISSUES
#32-33.--ROO

--SOMETHIN'
APPROPRIATE--

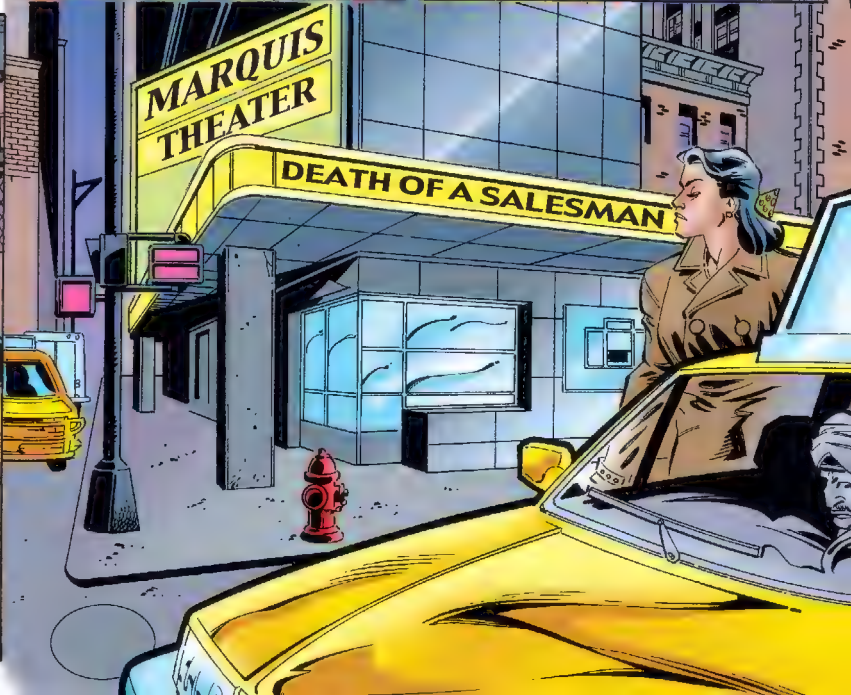
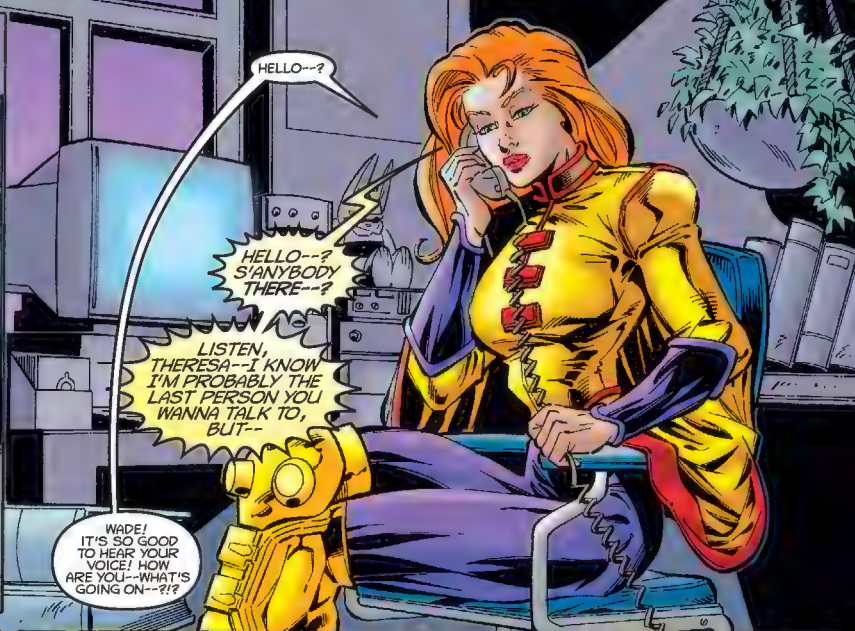
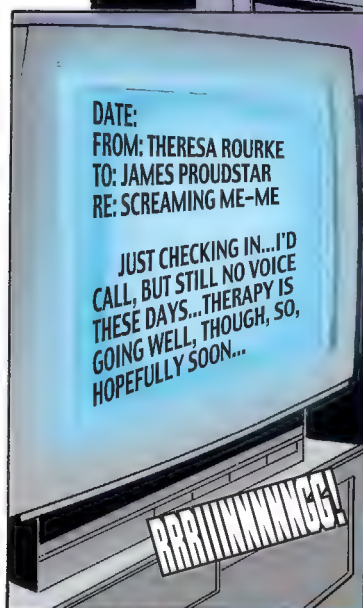


--OH,
WAIT.

THAT'S
RIGHT--



--YOU
WEREN'T MY
WIFE.





--WAS A LITTLE GIG TO TAKE MY MIND OFF THINGS. NEXT STOP: HELL HOUSE.

ALL RIGHT, KIDDIES-- RISE 'N SHINE!

YER OLD BUDDY'S BACK IN ACTION! WHAT SAY WE POSSE UP AND BREAK SOME HEADS--?!

--?!?
FELLAS--?
FELLAS--!!



--? OH, C'MON, YOU'RE NOT STILL UPSET OVER OUR LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING, ARE YOU?*

C'MON-- THAT BEEF WITH T'RAY IS DEAD. LET'S PARTY--

YOU MUST BE WILSON-- AH--NOT WILSON--

*ISSUE #32, --ROO



WILSON.

NEXT QUESTION BEFORE I TWIST YOUR HEAD OFF YOUR SHOULDERS.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

LOOKING FOR PATCH--I NEED A GIG.



PATCH QUIT AFTER YOUR LAST EPISODE HERE. I BOOK THE WORK NOW.

FOR YOU--?

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE PUFF JOB--

THAT SO. WELL, WHATCHA GOT, STYMIE?!

PUFFJOB.

SWOP

GGHHNNAAAHHHHHH!!!

DIETIE, INFIDEL!!!

DEATH TO ALL DOGS!!!

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE CATHARTIC. INSTEAD IT WAS COMICAL.

ALL THOSE ANGRY BAD GUYS, LINED UP IN AN ORDERLY FASHION, WAITING TO GET SMACKED.

REMINDED ME OF THE TITLE SEQUENCE TO THAT OLD SUPER HERO TV SHOW.

ALL THAT WAS MISSING WAS NELSON RIDDLE'S ORCHESTRA, AND SOME CAMPY SOUND EFFECTS--

Y'KNOW-- SOMETHING LIKE--

EVERYTHING I'D KNOWN WAS CHANGED. EVERYONE I'D LOVED--OR AT LEAST TOLERATED--WAS GONE.

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD FIRST BLAME THE GUY IN THE MIRROR FOR THAT, BUT, THANKS TO LOKI, THAT GUY WAS NOT PRESENTLY AVAILABLE.

C'MON!!! THAT THE BEST YOU GOT???

AND, HEY--MORE CUTS TO THE FACE, PLEASE.

ET CETERA.

THWACK

I TELL YA, BABE--I WAS SO BUMMED, EVEN A GOOD, OL' FASHIONED EN MASSE BUTT-KICKIN' DID SQUAT TO CHEER ME UP.

LIFE WAS JUST... SO CRUEL.



YOU SOLD ME A COSTUME SEVERAL YEARS AGO. IT RIPPED TODAY.

I WANT MY MONEY BACK.

YOU'LL HAVE TO NARROW THAT DOWN FOR ME, GENIUS.



HOWZIS?

To Teresa Mary Mercedes Al Weasel From "Elvis" with LUV!

WHY THE DEVIL WOULD ANYONE WANT TO WEAR ANYTHING THIS LAME--?

SHUT YER YAP, JUST BAG ME ANOTHER ONE-- FREE OF CHARGE, OF COURSE...

YOU NUTS--?



I'LL HAVE TO REMAKE THIS FROM SCRATCH. AND THIS ISN'T EVEN A GOOD PHOTO OF THE SUIT.

TWO WEEKS, MINIMUM.

TWO DAYS, OR I RIP YOUR LUNGS OUT.

YOU RIP MY LUNGS OUT AND YOU'LL BE FIGHTING CRIME IN YOUR UNDERWEAR FOR A LONG TIME.



GOOD POINT.

ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU GOTTA GIVE ME SOMETHIN' TO WEAR IN THE MEANTIME.

I CAN'T RUN AROUND DRESSED LIKE THIS!

HMMM... I MAY HAVE JUST THE THING...





HEY--!!

--ALONG WITH OTHER AMENITIES...

SIMPLY AN AUTOMATED COATRACK, BUT OF COURSE.

LATTE--?



BOTTOM LINE: SECURITY, ACCESS, WEAPONS STORAGE, GYM--

ALL OUTLINED IN YOUR RENTER'S PACKET, BUT OF COURSE.

--AND I WANT ONE OF THOSE CUSHY TOILET SEATS!

AND, THAT'S GOT TO GO.

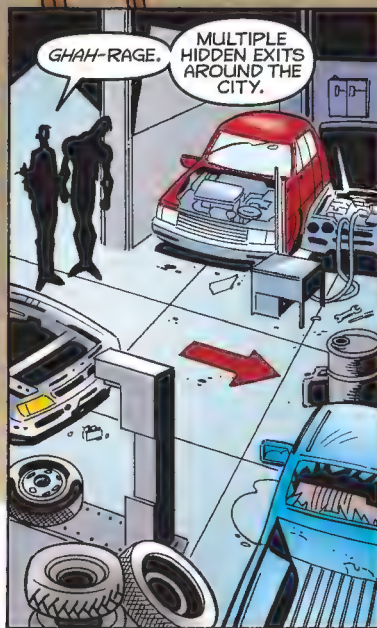


BUT, OF COURSE, THE STATUE CANNOT BE MOVED.

TRUST ME. SOON, YOU WILL NOT EVEN NOTICE IT!

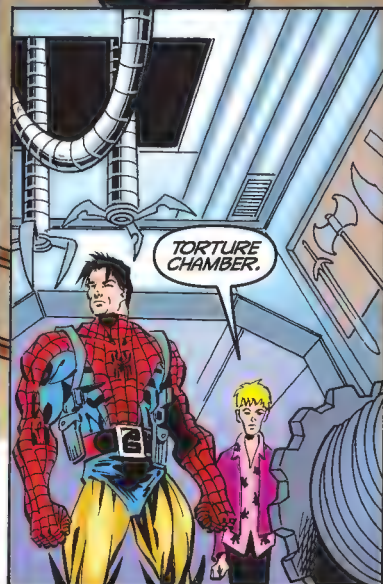


PRIVATE STUDY.

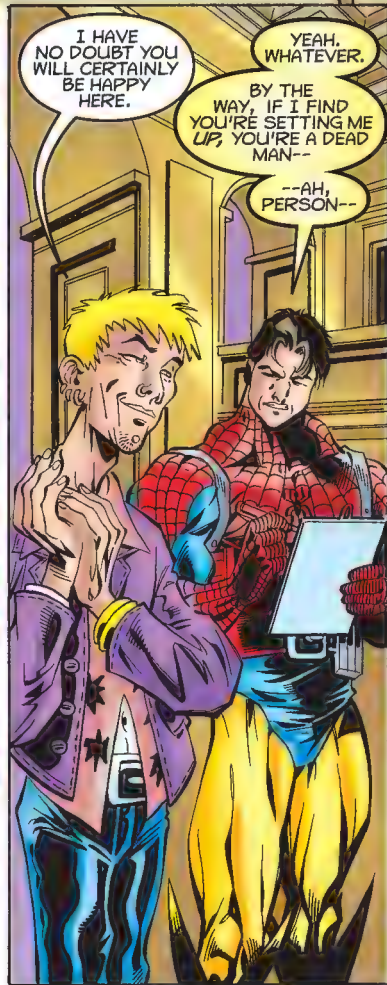
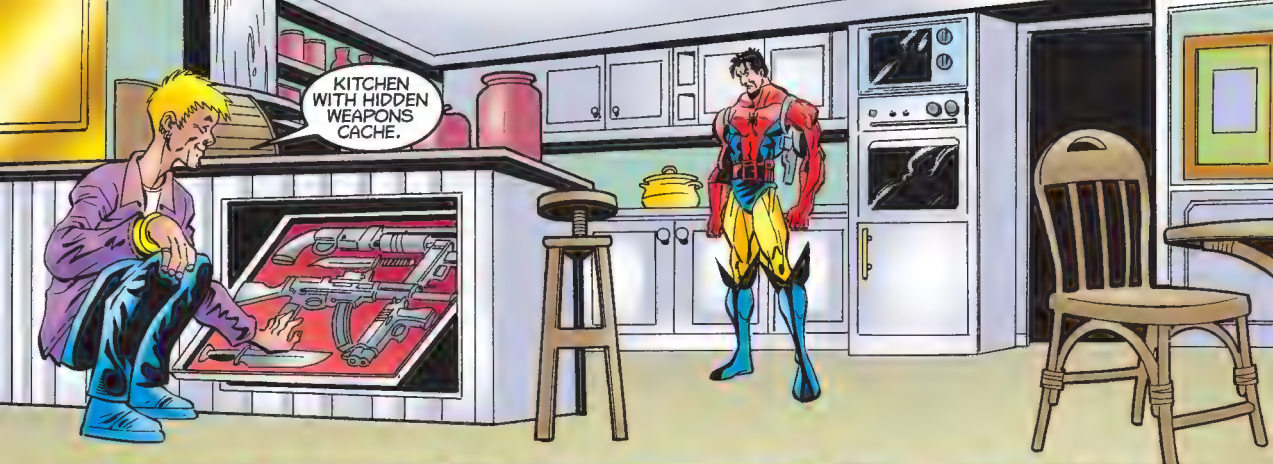


GHAH--RAGE.

MULTIPLE HIDDEN EXITS AROUND THE CITY.



TORTURE CHAMBER.





--YOUR NEW ROOMMATES!

BUT, OF COURSE.

HIYA,
'POOL.
'SBIN
AWHILE.

I THINK IT'S
TIME WE ALL GOT
ACQUAINTED!

NEXT: THE CHALLENGE!
CAN THREE SUPER-VILLAINS
SHARE AN APARTMENT
WITHOUT DESTROYING
THE PLANET?

MARVEL
COMICS



#39

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DEADPOOL

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

COME
AND KNOCK
ON OUR
DOOR...



WE'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU...

PRIEST
DIAZ

Dez42



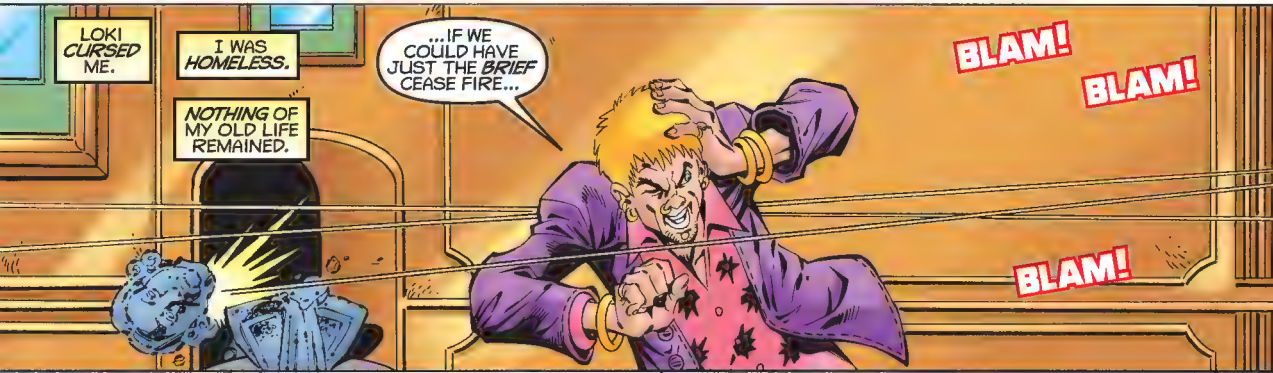
SO, BABE, TO
SUM UP:

MY FRIENDS
WERE ALL GONE.

SO WERE MY
ENEMIES.

BUT
OF COURSE, I
SHOULD LEAVE YOU
TO BECOME BETTER
ACQUAINTUHD...

SSSZZZAACCKK



LOKI
CURSED
ME.

I WAS
HOMELESS.

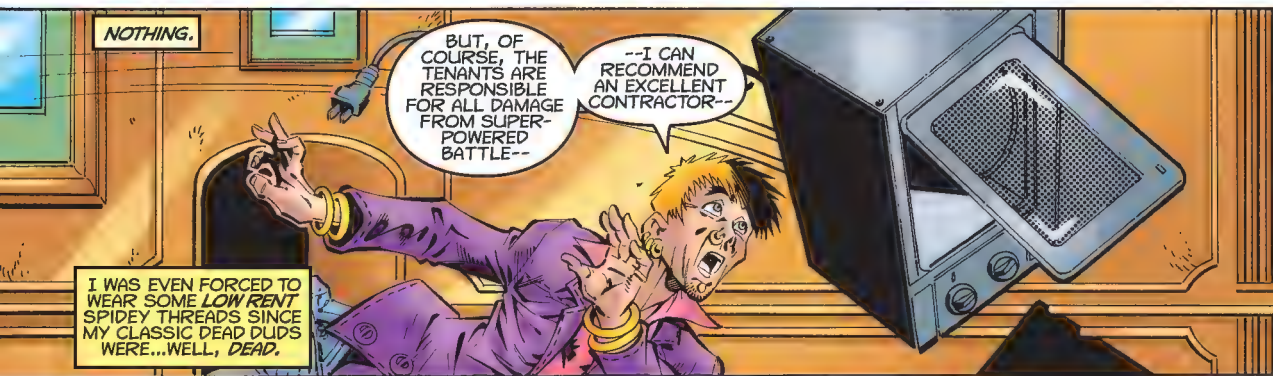
NOTHING OF
MY OLD LIFE
REMAINED.

...IF WE
COULD HAVE
JUST THE BRIEF
CEASE FIRE...

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

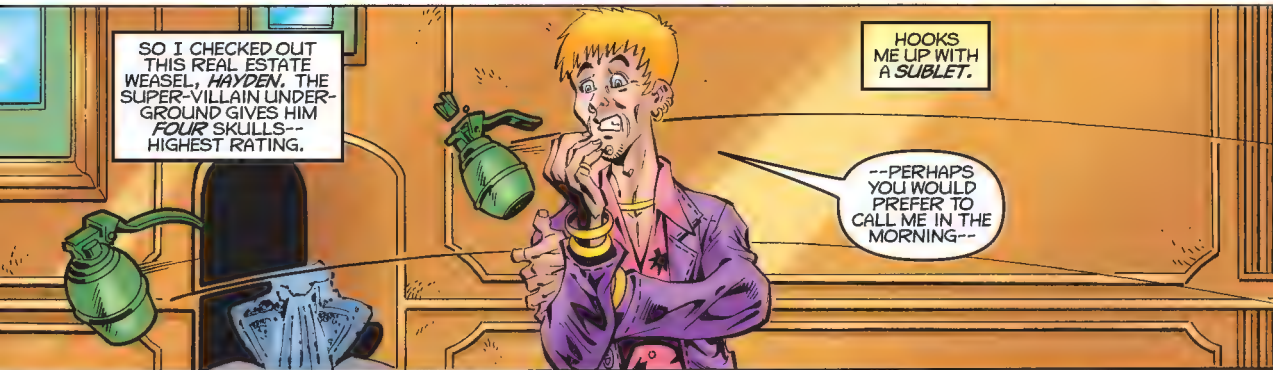


NOTHING.

BUT, OF
COURSE, THE
TENANTS ARE
RESPONSIBLE
FOR ALL DAMAGE
FROM SUPER-
POWERED
BATTLE--

--I CAN
RECOMMEND
AN EXCELLENT
CONTRACTOR--

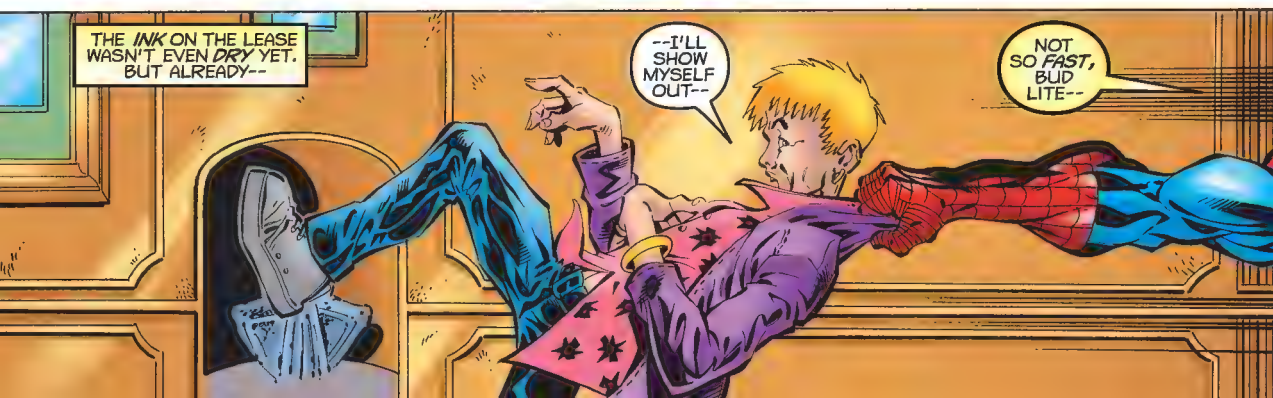
I WAS EVEN FORCED TO
WEAR SOME **LOW RENT**
SPIDEY THREADS SINCE
MY CLASSIC DEAD DUDS
WERE...WELL, DEAD.



SO I CHECKED OUT
THIS REAL ESTATE
WEASEL, **HAYDEN**. THE
SUPER-VILLAIN UNDER-
GROUND GIVES HIM
FOUR SKULLS--
HIGHEST RATING.

HOOKS
ME UP WITH
A SUBLET.

--PERHAPS
YOU WOULD
PREFER TO
CALL ME IN THE
MORNING--



THE **INK** ON THE LEASE
WASN'T EVEN **DRY** YET,
BUT ALREADY--

--I'LL
SHOW
MYSELF
OUT--

NOT
SO FAST,
BUD
LITE--



SHROUDED IN
STOLEN IDENTITIES AND
CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE
MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF
MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN?
SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS
OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S
GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS
CONFINED TO A WORLD OF
CONSTRUCTING ORDER; BLASTING
DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY
BRICK!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

**DEAD-
POOL**

JOHNNY HANDSOME

SCENE TWO

--THERE GOES THE
NEIGHBORHOOD.

**PRIEST & DIAZ
STORYTELLERS**

**JON HOLDREDGE &
RICH PERROTTA**

INKS
WITH ASSISTS BY CZOP & ELMER
SHARPEFONT & PT. - LETTERING
SHANNON BLANCHARD - COLORIST
FRANK DUNKERLEY - ASSISTANT ED.
RUBEN DIAZ - EDITOR
BOB HARRAS - EDITOR IN CHIEF





HER NAME WAS *MARY*, BUT EVERYONE CALLED HER *SKEETER*.*

I HOPED IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH HER PERSONAL *HYGIENE*...

*EVEN HER OTHER HALF, THE ABSORBING MAN, WHO IS AWAY ON BUSINESS, LUCKILY FOR 'POOL. THREE AGAINST ONE = NOT GOOD.--ROO

SO.
YOU'RE DEADPOOL, HUH?



YOU CAN CALL ME WADE.

LIKE, WHEN YOU REPORT BACK TO T-RAY OR L.L.L. OR REGIS, OR WHOEVER THE HECK SENT YOU--

--TELL 'EM WADE SAYS BLOW OFF!!

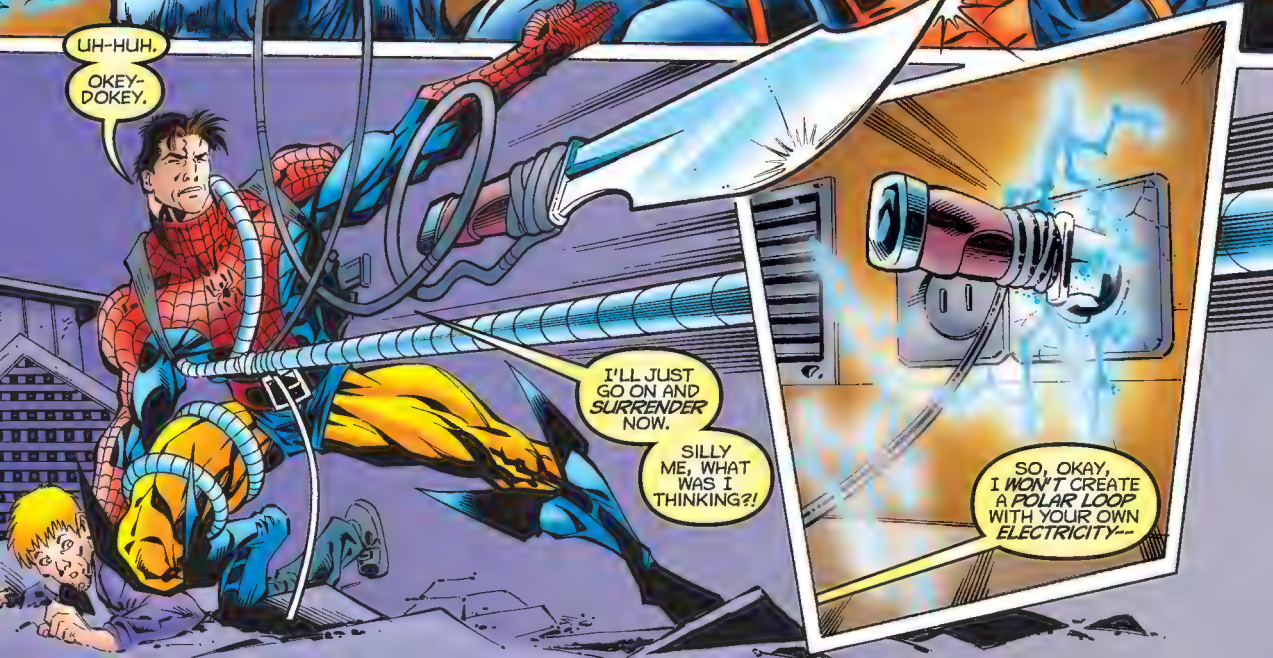


YOU ALWAYS THIS PARANOID OR IS THIS JUST FOR OUR BENEFIT?!

NOBODY'S TRYIN' T'KILL YOU, YOU IDIOT--

--WE LIVE HERE!

UH-HUH.
OKEY-DOKEY.



I'LL JUST GO ON AND SURRENDER NOW.

SILLY ME, WHAT WAS I THINKING?!

SO, OKAY, I WON'T CREATE A POLAR LOOP WITH YOUR OWN ELECTRICITY--



--AND
SHORT-OUT
YOUR CONTROL
SYSTEM.

NOPE,
WON'T DO
THAT.

...NOT
GOING WELL,
IS IT,
SKEETER...?

PROBABLY
YOUR
APPROACH.

WATCH
AND LEARN,
FRANKIE
BOY.

"WADE",
IS IT?

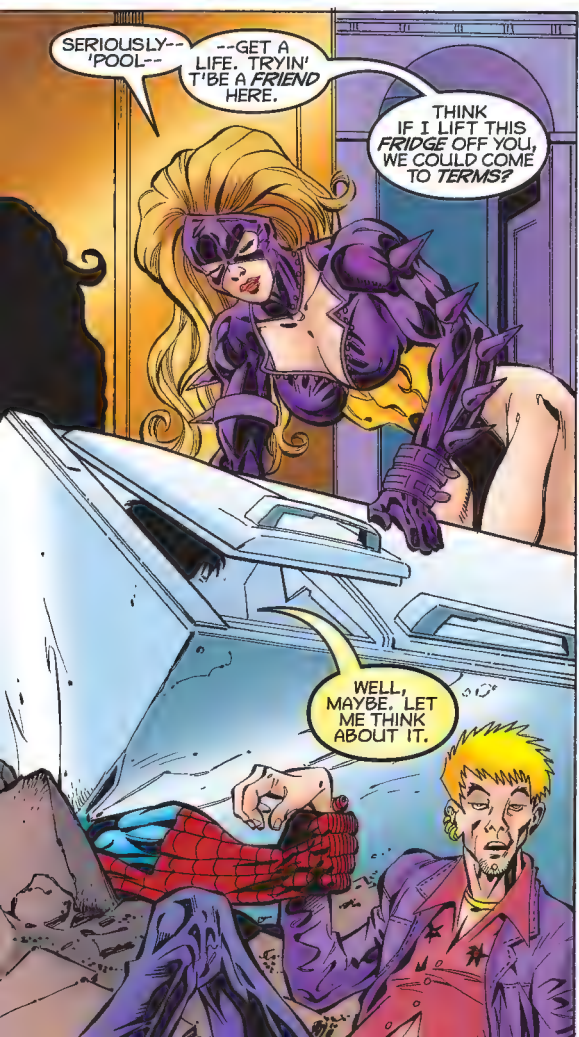
WELL,
HE'S FRANK
AND I'M
SKEETER.

AND
NEITHER
OF US IS
TRYING TO
KILL YOU.



WAAAAHAAAAH!

OH,
OKAY.
NOW I
BELIEVE
YOU.



SERIOUSLY--
'POOL--

--GET A
LIFE. TRYIN'
T'BE A FRIED
HERE.

THINK
IF I LIFT THIS
FRIDGE OFF YOU,
WE COULD COME
TO TERMS?

WELL,
MAYBE. LET
ME THINK
ABOUT IT.



WAIT--

--THIS ISN'T
ALBUQUERQUE--!

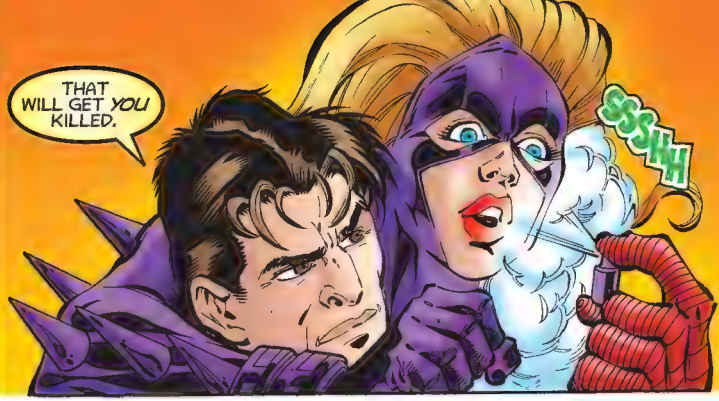
WADE--
WHAT'S IT
GONNA
BE--?



--mmmmpppfff--?!

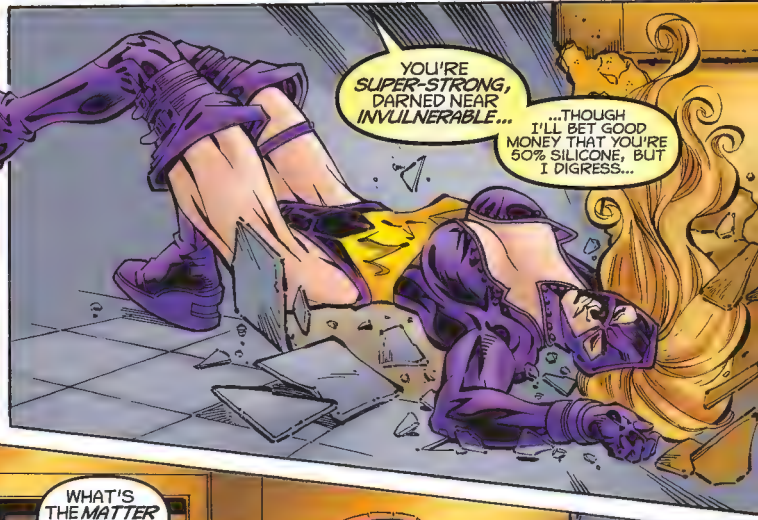


THAT...
...WILL GET YOU
KILLED.
WRONG.



THAT
WILL GET YOU
KILLED.

SSSHH



YOU'RE
SUPER-STRONG,
DARNED NEAR
INVULNERABLE...

...THOUGH
I'LL BET GOOD
MONEY THAT YOU'RE
50% SILICONE, BUT
I DIGRESS...



...BUT IF
YOU SUCK IN
ENOUGH BIO-
INHIBITOR, YOU
CASH IT IN
JUST LIKE
EVERYBODY
ELSE.

WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH
YOU?!?

YOU
IDIOT--WE'RE
ALL IN THIS
TOGETHER--



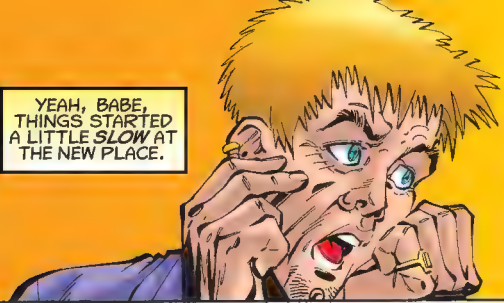
WRONG
"FRANK",
AND HERE'S
WHY:

YOU
GUYS
KILL.

BUT I'M A
KILLER.

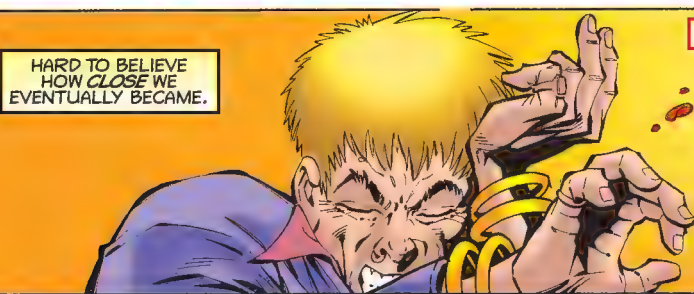
YOU MAY
WANNA TAKE
NOTES AT THIS
POINT.

YEAH, BABE,
THINGS STARTED
A LITTLE SLOW AT
THE NEW PLACE.



KIAAKK WHUMP KERRAACK

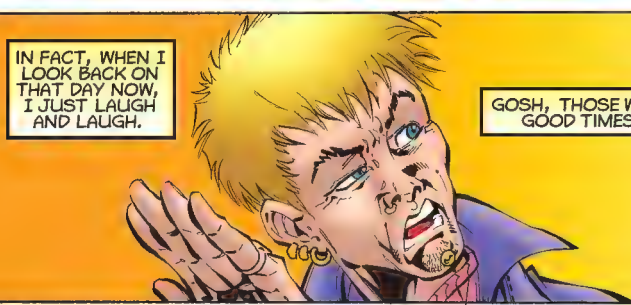
HARD TO BELIEVE
HOW CLOSE WE
EVENTUALLY BECAME.



BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

KERRAACK
PUNNT! SMASH!

IN FACT, WHEN I
LOOK BACK ON
THAT DAY NOW,
I JUST LAUGH
AND LAUGH.

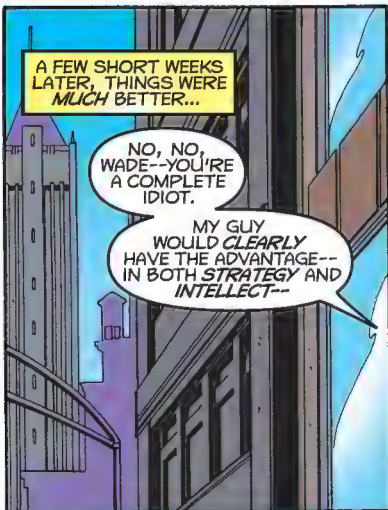


GOSH, THOSE WERE
GOOD TIMES.

WUZZZT!
WHUMP
BRAKKT

OKAY.
I'LL
TAKE
IT.





A FEW SHORT WEEKS LATER, THINGS WERE MUCH BETTER...

NO, NO, WADE--YOU'RE A COMPLETE IDIOT.

MY GUY WOULD CLEARLY HAVE THE ADVANTAGE-- IN BOTH STRATEGY AND INTELLECT--

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM



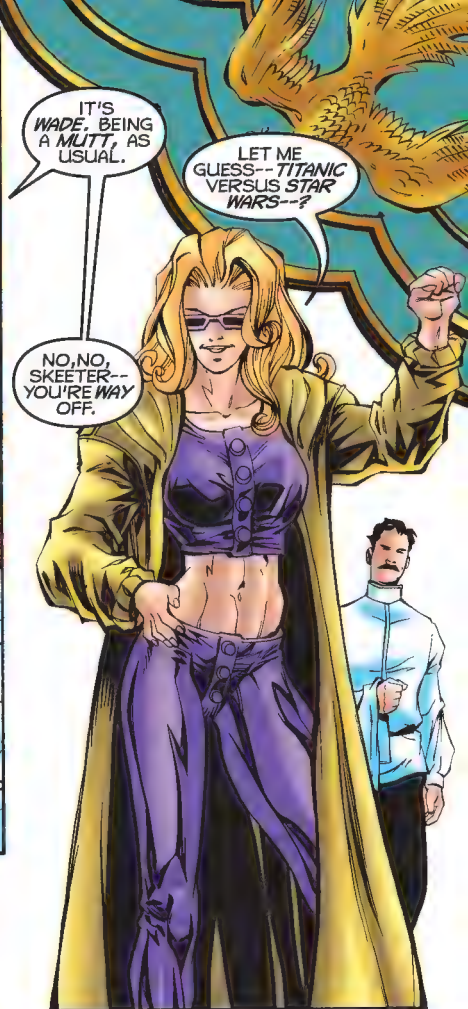
FRANK-- YOU'RE WRONG. YOU'RE ALWAYS WRONG, AND THAT'S WHY YOU ALWAYS PAY FOR DINNER.

LOOK--I'VE STUDIED HIS TECHNIQUES--I KNOW HIS TACTICS. I'M TELLING YOU-- NO CONTEST.

GIVE ME ONE EXAMPLE-- JUST ONE-- THAT WORKS. ONE SCENARIO WHERE HE COULD POSSIBLY WIN!

ONE!

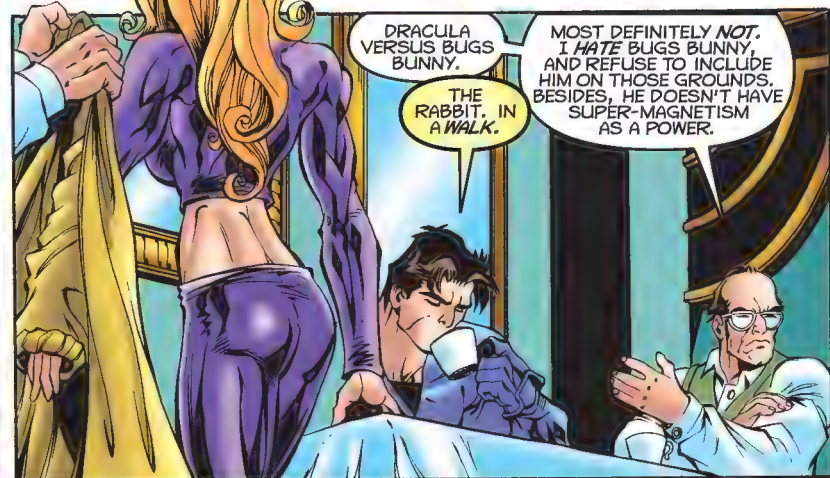
YOU TWO AT IT AGAIN, HUH--?



IT'S WADE. BEING A MUTT, AS USUAL.

LET ME GUESS-- TITANIC VERSUS STAR WARS--?

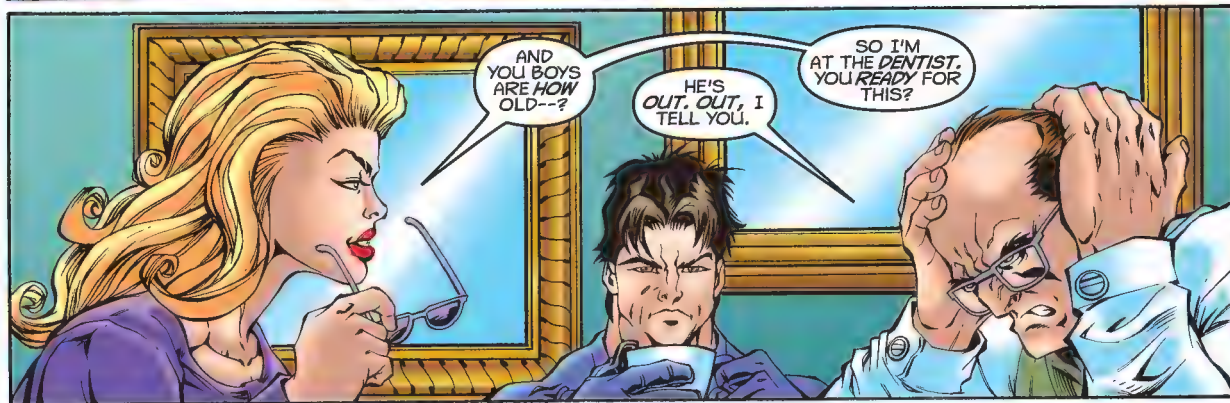
NO, NO, SKEETER-- YOU'RE WAY OFF.



DRACULA VERSUS BUGS BUNNY.

THE RABBIT, IN A WALK.

MOST DEFINITELY NOT. I HATE BUGS BUNNY, AND REFUSE TO INCLUDE HIM ON THOSE GROUNDS. BESIDES, HE DOESN'T HAVE SUPER-MAGNETISM AS A POWER.



AND YOU BOYS ARE HOW OLD--?

HE'S OUT. OUT, I TELL YOU.

SO I'M AT THE DENTIST. YOU READY FOR THIS?



I'M PAYING CASH, RIGHT? BUT THE IDIOT RECEPTIONIST WON'T PROCESS ME IN UNTIL I GIVE THEM MY EMPLOYER INFORMATION.

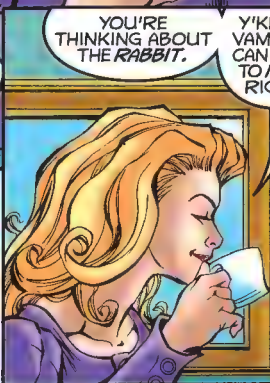
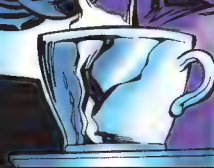
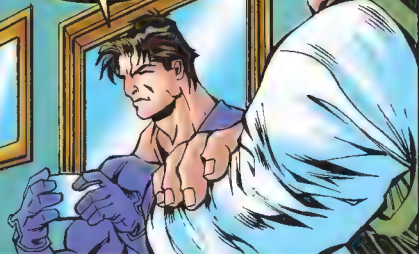
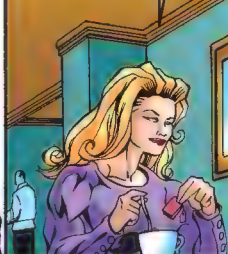
YOU BELIEVE THAT?

I'VE GOT EIGHT HUNDRED GRAND IN MY PURSE FROM THAT BRINKS JOB, AND SHE'S "MA'AM"-ING ME FOR SOME BOSS I DON'T HAVE.

THAT INSANE OR WHAT?

HELLO?

I'M LISTENING.



YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT THE RABBIT.

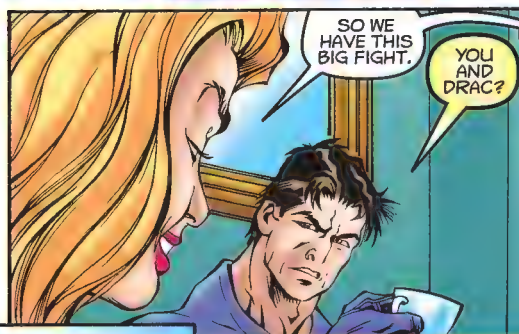
Y'KNOW, VAMPIRES CAN TURN TO MIST, RIGHT?



THIS IS WHAT I'M SAYING! THIS IS WHAT I'M SAYING!

HE TURNS TO MIST--IT'S OVER! RABBIT FRICASSEE!

NO-- RABBIT PULLS AN ACME VACUUM CLEANER OUT OF NOWHERE. DRAC'S TOAST.



SO WE HAVE THIS BIG FIGHT.

YOU AND DRAC?

ME AND THE DENTIST CHICK.

I JUST WENT 3 OUT OF 5 FALLS WITH SHE-HULK, AND THIS AIR-HEAD'S SELLING ME THIS...THIS NOISE ABOUT MY "EMPLOYER".

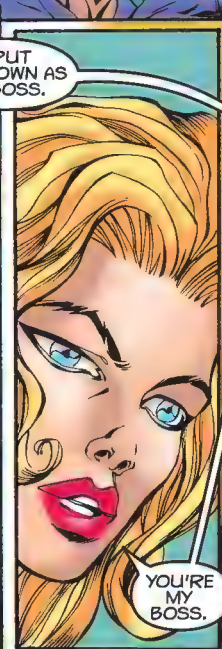
SO, GUESS WHAT?

THAT'S IT, WILSON. I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU.



I PUT YOU DOWN AS MY BOSS.

A MAN'S GONNA BE THAT IRRATIONAL, HE HAS NO BUSINESS CONVERSING WITH US SANE PEOPLE.



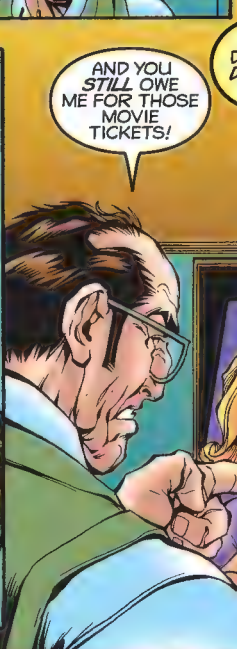
YOU'RE MY BOSS.



ME?

YOU.

I'M YOUR BOSS.



AND YOU STILL OWE ME FOR THOSE MOVIE TICKETS!

WHAT DO YOU DO FOR ME?

BESIDES THE OBVIOUS.

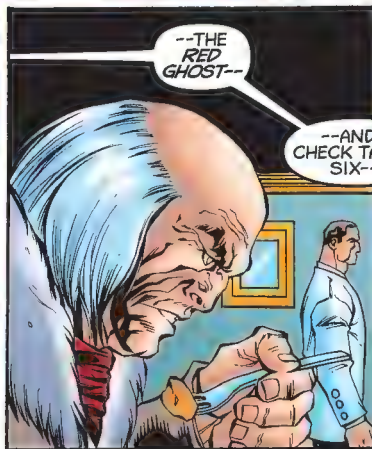
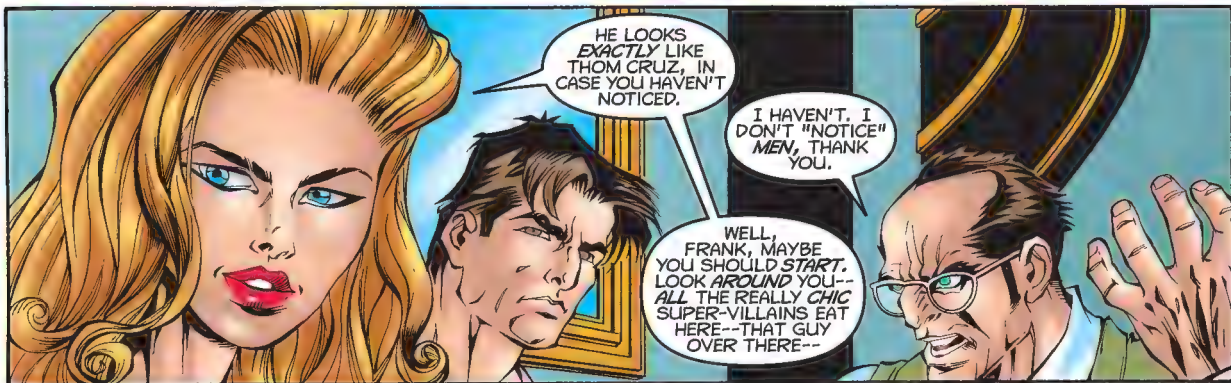
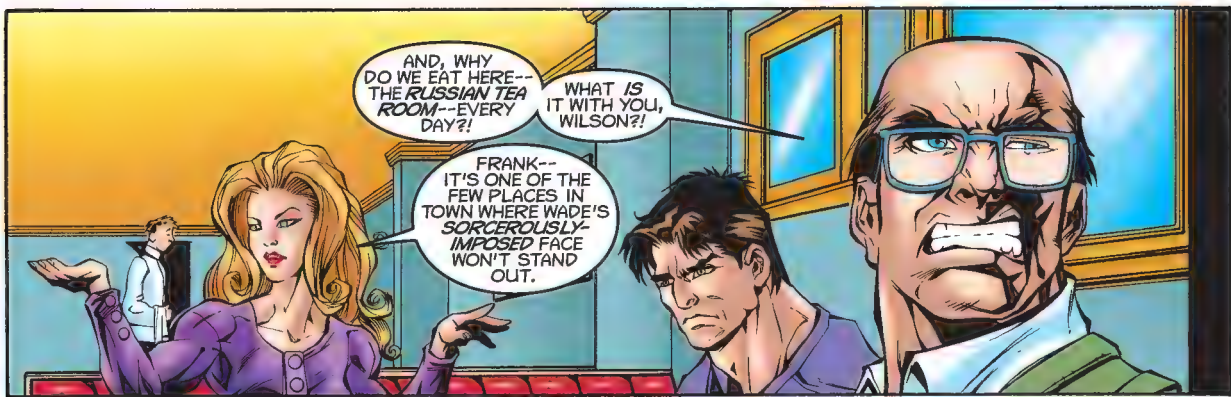
I'M YOUR PILOT.

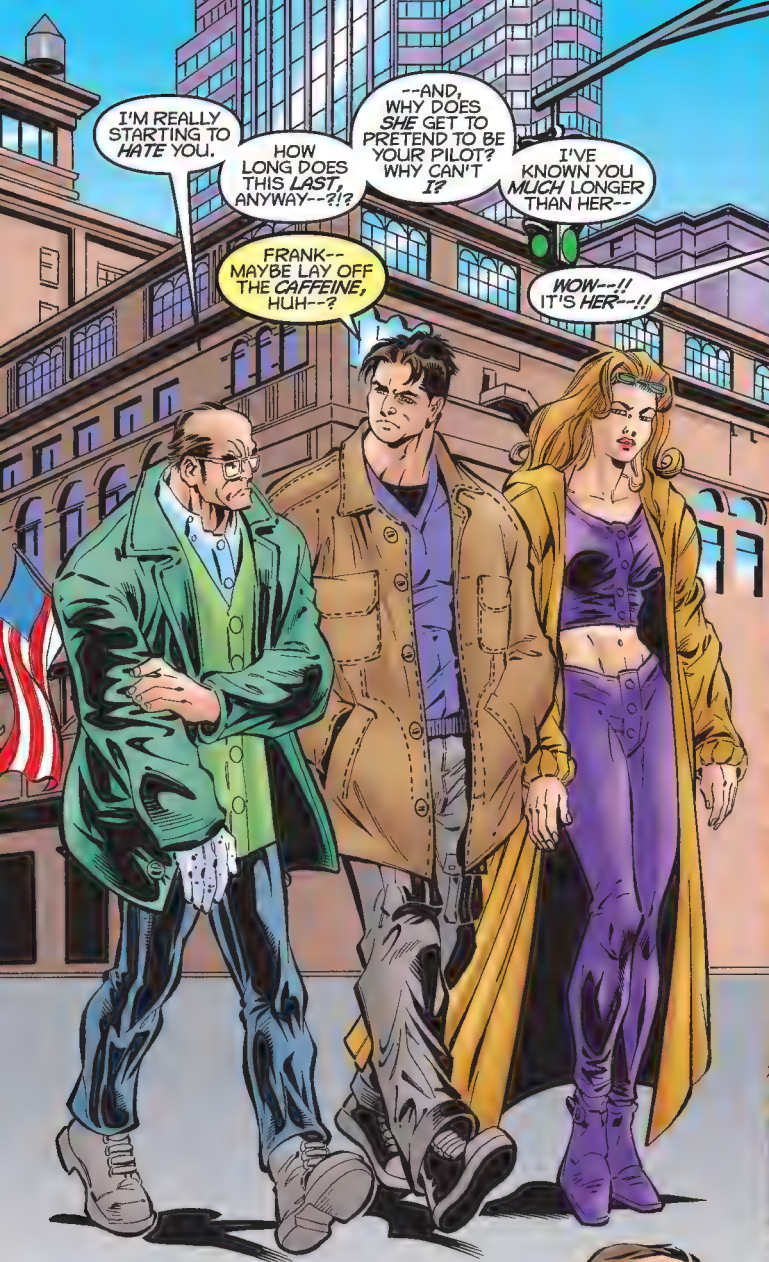
YOU'RE MY PILOT?

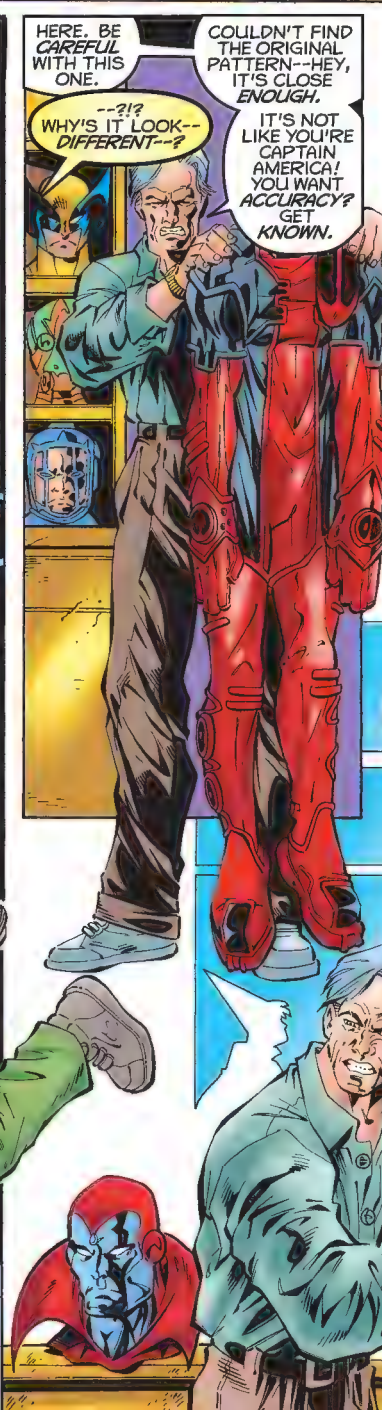
I'M YOUR PILOT.

DO I HAVE A PLANE?

YOU DO NOW.









SKEETER--

--TY--
TANE--
YUH--

--MAYBE A
LITTLE MIDOL
FOR THAT ATTITUDE
PROBLEM, WHAT
SAY--?

I'M NOT
LETTING GO OF
THIS FAKE PILOT
THING.

I PAY
HALF THE RENT
HERE--THIS IS
COMPLETELY
UNFAIR.

YOU--
YOU @#%&!!
I'LL GET YOU
FOR--!!



HEY--
HEY--
STUPID--

--WE'RE
VILLAINS.

THIS
IS WHAT WE
DO.



SHEESH.

GIVIN' ME A
HEADACHE.



HMMM...
DOOR LEFT
OPEN.

NOT MY
BIRTHDAY.

I'M JUST
BETTIN' THIS IS
BAD NEWS--



HAYDEN--!!

SOMEONE
BUSTED IN AND
STRUNG HIM
UP--!!

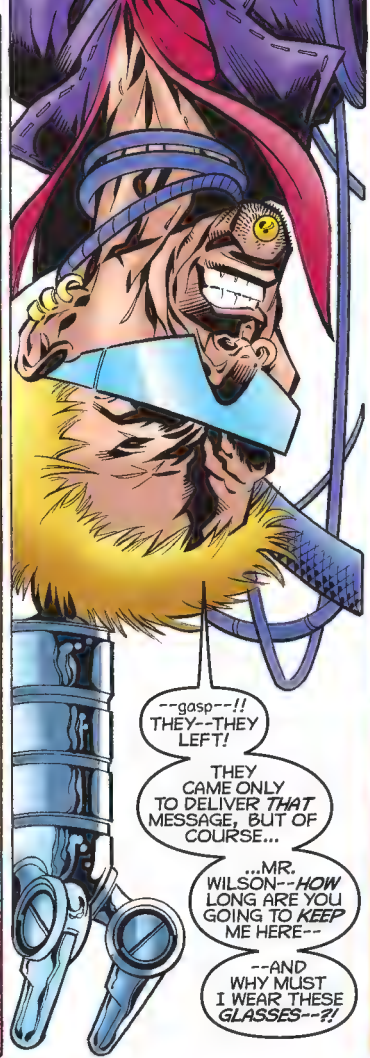
MmMmphFF--!!
Hrmfff !!!



NO.
WE DID THAT,
REMEMBER?

OH,
THAT'S
RIGHT...

BUT
SOMEBODY
HAS BEEN HERE.
MAYBE, IF WE'RE
LUCKY, THEY'RE
STILL HERE.



--gasp--!!
THEY--THEY
LEFT!

THEY
CAME ONLY
TO DELIVER THAT
MESSAGE, BUT OF
COURSE...

...MR.
WILSON--HOW
LONG ARE YOU
GOING TO KEEP
ME HERE--

--AND
WHY MUST
I WEAR THESE
GLASSES--?!



THE
ANSWER TO
YOUR FIRST
QUESTION IS
SHADDUP.

SO'S
THE ANSWER
TO YOUR
SECOND.



THEY'RE
GONE, WADE.
THIS PROVES
IT.

SOMEBODY
LEFT US A
MESSAGE ON
THIS DVD.



SENDING
US A "MESSAGE"
ON VIDEO?

WHO ARE
WE NOW, THE
SUPER-
FRIENDS?!

LEAST
THEY COULD
DO IS BE HERE
WHEN WE GOT
HOME...

...WHAT
A RIP...

WE'LL
KNOW IN
A SEC,
BOYS--

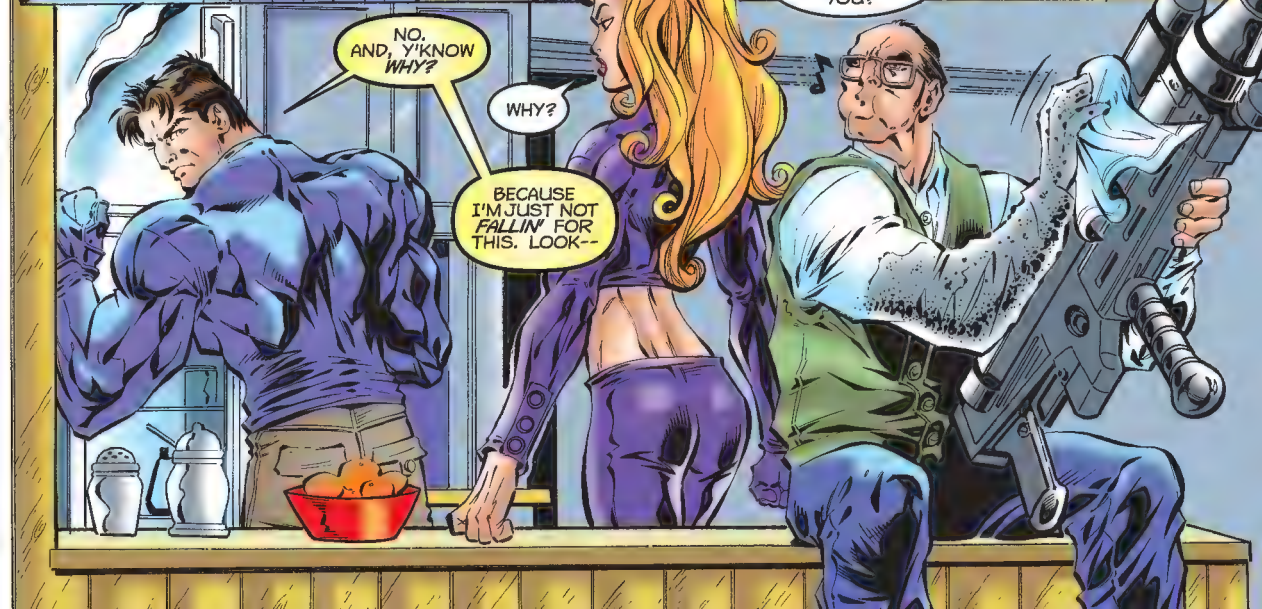
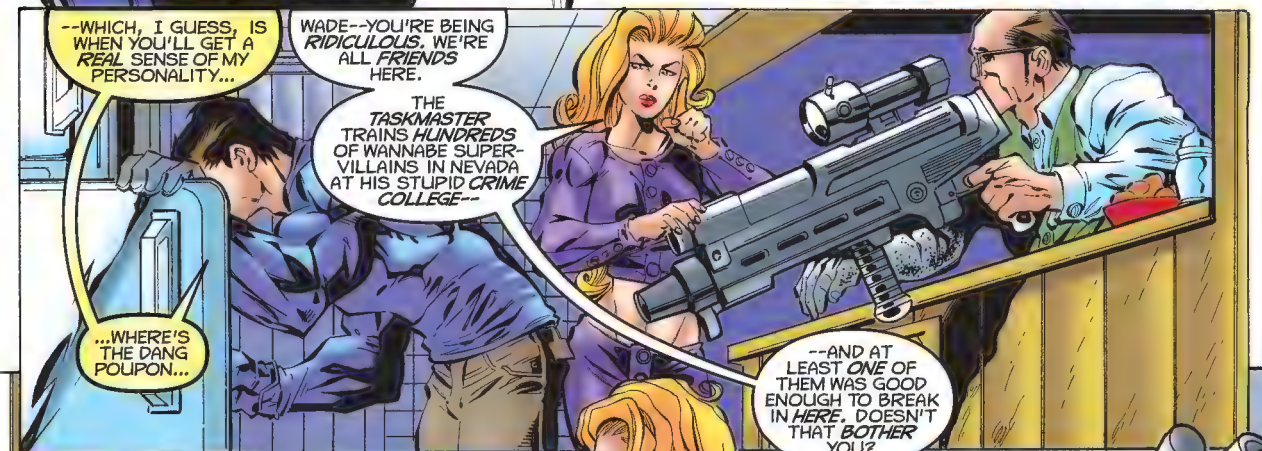
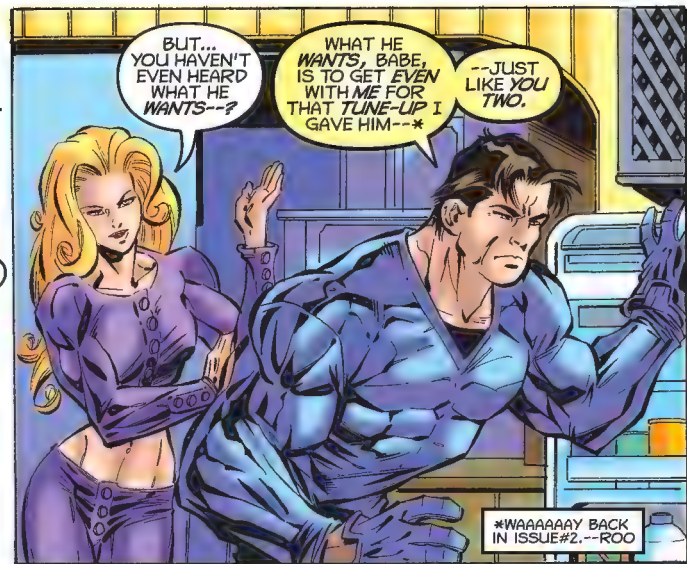


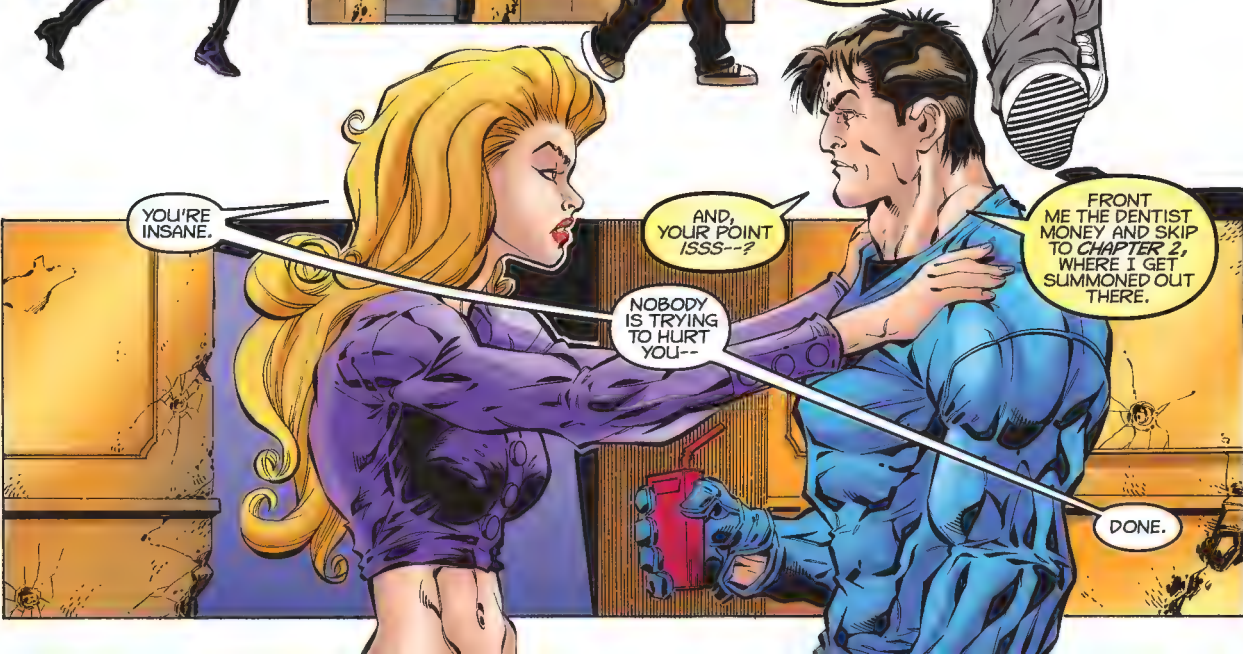
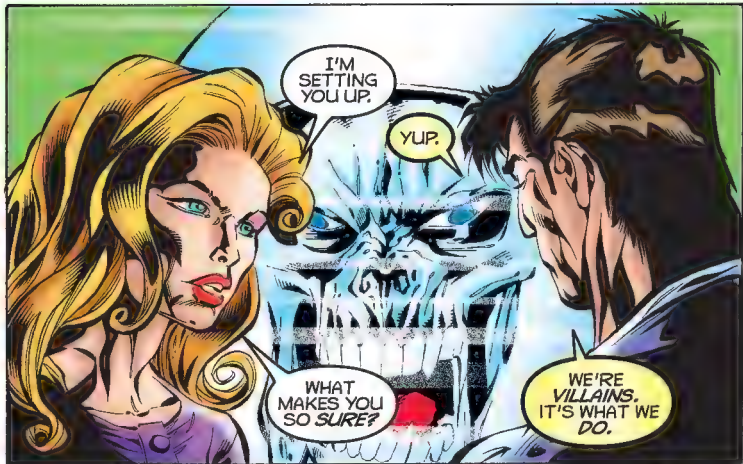
I SEE YOU'VE
TAKEN TO SLUMMING
WITH THE LIKES OF
SCHLICHTING AND...

TITANIA!!

...APPARENTLY,
THOM CRUZ...
VERY ODD...

...AT ANY
RATE--





A full-page comic book illustration of Deadpool in a snowy mountain landscape. He is wearing his signature red and black suit, which is heavily detailed with mechanical and tactical elements. He is holding a large, lit cigar in his right hand. The background features snow-covered pine trees and jagged mountain peaks under a clear blue sky. Three speech bubbles are present, containing Deadpool's dialogue.

AND, SO, BABE--THAT'S
HOW I ENDED UP IN NEVADA...

HI-HO, MR.
TASKMASTER
JACK BOOT,
SIR!

I KNOW
YOU EXPECTED
TITANIA, BUT SHE
WAS BUSY GETTIN'
HER STACK
RE-STACKED!

BESIDES,
I'M THE MERC YOU
WANTED IN THE FIRST
PLACE, SO WHAT SAY
WE DROP THE ALL MY
CHILDREN AND GET
THIS PARTY
STARTED!!!



...AH...

...HELLO...?

...THIS
THING ON THE
FRITZ--? I SAID
NEVADA, NOT
SWITZERLAND...

NEVER
MIND.

GGGHAHHHHHHH--!!

YEEEAHHHH!!
KILL!!!!

SKEEEOO!!!

SKEEEOO!!!

HOW TO BE
A SUPER-VILLAIN,
LESSON 32:

"WHEN
ATTACKING YOUR
ENEMY, DO NOT
SCREAM LIKE GIRL
SCOUTS--

--AS THAT
MAY TEND TO
ALERT HIM TO
YOUR PRESENCE,
GIVING HIM THE
SPLIT-SECOND
HE NEEDS TO
REACH--!!



SKEEEDOO!!!!

BOOM- BOOM- BOOM!!!

--HIS
CONCUSSION
GRENADES!!

**BRATATATAT
ATATATATAT
ATATATATAT**

OH--AND
GET **SKULL BOY**
TO RECALIBRATE
THOSE PLASMA
RIFLES--

MINE?
MUCH
BETTER.

--"SKEEDOO"
IS A SERIOUSLY
LAME SOUND.

OH, C'MON,
ALREADY.

ENOUGH
WITH THE
ASSASSIN
MEET-AND-
GREET.

I ORDER
STEAK, YOU
SEND ME **SHRIMP
COCKTAIL**!! I ASK
FOR **CREED**, YOU
SEND **LIONEL
RICHIE**!

WE'RE
RUNNIN'
OUTTA TIME,
BONES! WHAT
SAY WE--

--SKIP THE
**COMMERCIAL
BREAKS** AND
GET RIGHT
TO IT!!!

BY THE
WAY--THOSE
TRAINING UNIFORMS
ARE BULLETPROOF,
RIGHT--?

--WOULDN'T
WANNA ACCIDENTALLY
KILL ANY O' YOU GUYS
WHO ARE TRYIN'
T'KILL ME!

AND, FOR
THE LOVE OF
GOD, FIX THESE
GUNS!!!

**SKEEEDOO!!!!
SKEEEDOO!!!!**



NICE HOLOGRAPHIC SUITE Y'GOT HERE, BARNEY.

--TASKMASTER!!

ALMOST HAD ME FOOLED FOR A SEC!

BUT, WHAT SAY WE JUST GET DOWN TO BUSINESS--

SKRRRRIIICH

DEADPOOL--!!

WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU DOING HERE?? WHERE IS TITANIA?

THE ANSWER TO YOUR FIRST QUESTION IS SHADDUP.

LOOK, BARNEY, YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC REFLEXES WILL ONLY DO YOU ANY GOOD IF I FIGHT YOU--



--SO I WON'T.

YOU'LL TRY.

I'LL KILL YOU.



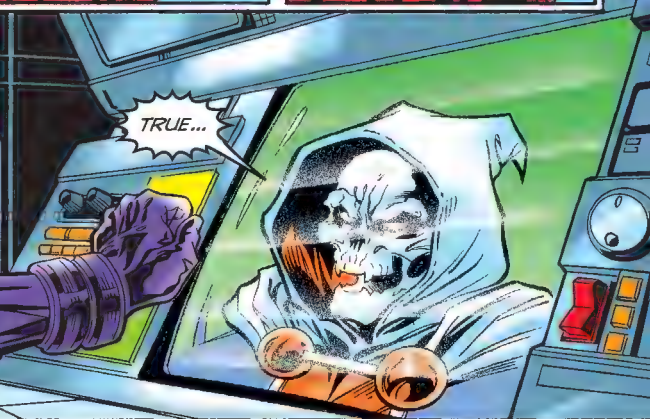
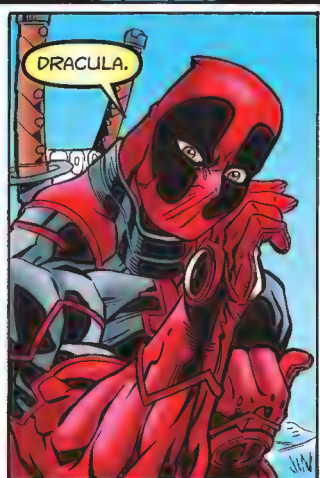
LOOK, TITANIA SENT ME, BARNEY, SO WHAT'S THE DRILL?

--?? BARNEY--??

SURE, BARNEY TOASTMASTER. THAT'S YOUR NAME, RIGHT?

WHAT'S THE GIG AND HOW MUCH DOES IT PAY?

AND WHAT ABOUT STOCK OPTIONS?





AM I
KEEPING
YOU UP, MR.
WILSON--?

AS A
MATTER OF
FACT, NO.

I CAN
SLEEP QUITE
SOUNDLY
THROUGH
ONE OF YOUR
LECTURES,
BARNEY.



THAT
SHALL,
SOMEDAY,
BE YOUR
LINDOING.

WITH
TITANIA'S
ACCESS CODES,
WE MAY BE ABLE
TO GAIN CONTROL
OF BARON
ZEMO'S ORBITAL
PLATFORM!

ABANDONED
SOME YEARS AGO,*
THE PLATFORM'S
ORBIT HAS DECAYED
AND IT WILL BE
DESTROYED ON
RE-ENTRY--

BARON
HEINRICH ZEMO

*CAPTAIN AMERICA #100
OR BLACK PANTHER #8.
--ROO



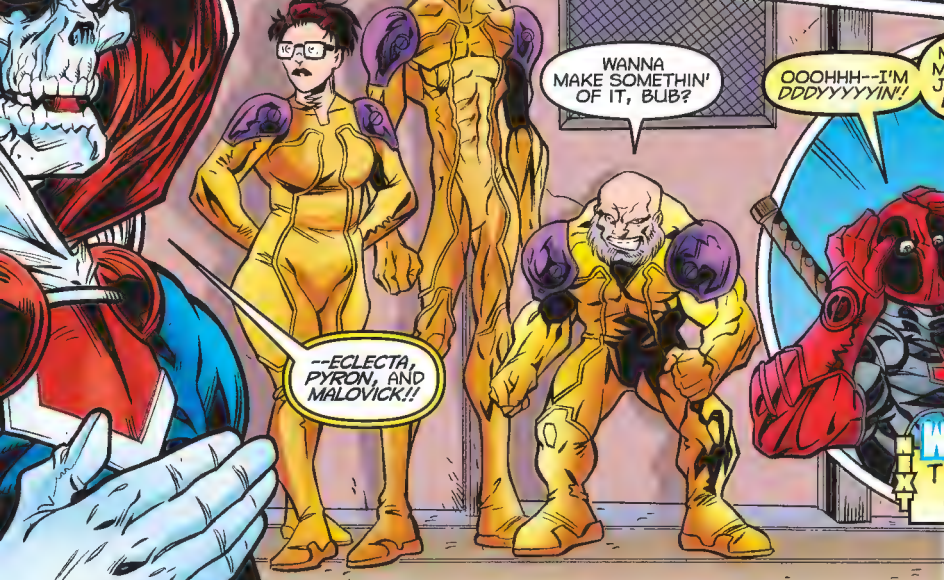
--UNLESS--
>YAWN<--WE GET
TO IT FIRST--?

JUST A
GUESS.

NOT
"WE",
FOOL--

"NOT WE,
FOOL"? WHO
ARE YOU NOW,
MR. T--?

--YOU WILL
BE WORKING
WITH THREE OF
OUR GRADUATE
CANDIDATES--



WANNA
MAKE SOMETHIN'
OF IT, BUB?

OOOHHH--I'M
DDDDYYYYYIN'!

METHINKS
MINE PRICE
JUST WENT
WAY UP...

THE
FOUR OF
YOU STRIKE--
AT DAWN!!

--ELECTA,
PYRON, AND
MALOVICK!!

WHY?
WHAT'D SHE
EVER DO TO
US--?

WARRIORS FOUR!
The answer to your first
question is shaddup.

MARVEL[®]
COMICS



#40

WWW.MARVEL.COM

DEAD- POOL



IN
SPACE...
NO ONE
CAN
HEAR
YOU
SCREAM...



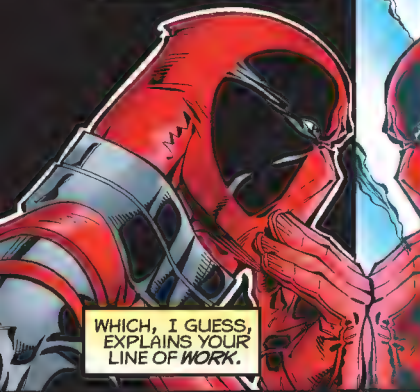
BUT
I'M GONNA
KEEP
YELLING,
ANYWAY!

Willy

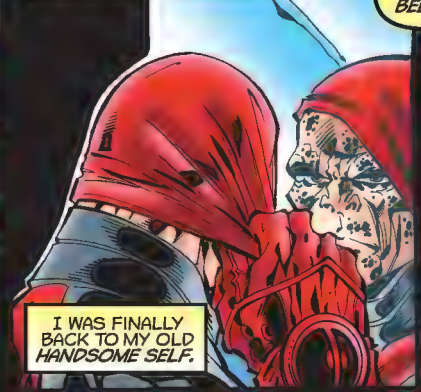
PRIEST

DIAZ

HOLDREDGE



WELL, BABE, LIFE
JUST KEPT GETTING
MORE *INTERESTING*.



THINGS STARTED OUT
SWELL. I WOKE UP TO
FIND LOKI'S CURSE WAS
FINALLY *DONE WITH*.

HEY,
BUB.

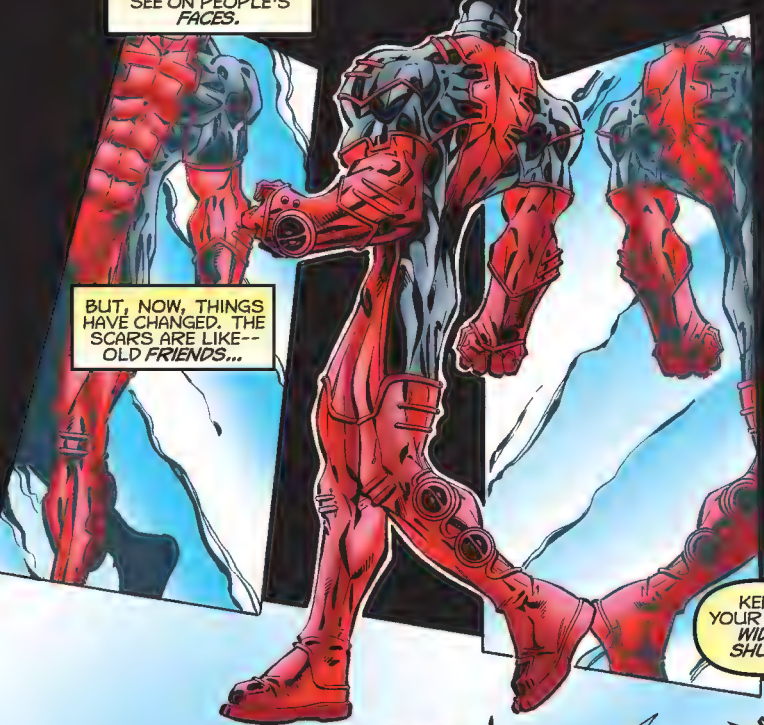
WHERE
YA
BEEN?

WHICH, I GUESS,
EXPLAINS YOUR
LINE OF *WORK*.

I WAS FINALLY
BACK TO MY OLD
HANDSOME SELF.



FUNNY HOW I USED TO
FREAK OUT WHENEVER
I LOST MY MASK--



--I JUST COULDN'T
HANDLE THE *SHOCK*
AND *REVULSION* I'D
SEE ON PEOPLE'S
FACES.

--EH--?

...OLD FRIENDS WHO OWE
ME *MONEY* AND NEVER
CALL ANYMORE...

BUT, NOW, THINGS
HAVE CHANGED. THE
SCARS ARE LIKE--
OLD *FRIENDS*...

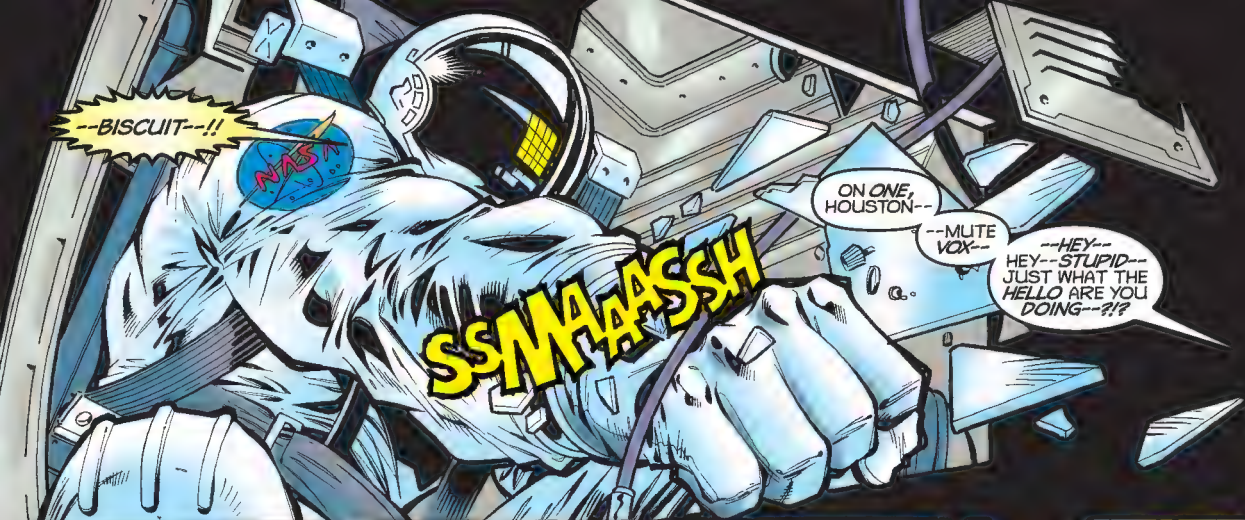


KEEP
YOUR EYES
WIDE
SHUT!

SON
OF A--



SKRASSH!



--BISCUIT--!!

ON ONE,
HOUSTON--

--MUTE
VOX--

--HEY--
HEY--STUPID--
JUST WHAT THE
HELLO ARE YOU
DOING--?!?

SELLING
AMWAY--WHAT'S
IT LOOK LIKE I'M
DOIN'???

I'M HAVIN' A
LITTLE NIGHTMARE--
THE KIND THAT GETS
WORSE WHEN I
WAKE UP!

ROGER
THAT, HOUSTON.
GO FLIGHT--

--MUTE
VOX--

--WELL,
LISTEN, "TEACH,"
WHAT SAY YOU HAVE
YOUR LSD FLASHBACKS
ON YOUR OWN TIME,
HUH?

THE
GROUND
CREW'S SURE
TO NOTICE.

SHADDUP,
COOKIE
BREATH.

THIS IS MY
OPERATION.

...SAY...

...ISN'T
THAT THOM
CRUZ...?

... A.P.P.
ISO VALVES ARE
ALL GRAY...
SECURE FROM
F.A.O. ...

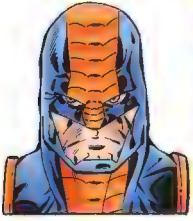
YEAH?
WELL, THEN
START ACTING
LIKE IT.

... FIVE...
FOUR...
THREE...

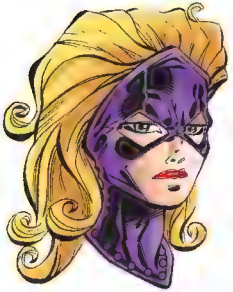
...TWO...
ONE...



THOM CRUZ



FRANK



SKEETER



BARNEY



SHROUD IN
STOLEN IDENTITIES AND
CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE
MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF
MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN?
SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS
OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S
GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS
CONFINED TO A WORLD OF
CONSTRUCTING ORDER; BLASTING
DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY
BRICK!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEAD- POOL

WARRIORS FOUR!



PRIEST & DIAZ STORYTELLERS

JON HOLDREDGE &
RICH PERROTTA

INKS

WITH ASSISTS BY CZOP & ELMER
SHARPEFONT & P.T. - LETTERING
SHANNON BLANCHARD - COLORIST
FRANK DUNKERLEY - ASSISTANT ED.
BOB HARRAS - EDITOR IN CHIEF

AND, INTRODUCING THE
DEADPOOL INTERNS



DEADWEIGHT



DEADAIR



DEADEND

...STAND
BY FOR
STAGING...

MAYBE--

--BUT
AT LEAST
I DON'T LOOK
LIKE MEAT LOAF'S
TRANSGENDERED
BROTHER...

...ON A
BAD HAIR
DAY...

GO FOR
THROTTLE
UP.

ROGER
THAT--

I.D.T.
PLUS FOUR,
HOUSTON--

--MUTE
VOX--

--YOU'RE
JUST
AN IDIOT,
DEAD-
POOL!

--MUTE
VOX--

YOU DO
REALIZE, DEADBRAIN,
YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED
HERE, 3 TO 1. MAYBE
RATCHET DOWN THE
VITRIOL, HUH?

AMAZED
YOU MOPES
COULD COUNT
TO THREE.
COULD SPELL
"THREE."

CHECK
ME OUT,
OPRAH--

--AND
EVERYBODY
GOES BACK TO
THE GRILL PIT
AT WENDY'S.

OUR JOB
IS TO SNATCH BARON
VON SOCK-HEAD'S "DEATH
RAY" GIZMO BEFORE IT
BURNS UP IN RE-ENTRY.
AFTER THAT--**

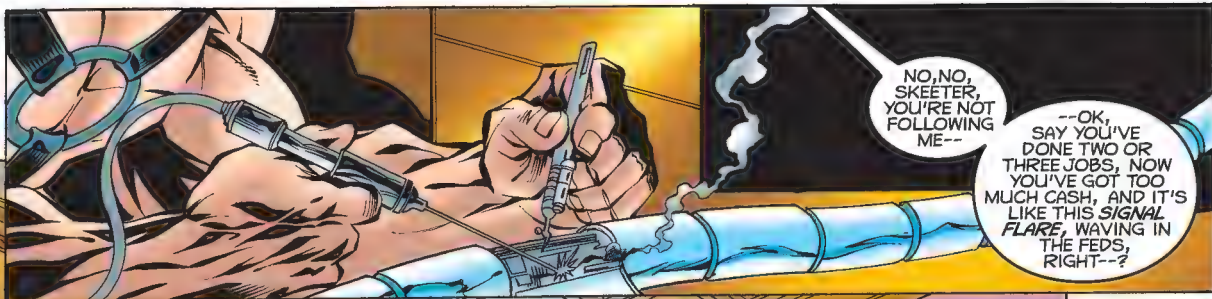
--BARNEY
PUT ME IN
CHARGE OF
THIS LITTLE
SALVAGE
GIG.*

AS HIS
STUDENTS, THIS
RUN IS PART OF
YOUR FINAL EXAM.
I FLUNK YOU--

--YOU GET YOUR
SUPER-VILLAIN G.E.D.,
AND I GET THE 1.7 MILL
BARNEY PROMISED
TITANIA--

*BARNEY = BARNEY TOASTMASTER =
THE TASKMASTER, FOUNDER OF
THE CRIME COLLEGE.

**BARON VON SOCK-HEAD =
BARON ZEMO, TITANIA'S FORMER
LEADER IN THE MASTERS OF EVIL.
--LATE-AS-LIABILITIES-FRANK



NO, NO, SKEETER, YOU'RE NOT FOLLOWING ME--

--OK, SAY YOU'VE DONE TWO OR THREE JOBS, NOW YOU'VE GOT TOO MUCH CASH, AND IT'S LIKE THIS **SIGNAL FLARE**, WAVING IN THE FEDS, RIGHT--?



YEAH, OKAY.

WELL, YOU NEED MULTIPLE SYSTEMS UP AND RUNNING TO HANDLE VARIOUS INCOME SOURCES.

SEE, ME, I'D TAKE MY **HIGH-END ROBBERY** CASH TO THE CAYMANS, BANK THE **WORLD DOMINATION ATTEMPT** PAYCHECKS IN PLATINUM BRICKS IN **OSLO--**

--AND STUFF JUST ENOUGH **CORPORATE HIT** CASH UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS TO PAY OFF THE OCCASIONAL JUDGE OR PRISON WARDEN.

AND, SINCE YOU AND **CRUSHER** FILE **JOINTLY**, THERE'S SOME ADDED DEDUCTIONS UNDER THE NEW **E312** RULE.

WHERE IS **CRUSHER**, BY THE WAY--?*



THEY HAD A FIGHT.

***CRUSHER CREE**L, THE **ABSORBING MAN**, IS **TITANIA'S** HUSBAND.



WE DID NOT.

THEN WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?

I CALL IT HAVING MY **OWN SPACE** FOR AWHILE, OKAY?

IT'S A FIGHT...

NOT YET, BUT IT **COULD** BE IF YOU DON'T **BOTTLE** IT.

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP REPAIRING MY **CABLES**!

HAMMER INDUSTRIES FINANCIALS

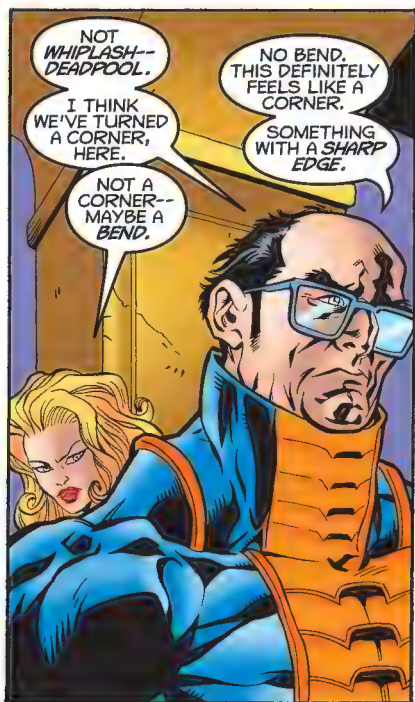


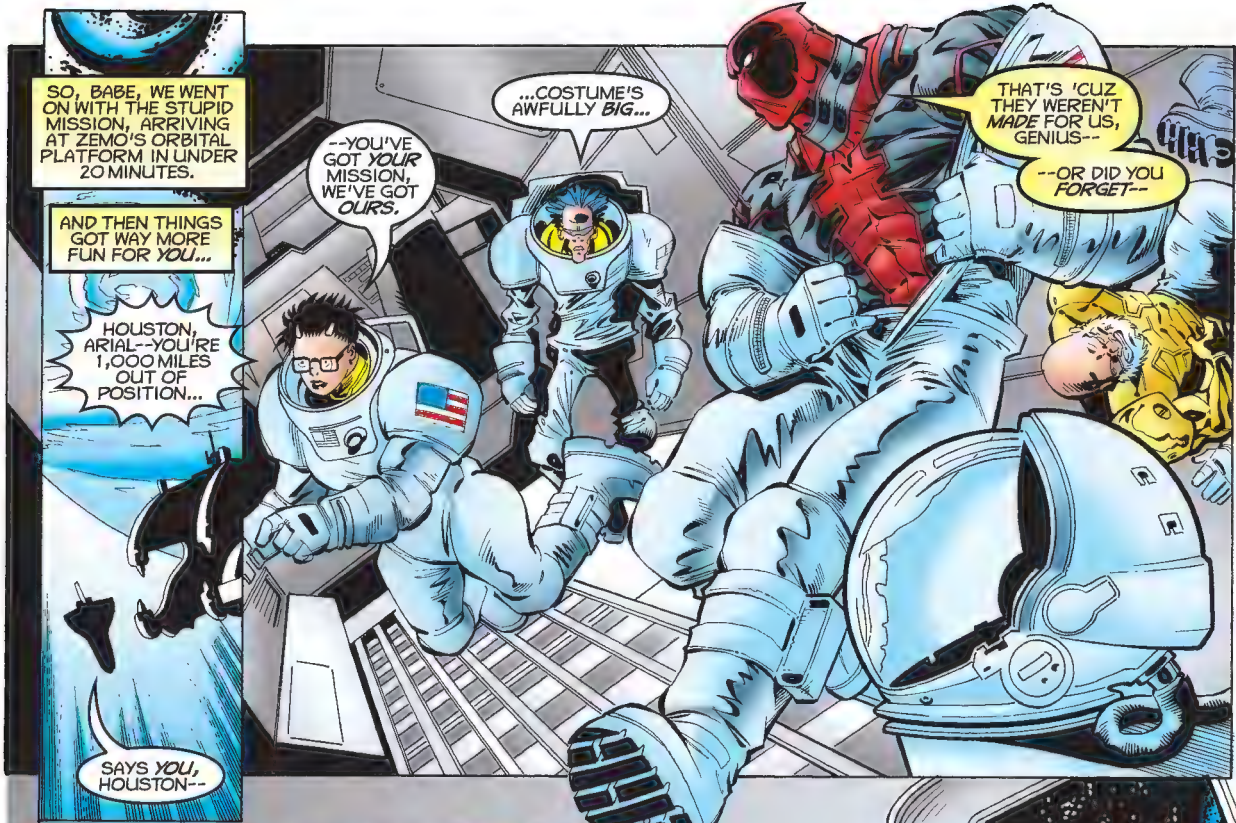
WALK IN THE PARK, FRANK.

BY THE WAY--I JUST LOVE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE PLACE, BUT, "**THE DEAD LOUNGE**--"?

HIS IDEA.

AH.





SO, BABE, WE WENT ON WITH THE STUPID MISSION, ARRIVING AT ZEMO'S ORBITAL PLATFORM IN UNDER 20 MINUTES.

AND THEN THINGS GOT WAY MORE FUN FOR YOU...

HOUSTON, ARIAL--YOU'RE 1,000 MILES OUT OF POSITION...

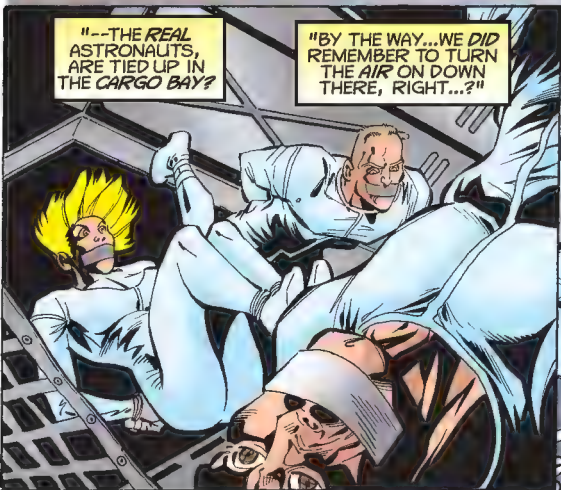
SAYS YOU, HOUSTON--

--YOU'VE GOT YOUR MISSION, WE'VE GOT OURS.

...COSTUME'S AWFULLY BIG...

THAT'S 'CUZ THEY WEREN'T MADE FOR US, GENIUS--

--OR DID YOU FORGET--



"--THE REAL ASTRONAUTS, ARE TIED UP IN THE CARGO BAY?"

"BY THE WAY...WE DID REMEMBER TO TURN THE AIR ON DOWN THERE, RIGHT...?"



WELL, C'MON, JABBA--PARK THIS THING SO WE CAN GET IT ON.

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE, DEADPOOL--OR DID YOU SLEEP THROUGH THE BRIEFING?

I SLEPT THROUGH THE BRIEFING.

WE HAVE TO WALK IT.

WALK WHAT...

...WAIT...

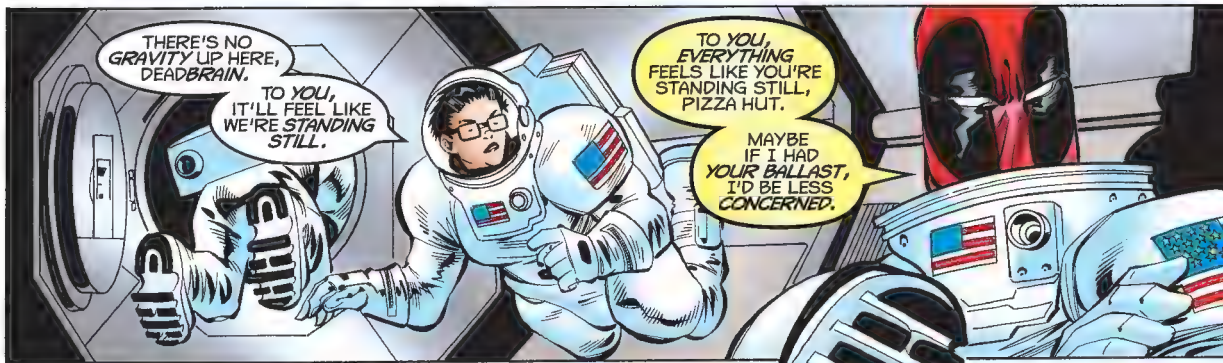


...WALK... OUT THERE???

WE'RE IN ORBIT, Y'KNOW. AND, DESPITE WHAT YOU SEE ON SPACE TREK--

--THINGS IN ORBIT ARE MOVING, SLUNG AROUND THE ATMOSPHERE AT MORE THAN 500 MILES PER HOUR!

IT'S LIKE STEPPING OFF THE CONCORDE IN MID-FLIGHT!

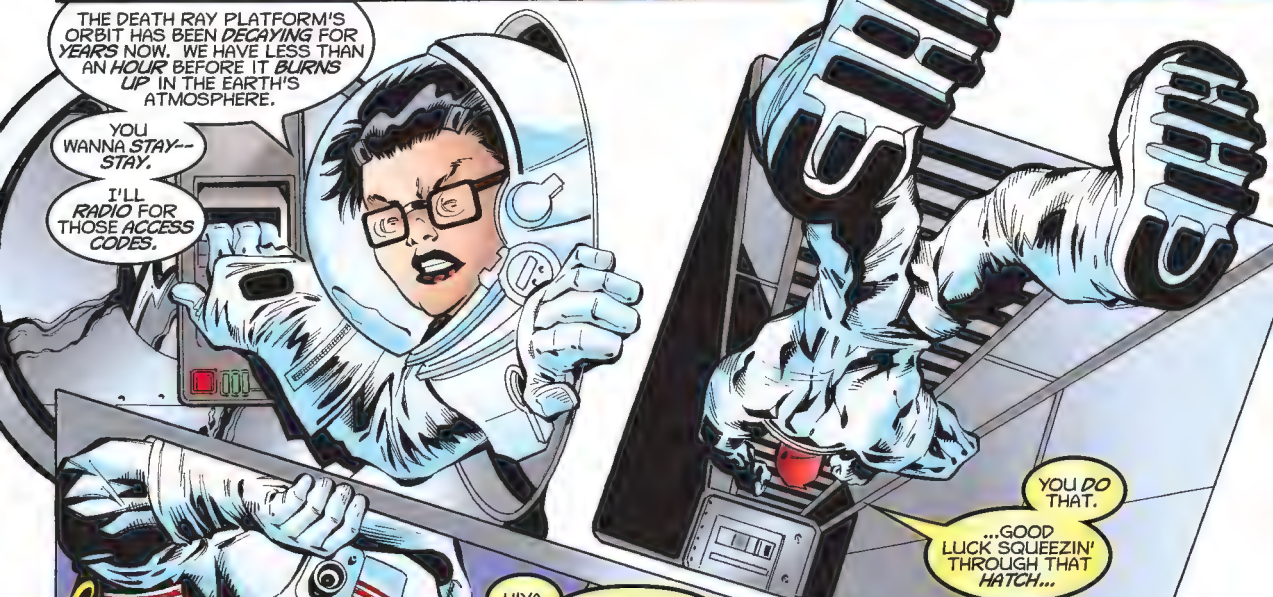


THERE'S NO GRAVITY UP HERE, DEADBRAIN.

TO YOU, IT'LL FEEL LIKE WE'RE STANDING STILL.

TO YOU, EVERYTHING FEELS LIKE YOU'RE STANDING STILL, PIZZA HUT.

MAYBE IF I HAD YOUR BALLAST, I'D BE LESS CONCERNED.



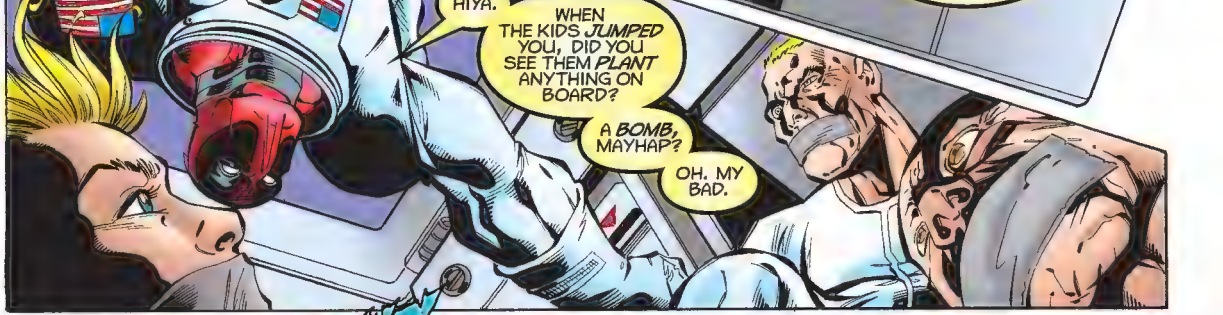
THE DEATH RAY PLATFORM'S ORBIT HAS BEEN DECAYING FOR YEARS NOW. WE HAVE LESS THAN AN HOUR BEFORE IT BURNS UP IN THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

YOU WANNA STAY-- STAY.

I'LL RADIO FOR THOSE ACCESS CODES.

YOU DO THAT.

...GOOD LUCK SQUEEZIN' THROUGH THAT HATCH...



HIYA.

WHEN THE KIDS JUMPED YOU, DID YOU SEE THEM PLANT ANYTHING ON BOARD?

A BOMB, MAYHAP?

OH, MY BAD.



EEEOO'WWWW!!

THANK GOD-- THANK--

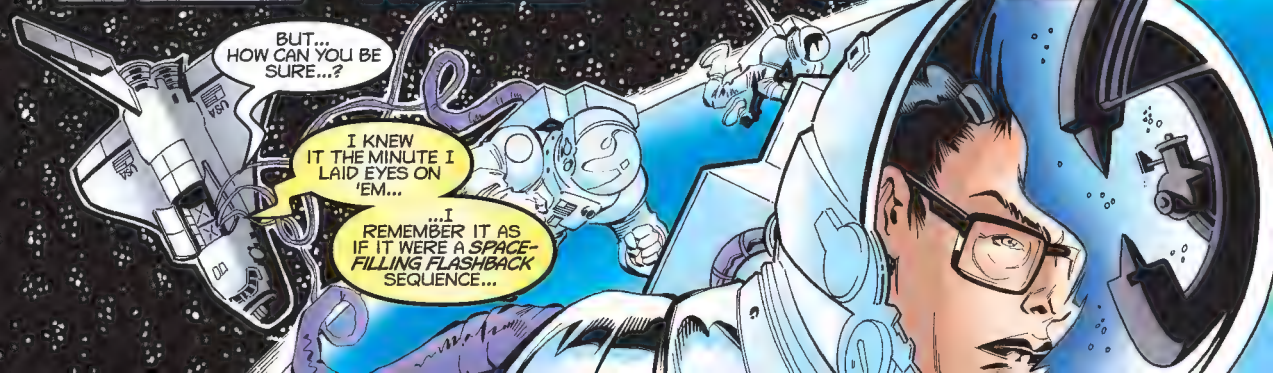
THE BOMB. THE BOMB, SKIPPY.

...I DIDN'T SEE ANY B--

CHECK ME, FLYBOY--

--THOSE THREE MUTTS ARE GONNA KILL ME. NOW, I FIGURE, THE SECOND I GIVE UP THOSE ACCESS CODES--

--THEY'LL BLOW THE SHUTTLE. WHICH MEANS, BRAINIAC-- BOMB.



BUT... HOW CAN YOU BE SURE...?

I KNEW IT THE MINUTE I LAID EYES ON 'EM...

...I REMEMBER IT AS IF IT WERE A SPACE-FILLING FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...



--GOT HIM!!

HE'S DISORIENTED-- I'VE COMPLETELY MIND-WIPED HIM---!! GO, MALOVICK---!!

I'M ON IT, PYRON!

IF YOU SLOW ME DOWN--NO PORK CHOP FOR YOU.
BEAT IT, TUBS.

ME?! IF YOU WERE ANY SLOWER, YOU'D BE IN REVERSE!

I'LL PULL MY OWN WEIGHT HERE, DEADPOOL--

A FLEET OF AIRCRAFT CARRIERS COULDN'T PULL YOUR WEIGHT, BURGER QUEEN--

GAACACCKK--

SKKEEEEDDD

WHOOOPS-- SORRY, BOSS--

NOT YET.
BUT, SOON.

--?! HEY--!!

WHAT THE--?!

GREAT.
THAT'S JUST
WONDERFUL.
DEADPOOL--

--YOU
ARE SUCH A
CHILD.

YEAH.

IT'S MY
CROSS TO
BEAR.

THIS
IS HIS.

--?!?

THUDD
THUDD

WAAK WAAK
WAAK WAAK
WAAK WAAK
WAAK WAAK

>SIGH<
WILSON--IF
I'VE TOLD YOU
ONCE, I'VE
TOLD YOU
A DOZEN
TIMES--

HEY--
THAT'S MISTER
TWIT TO YOU,
BARNEY.

YOU
RUN YOUR
SIMULATION YOUR
WAY, I'LL RUN
IT THE RIGHT
WAY.

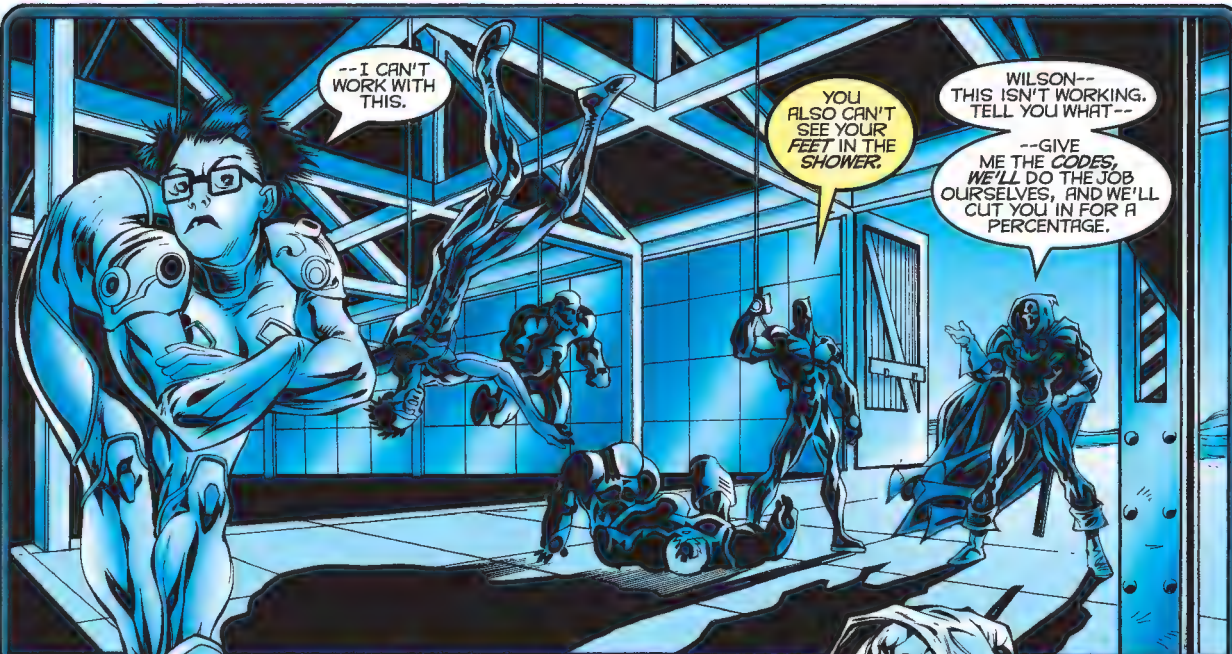
YOU
DO REALIZE I
CAN REPLACE YOU
WITH ONE PHONE
CALL.

NOT
WITHOUT ANY
FINGERS--

BOYS--

--DON'T
CUT THE
WIRES!!

INVISIBLE
CABLE IS
EXPENSIVE,
YOU TWIT.



--I CAN'T
WORK WITH
THIS.

YOU
ALSO CAN'T
SEE YOUR
FEET IN THE
SHOWER.

WILSON--
THIS ISN'T WORKING.
TELL YOU WHAT--

--GIVE
ME THE CODES,
WE'LL DO THE JOB
OURSELVES, AND WE'LL
CUT YOU IN FOR A
PERCENTAGE.

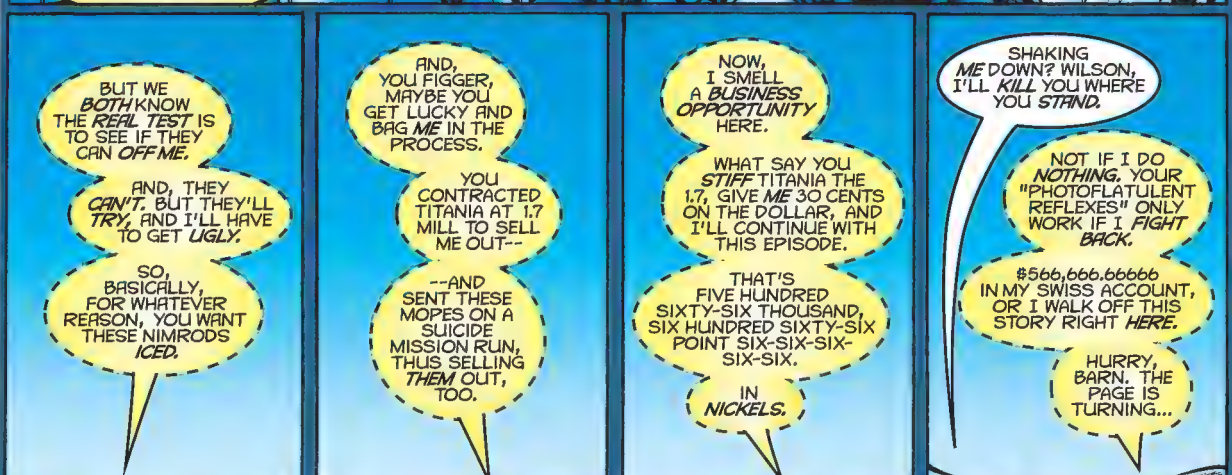


BARNEY.

BARN.
MY MAN.

LOOK--
WE ALL KNOW
WHAT THE DRILL
IS HERE--

--THESE
THREE BISCUITS
ARE SUPPOSED TO
RECLAIM ZEMO'S DEATH
RAY WHATSIS AS THEIR
FINAL EXAM FROM YOUR
LOOPY CRIME COLLEGE,
RIGHT--?



BUT WE
BOTH KNOW
THE REAL TEST IS
TO SEE IF THEY
CAN OFF ME.

AND, THEY
CAN'T. BUT THEY'LL
TRY, AND I'LL HAVE
TO GET UGLY.

SO,
BASICALLY,
FOR WHATEVER
REASON, YOU WANT
THESE NIMRODS
ICED.

AND,
YOU FIGGER,
MAYBE YOU
GET LUCKY AND
BAG ME IN THE
PROCESS.

YOU
CONTRACTED
TITANIA AT 1.7
MILL TO SELL
ME OUT--

--AND
SENT THESE
MOPES ON A
SUICIDE
MISSION RUN,
THEM SELLING
THEM OUT,
TOO.

NOW,
I SMELL
A BUSINESS
OPPORTUNITY
HERE.

WHAT SAY YOU
STIFF TITANIA THE
1.7, GIVE ME 30 CENTS
ON THE DOLLAR, AND
I'LL CONTINUE WITH
THIS EPISODE.

THAT'S
FIVE HUNDRED
SIXTY-SIX THOUSAND,
SIX HUNDRED SIXTY-SIX
POINT SIX-SIX-SIX-
SIX-SIX.

IN
NICKELS.

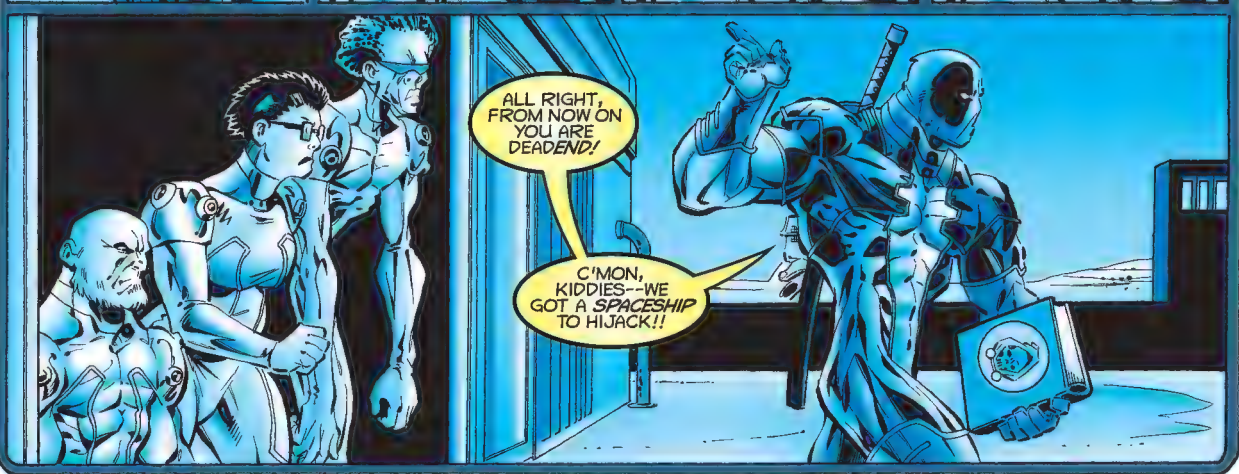
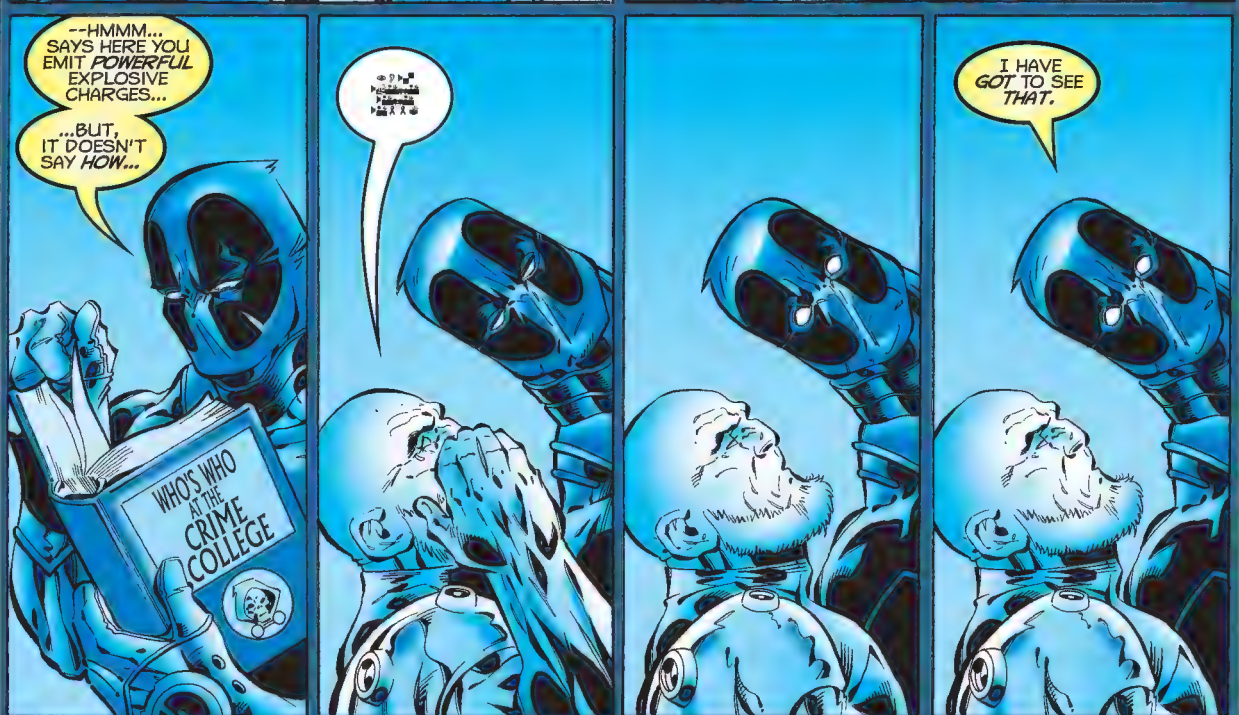
SHAKING
ME DOWN? WILSON,
I'LL KILL YOU WHERE
YOU STAND.

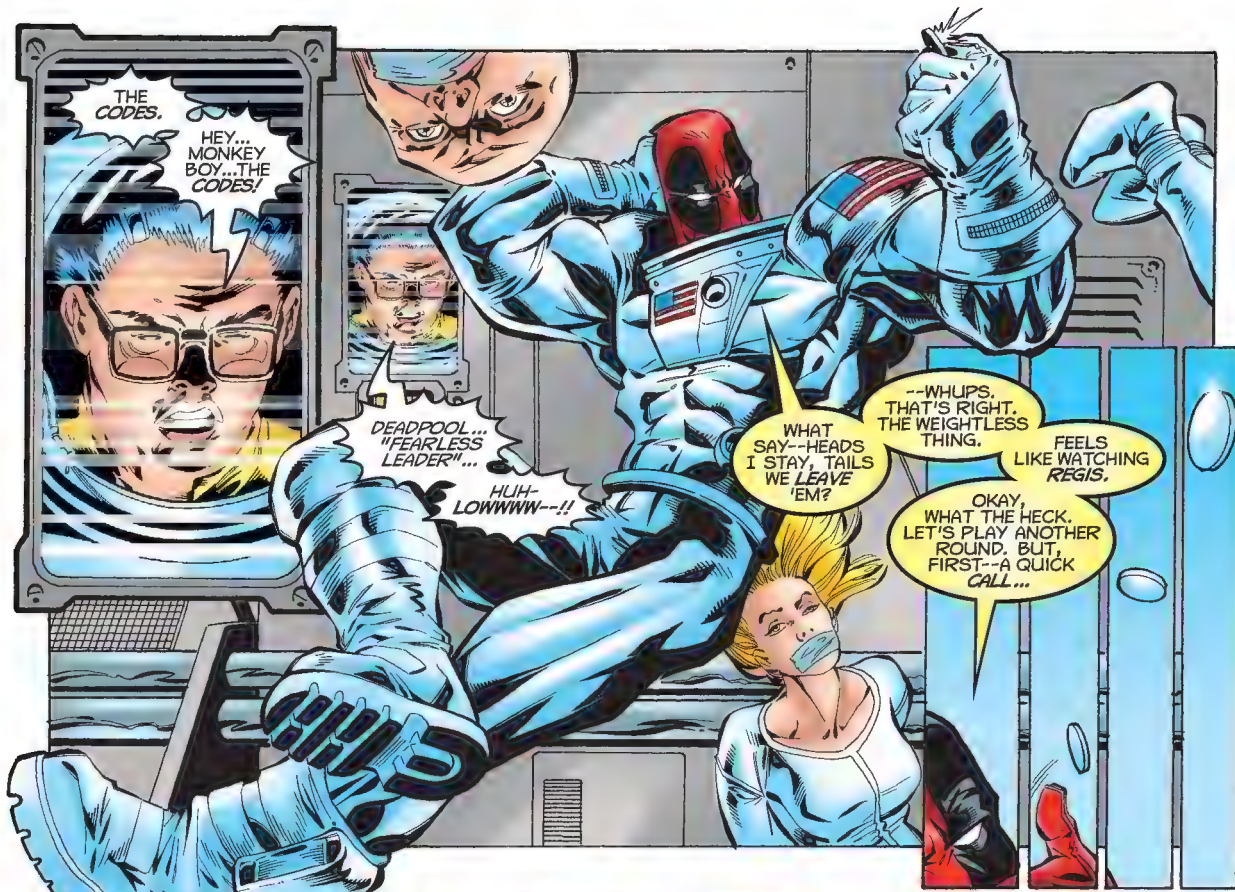
NOT IF I DO
NOTHING. YOUR
"PHOTOFATULENT
REFLEXES" ONLY
WORK IF I FIGHT
BACK.

\$566,666.66666
IN MY SWISS ACCOUNT,
OR I WALK OFF THIS
STORY RIGHT HERE.

HURRY,
BARN. THE
PAGE IS
TURNING...







THE
CODES.

HEY...
MONKEY
BOY...THE
CODES!

DEADPOOL...
"FEARLESS
LEADER"...

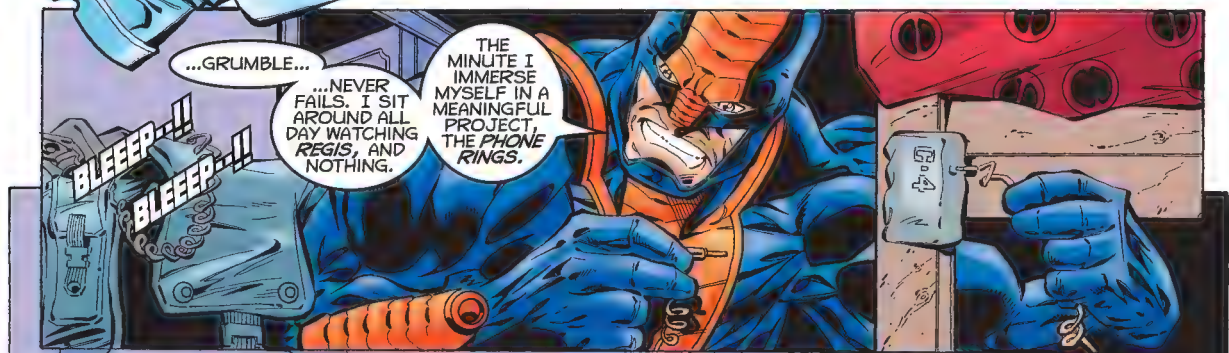
HUH-
LOWWWW--!!

WHAT
SAY--HEADS
I STAY, TAILS
WE LEAVE
'EM?

--WHUPS.
THAT'S RIGHT.
THE WEIGHTLESS
THING.

FEELS
LIKE WATCHING
REGIS.

OKAY,
WHAT THE HECK.
LET'S PLAY ANOTHER
ROUND. BUT,
FIRST--A QUICK
CALL...



...GRUMBLE...

...NEVER
FAILS. I SIT
AROUND ALL
DAY WATCHING
REGIS, AND
NOTHING.

THE
MINUTE I
IMMERSE
MYSELF IN A
MEANINGFUL
PROJECT,
THE PHONE
RINGS.

BLEEP--!!
BLEEP--!!



WHAT DO
YOU WANT,
WADE?

---??! HOW'D
YOU KNOW IT
WAS ME?

CALLER I.D.
SAYS "OUTER
SPACE."

I'M TAKING
THIS CALL OUT
OF MY RENT, BY
THE WAY.

OUR
FOUNDER



WHAT DO YOU WANT? I'M BUSY.

NOTHIN'. JUST CALLED TO SAY--

--I'M STILL ALIVE!!

ANY MAIL--?



JUNK MAIL. THAT CLEARING HOUSE SWEEPSTAKES. I TOSSED IT.

SEND IT IN.

WADE-- IT'S A WASTE OF--

SEND IT IN, THEN WE GO DOWN THERE AND MAKE THEM AN OFFER THEY WON'T REFUSE.

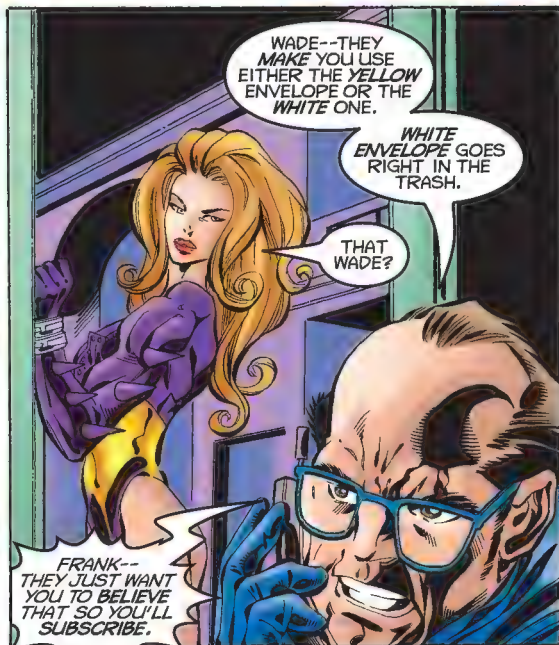


FINE. WHAT MAGAZINES YOU WANNA SUBSCRIBE TO?

NONE. JUST SEND IT IN.

WADE-- YOU GOTTA SUBSCRIBE, OR THEY WON'T EVEN OPEN IT.

THAT'S NOT TRUE. THE RULES CLEARLY STATE--

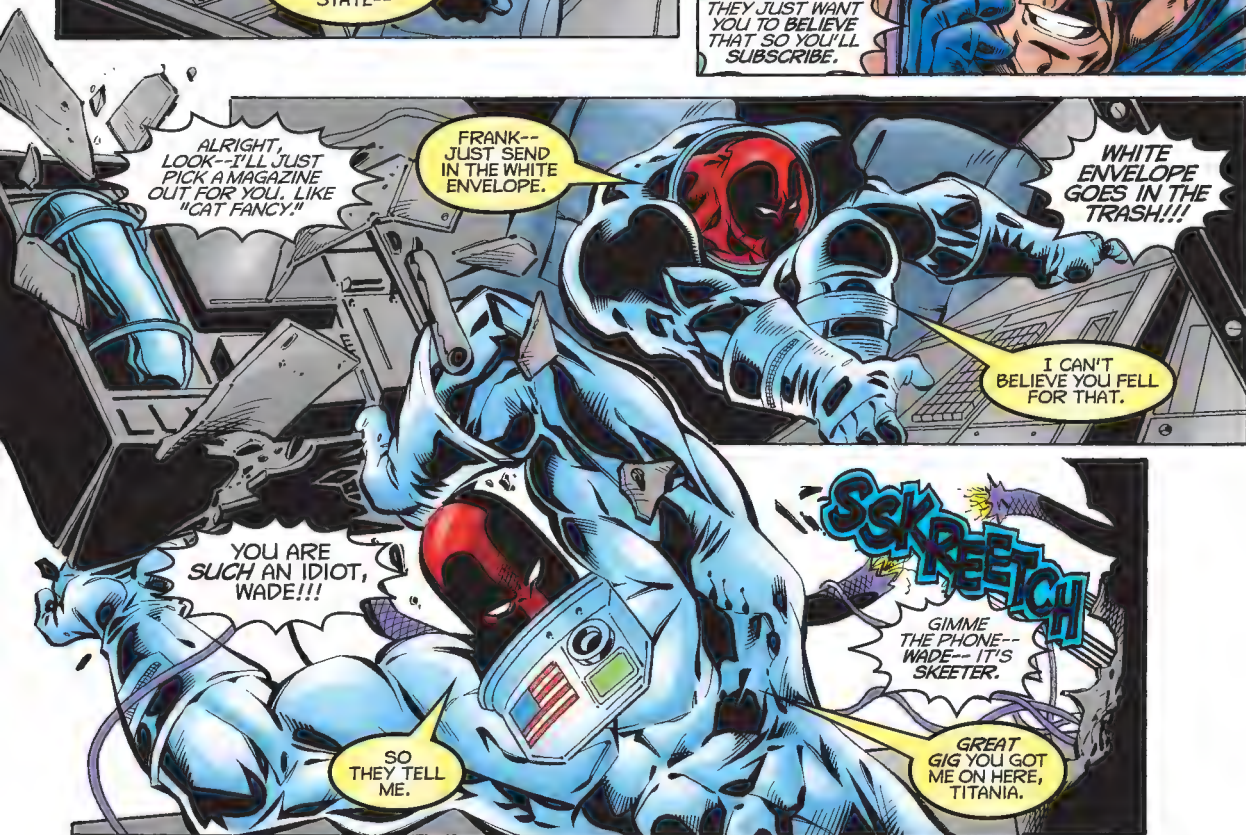


WADE-- THEY MAKE YOU USE EITHER THE YELLOW ENVELOPE OR THE WHITE ONE.

WHITE ENVELOPE GOES RIGHT IN THE TRASH.

THAT WADE?

FRANK-- THEY JUST WANT YOU TO BELIEVE THAT SO YOU'LL SUBSCRIBE.



ALRIGHT, LOOK-- I'LL JUST PICK A MAGAZINE OUT FOR YOU. LIKE "CAT FANCY."

FRANK-- JUST SEND IN THE WHITE ENVELOPE.

WHITE ENVELOPE GOES IN THE TRASH!!!!

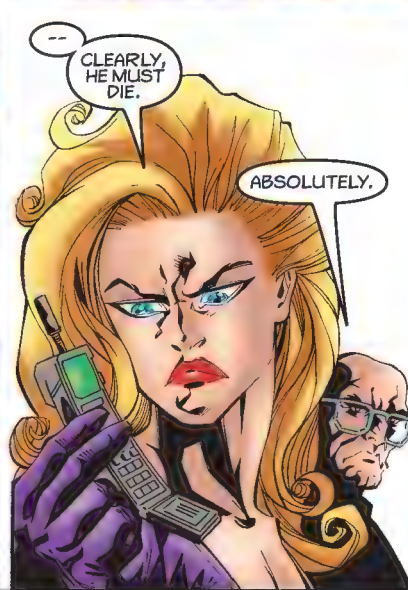
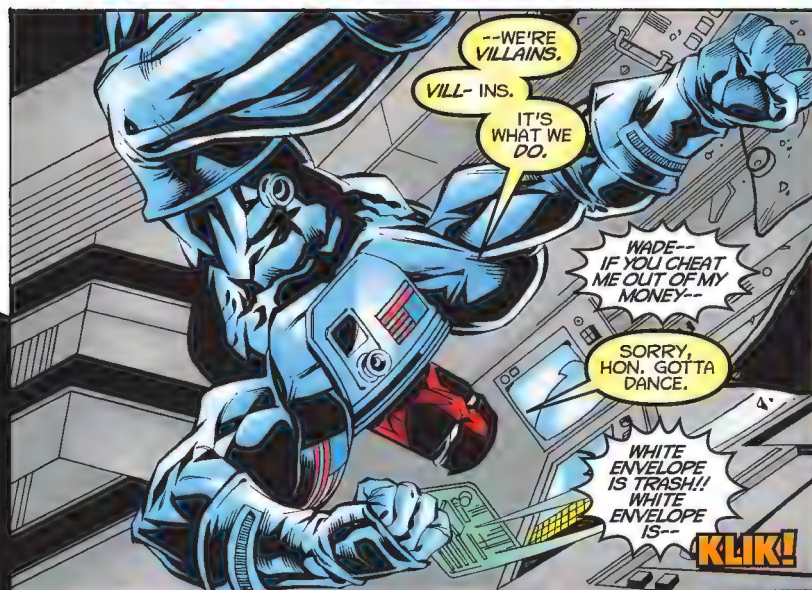
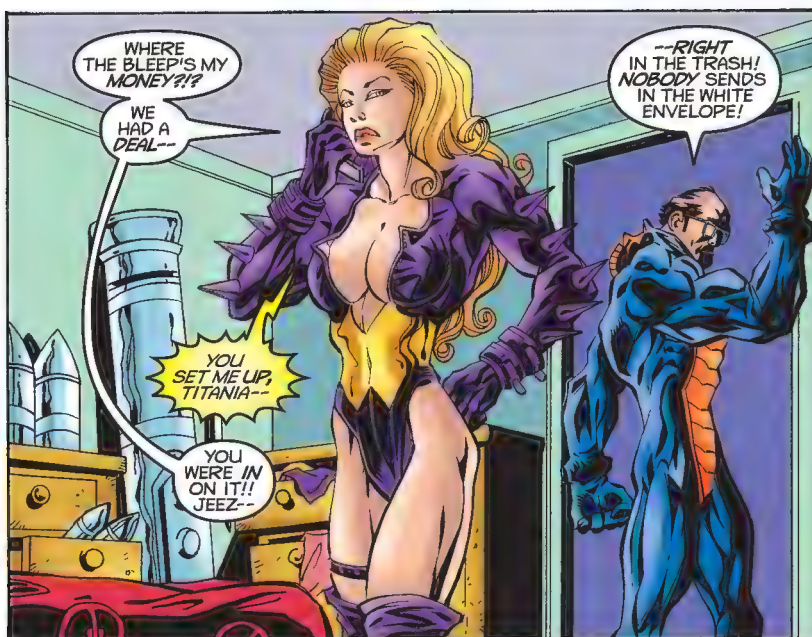
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FELL FOR THAT.

YOU ARE SUCH AN IDIOT, WADE!!!

SO THEY TELL ME.

SKREEECH
GIMME THE PHONE-- WADE-- IT'S SKEETER.

GREAT GIG YOU GOT ME ON HERE, TITANIA.



ACCESS
GRANTED

--?!

LOOO-SEE!
'CHOO GOT SUM
'SPLAINING
TO DO...

THIS
JOINT LOOKS
LIKE MY SOCK
DRAWER...

WHATEVER.
LET'S HIT IT AND
QUIT IT.

THIS TUB
WILL HIT THE
IONOSPHERE IN
LESS THAN HALF
AN HOUR.

PYRON AND
MALOVIC ARE TRYING
TO EJECT THE DEATH
RAY ASSEMBLY--WE
SHOULD GET STARTED
DOWNLOADING THE
SOFTWARE--

--I'M
SORRY--AM I
DISTRACTING
YOU?

NOPE...
LET'S SEE...
A LITTLE TO
THE RIGHT...
AND...

...THERE
A PHONE
ON THIS
TUB--?

...GOTTA BE
SOMEBODY IN
HERE WE CAN
CALL...

MAYBE
WE'LL GET
LUCKY AND
TASKMASTER'S
PLAN WILL
WORK--

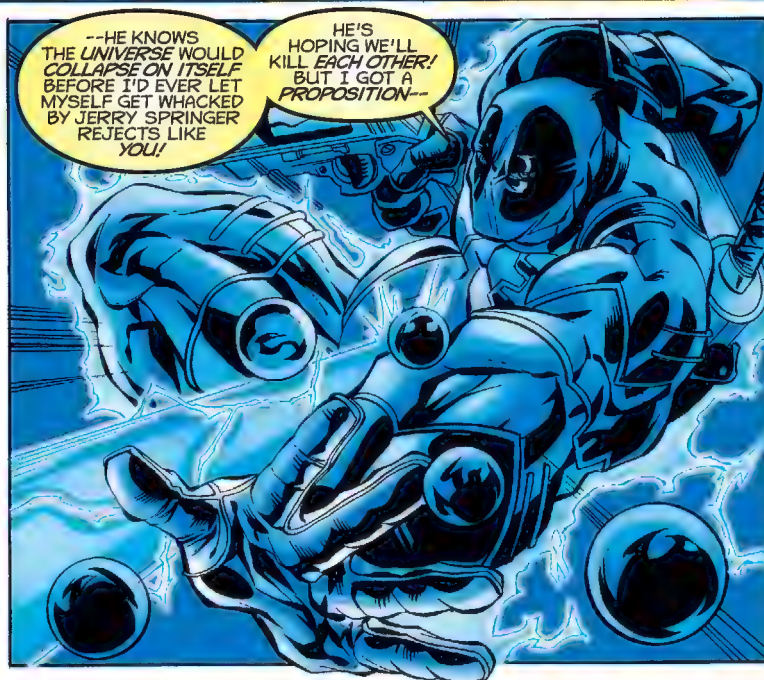
OVERSTREET
GUIDE TO
SUPERVILLAIN

ZZZZMM!

BLEEEEEP--!
BLEEEEEP--!

...HEH...
HEH...

...JUST
FUNNIN' YA,
KIDS...





IT'S CERTAINLY A SUGGESTION.

YOU'D HAVE A BETTER SHOT WITH THE STAMPS, FORK LIFT.

--?! IS S.H.I.E.L.D. HERE--?!?

IT'S HIM, YOU IDIOT-- DEADPOOL'S MAKING HIS MOVE--!!

SKREEE!!!
SKREEE!!!

NO I'M NOT.

CHUNKY AND I ARE DATING. THIS IS HOW WE DO IT.

LOOK-- I DON'T WANNA KILL YOU. IF I KILL YOU--HE WINS!

LOOK-- I'LL MAKE YA A DEAL--

GIVE IT UP, DEADPOOL-- YOU'RE JUST ABOUT OUT OF--

--THIRTY THOUSAND!

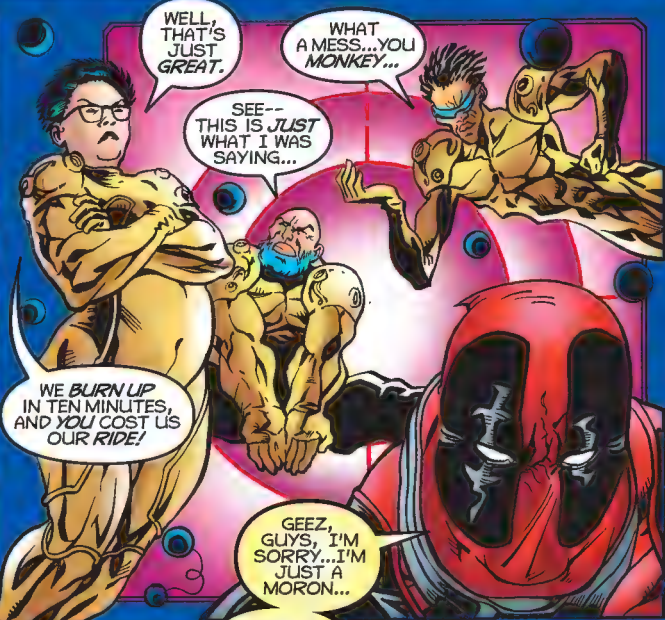
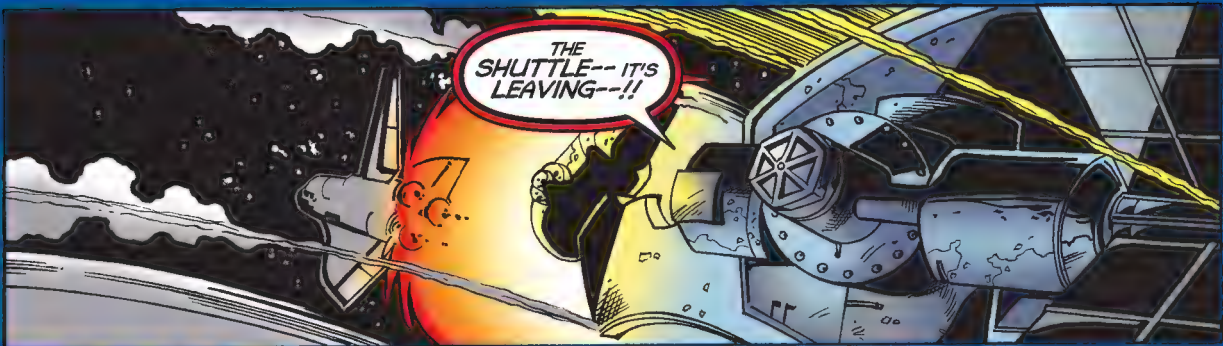
ALL RIGHT, EIGHTEEN FIVE!

SIXTY-TWO HUNDRED AND A HAM SANDWICH--!!

WARROOM

--AH--

--I HOPE THIS IS PART OF YOUR PLAN--



AND, SO, BABE--
THAT'S ABOUT THE
WHOLE STORY.

I WAS UP A MIL THREE,
AND HAD MANAGED TO
B-SLAP TASKY AND MY
IDIOT ROOMIES.

--IT WAS
TIME TO ROCK
AND ROLL.

ESCAPE POD

ESCAPE

I HOPED
LIKE HECK THE
ESCAPE PODS
ON THAT OLD
BUCKET STILL
WORKED...

...AND THAT I COULD
SQUEEZE MY BUTT
INTO IT...

MY LUCK,
THE POD WOULD
LAND ME AT ONE OF
ZEMO'S OLD HIDE-
OUTS, AND A NEW
GAME WOULD BE
AFOOT--

BUT, SINCE ZEMO'S
TINKER-TOY WAS ABOUT
TO BURN UP ON
RE-ENTRY, I FIGURED--

--BUT,
BEFORE I TOUCHED
NARY A BUTTON--

IT'S
NOT...

--AT
LEAST,
NOT FOR
YOU!

HIT IT,
PYRON--!!

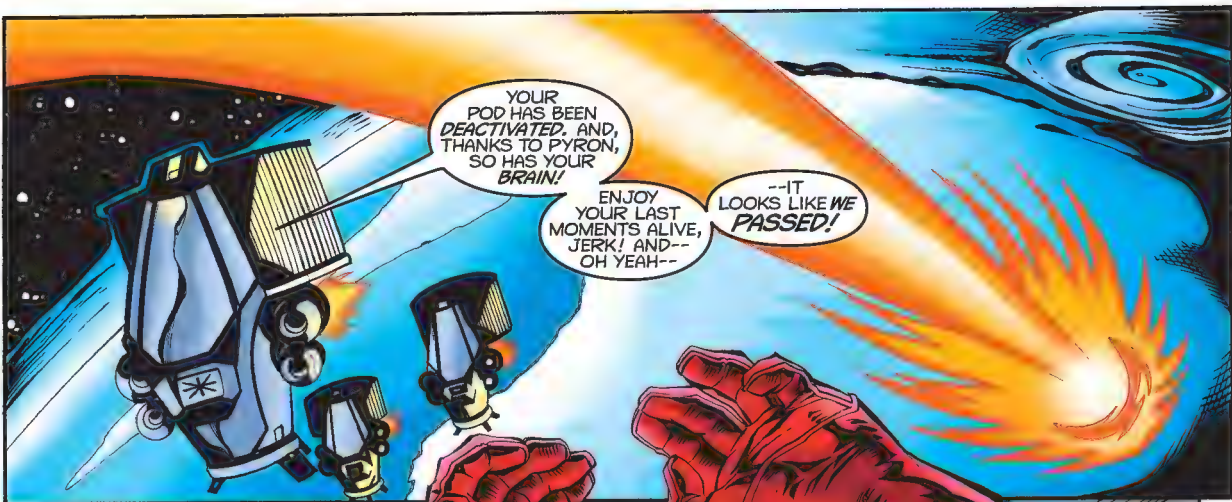
...UH-
OH...

...THIS
CAN'T BE
GOOD...

HIT--
DEADPOOL--
RIGHT--?

JUST
AIM FOR THE
POD!

TASKMASTER
FIGURED YOU'D
PULL SOMETHING
LIKE THIS,
DEAD MEAT--



THE SPACE
PLATFORM WAS
BREAKING UP.

THE POD
DIDN'T
WORK.

I WAS
FAT.

MY
MIND
HAD BEEN
WIPED...

...AND I
REALLY WANTED
A COOKIE...

GUESS
THEY CALL THAT A
CLIFFHANGER...

NEXT: THE DIRTY WOLF COMETH!!

THE WHITE ENVELOPE IS IN THE TRASH...
THE WHITE ENVELOPE IS IN THE TRASH...

MARVEL[®]
COMICS



#41

WWW.MARVEL.COM

PRIEST
DIAZ
HOLDREDGE

DEADPOOL

APPROVED BY THE
COMICS CODE
AUTHORITY

IT'S A SPACE
BONANZA FILLED
WITH **PIRATES,**
ALIENS,
PRISONS, AND
MYSTERIOUS
FIGURES

CENSORED
OH DEAR--

CENSORED
--OH, MY--

CENSORED
--WHAT WERE
WE THINKING?

WE'RE CALLING IT:
OPERATION
DIRTY WOLFF!

MICHAEL
LOPEZ
TOM
LIVESAY

OK,
LET'S SEE:

I WAS STRANDED
ON BARON ZEMO'S
ORBITING SPACE
PLATFORM BY THE
DEADPOOL INTERNS--
SUPER-WANNA-BEES
FROM TASKMASTER'S
CRIME COLLEGE--

SOMETIMES
I RUN..
SOMETIMES..
SOMETIMES
I HIDE...
SOMETIMES
I'M SCARED
OF YOU...

I HEARD THE
NARRATOR
NARRING:

"IS IT CURTAINS
FOR THAT WILY
MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH?

"HOW WILL
HE ESCAPE?

"IS SHELLEY WINTERS
AVAILABLE TO PLAY HIM
IN THE MOVIE?!"

DIE LIKE THE SCHWEIN YOU ARE!!
LITTLE-KNOWN
REDUNDANT BACK-UP
COMMAND PROTOCOL SET

"TUNE IN TOMORROW,
KIDS--SAME DEAD
TIME--

"--SAME DEAD
CHANNEL--!"

LITTLE-KNOWN
REDUNDANT BACK-UP
COMMAND PROTOCOL SET

--WHO LEFT ME
FAT, MIND-WIPED
AND JAMMED INTO
A DISABLED
ESCAPE POD--

--EARNING THEM
AN "A" IN "CLEVER
CLIFFHANGERS."

"BUT, FIRST, A
WORD FROM OUR
SPONSOR--!!"

(CUE NELSON
RIDDLE...)



SHROUDED IN
STOLEN IDENTITIES AND
CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE
MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF
MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN?
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OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S
GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS
CONFINED TO A WORLD OF
CONSTRUCTING ORDER; BLASTING
DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY
BRICK!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

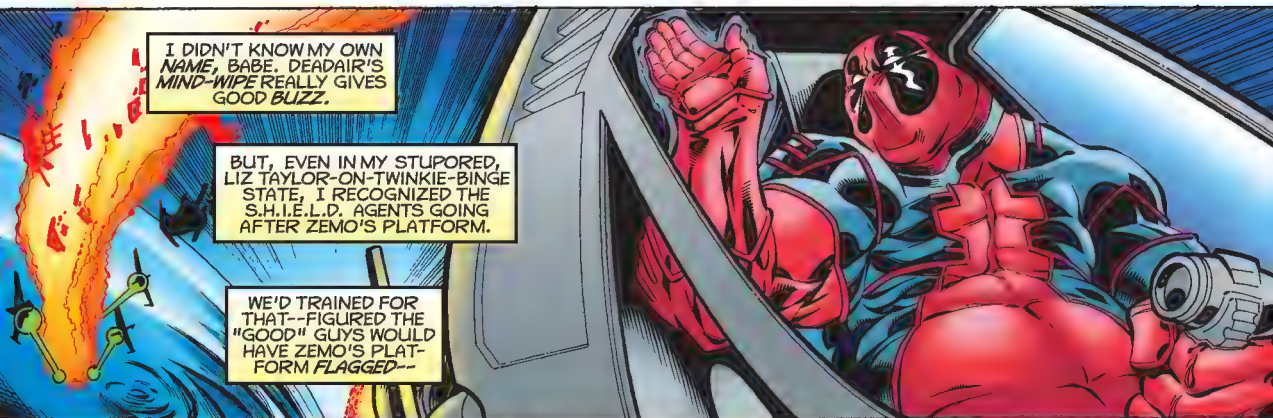
DEAD- POOL

FRAG!

OR: WHY LUCAS WON'T RELEASE
SW ON DVD IS BEYOND US!

PRIEST & DIAZ
STORYTELLERS

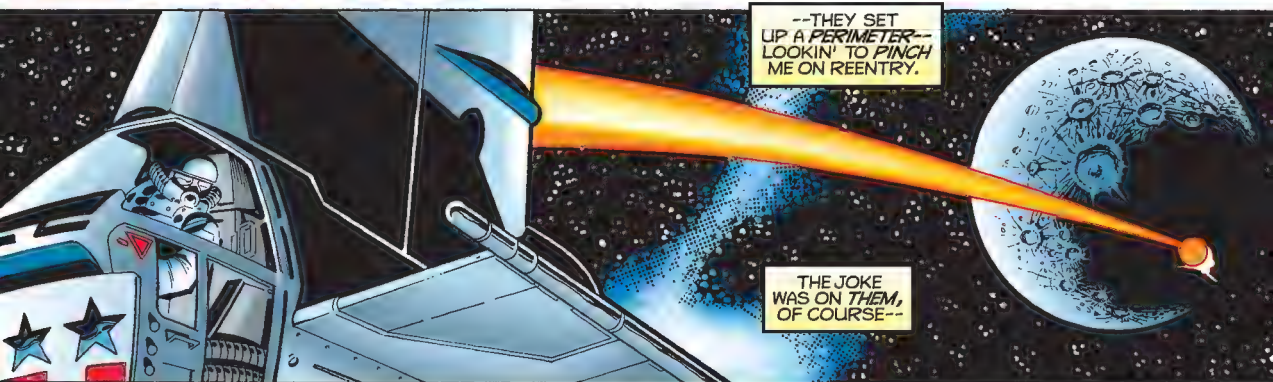
JON HOLDREDGE - INKS
SHARBEFONT & PT. - LETTERING
SHANNON BLANCHARD - COLORIST
FRANK DUNKERLEY - ASSISTANT ED.
BOB HARRAS - EDITOR IN CHIEF



I DIDN'T KNOW MY OWN NAME, BABE. DEADAIR'S MIND-WIPE REALLY GIVES GOOD BUZZ.

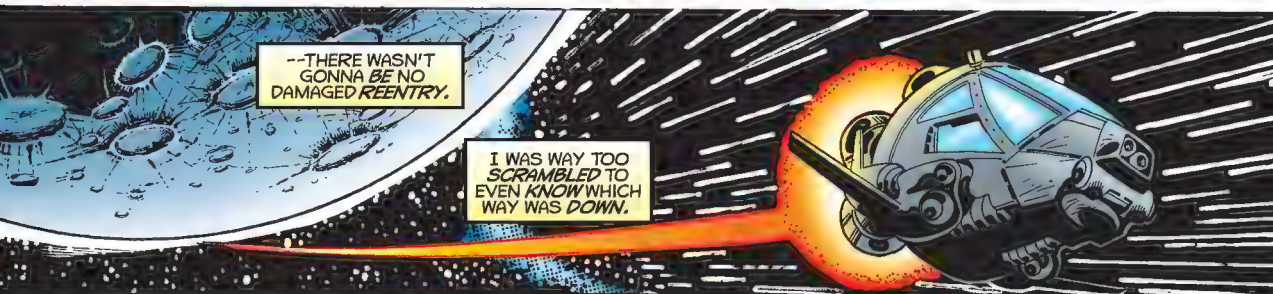
BUT, EVEN IN MY STUPORED, LIZ TAYLOR-ON-TWINKIE-BINGE STATE, I RECOGNIZED THE S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS GOING AFTER ZEMO'S PLATFORM.

WE'D TRAINED FOR THAT--FIGURED THE "GOOD" GUYS WOULD HAVE ZEMO'S PLATFORM FLAGGED--



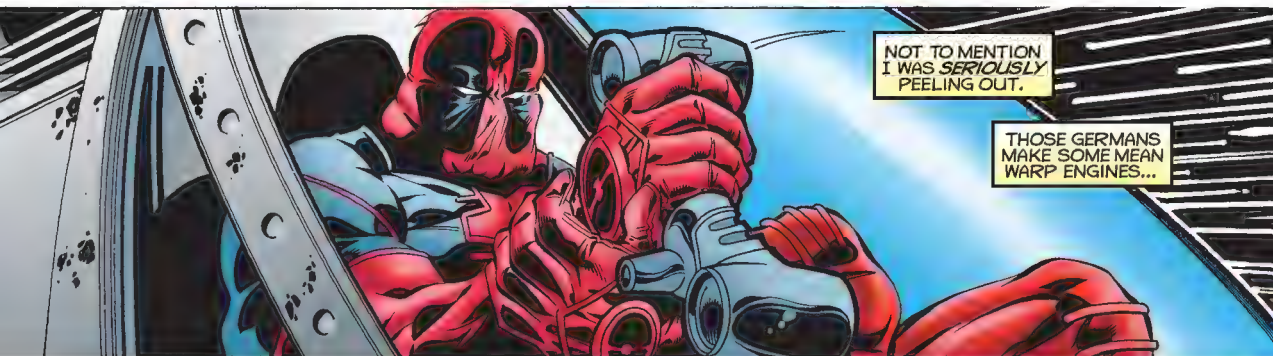
--THEY SET UP A PERIMETER--LOOKIN' TO PINCH ME ON REENTRY.

THE JOKE WAS ON THEM, OF COURSE--



--THERE WASN'T GONNA BE NO DAMAGED REENTRY.

I WAS WAY TOO SCRAMBLED TO EVEN KNOW WHICH WAY WAS DOWN.



NOT TO MENTION I WAS SERIOUSLY PEELING OUT.

THOSE GERMANS MAKE SOME MEAN WARP ENGINES...



--UGH!! WHA--??



ALL I KNEW WAS I'D HIT SOMETHING.

SOMETHING BIG AND INVISIBLE.

Y'KNOW, LIKE PUFF DADDY'S TALENT.

SOMETHING BIG.

AT THE SPEED I WAS GOIN', I COULDN'T STOP THE DEADPOD FROM BOUNCIN' ALONG THIS INVISIBLE BARRIER-- LIKE A STONE SKIPPING ACROSS A POND.



--AND I WISHED I'D LET TITANIA KEEP THIS FLIPPIN' ASSIGNMENT.

AND I STILL WANTED THAT COOKIE.

THOUGH, TO BE FAIR, I WAS TOO LOGY TO MUCH CARE...

BEFORE I PASSED OUT, I GOT A LOOK AT WHAT WAS HIDING BEHIND THAT CLOAKING FIELD--



IS THIS THE...AH... DEAD-LOUNGE?

SECRET HIDEOUT OF DEADPOOL, TITANIA AND CONSTRUCTOR-- SUBLET FROM DOCTOR OCTOPUS?

--?! WHAT DO YOU THINK?!



I THINK, YOU'VE SEEN ONE VILLAIN HIDEOUT, YOU'VE SEEN 'EM ALL, SIR.

S.H.I.E.L.D. PICKED UP THOSE THREE LOSERS WITH HIM, SKEET.
ONLY A MATTER OF TIME.



ANY WORD ON OUR FRIEND, FRANK?



YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT ANY MORE THAN I DO.

WADE WILSON--OUR ROOMMATE AND TORTURER--LIVES A CHARMED LIFE, FRANK.

HE CHARGED ME 800 GRAND TO WALK INTO TASKMASTER'S TRAP--



--AND, MY SOURCES TELL ME, HE SHOOK TASKMASTER DOWN FOR ANOTHER 600. HE'S *ALIVE*, FRANK, TRUST ME.

HE'S GOT TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO RUB OUR NOSES IN IT.

TIP THE GUYS.

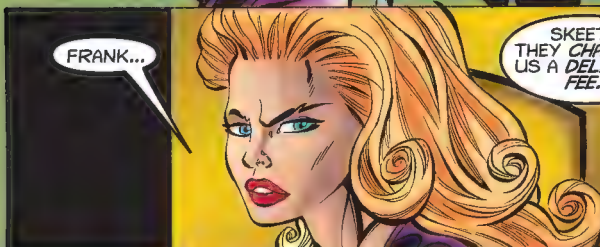


WHY? WHAT'D THEY DO?

FRANK...

NO, I'M SERIOUS--WE ORDERED A FRIDGE, THEY BROUGHT THE FRIDGE, RIGHT?

FOR *THAT*, WE SHOULD PAY SOME PRESET PERCENTAGE *ABOVE* THE COST OF THE THING?



FRANK...

SKEET, THEY CHARGED US A DELIVERY FEE.



A DELIVERY FEE. A FEE FOR THE PURPOSE OF DELIVERY.

I'M SORRY. I JUST DON'T SEE IT. TIPPING IS A CIRCULAR LOGIC, LIKE A TIME PARADOX.



HERE YA GO, FELLAS.

TELL ANYONE WHERE WE ARE AND YOU'LL ALL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU CAN SPEND IT.

NOT TO WORRY, MA'AM--WE'RE DISCREET.

I'LL JUST BET YOU ARE, JETHRO.



HE'S COMING BACK, FRANK.

WITH 14 MILL OF MY MONEY IN HIS BANK.

AND WHEN HE DOES--HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH ME.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID THAT...



HOW CAN I
DESCRIBE IT
BEST--?

I WAS
#*%^&!!

LUCKILY I WAS STILL
TOO DIMWITTED TO BE
SCARED.

ALL I SAW WERE THE
PRETTY LIGHTS--

--WAITING TO HEAR
REGIS SHOUT, "WHO
WANTS TO BE A
MILLIONAIRE?!"



LIGHTS THAT
SUDDENLY GOT
EVEN *BRIGHTER*.

I FIGURED YOU WERE
GONNA POP OUT OF THE
WHITENESS AND TELL ME
MY LUCK HAD RUN OUT.

BUT, THE TINGLE IN
MY SHINGLE SUDDENLY
REMINDED ME--

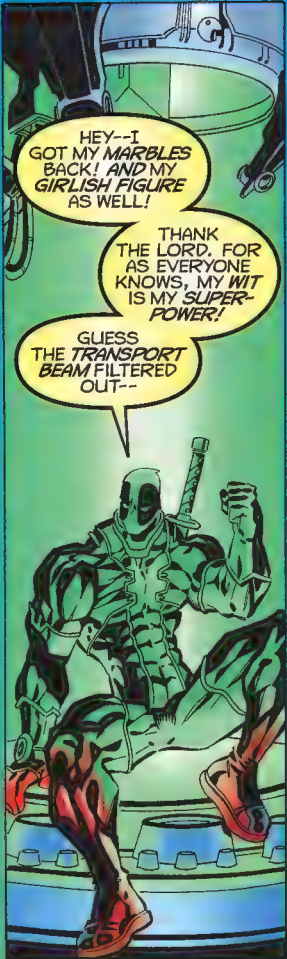


--THAT NONE OF THIS WAS REALLY HAPPENING.

INSTEAD OF BEING CONFUSED AND DISORIENTED, I FIGURED, "JUST GO WITH IT!" SEE WHERE THE RIDE TAKES ME...

"GO TO THE LIGHT, WADE WILSON... GO TO THE..."

...MEMO TO SELF: STOP MAKING FUN OF CRASH TEST DUMMIES...



HEY--I GOT MY MARBLES BACK! AND MY GIRLISH FIGURE AS WELL!

THANK THE LORD, FOR AS EVERYONE KNOWS, MY WIT IS MY SUPER-POWER!

GUESS THE TRANSPORT BEAM FILTERED OUT--



--AH, HOW-DEE.

YOU FOLKS IN LINE FOR 'N-SYNC TICKETS--?

SORRY ABOUT RAMMING YOUR LITTLE TUG-BOAT, HERE.

FILE ANY CLAIMS WITH BARON ZEMO OF EARTH. HE'S DEAD, BUT DON'T LET THAT STOP YOU.

--UH, YOU GUYS DON'T UNDERSTAND A LICK OF WHAT I'M SAYING, DO YOU?



>HRRUNFF<

<MUST BE A STRAY HUMAN, FROM THAT BACKWATER PLANET.>*

<LET'S TOSS HIM INTO SPACE AND WATCH HIM EXPLODE.>

*TRANSLATED FROM D%²%IAN, FAN-BOY. --MULTILINGUAL FRANK

Y'KNOW I'M WILLING TO BET THIS IS A BAD SIGN...

TELL YA WHAT, HORN-HEAD, WHAT SAY YOU PAY ME 700 G'S AND, FOR MY PART, I DON'T STRANGLE YOU WITH YOUR CUTE LITTLE PANTIES.

<WHAT SAY I SPLIT YOU APART AND THE CREW PLAYS TUG-OF-WAR WITH YOUR INNARDS?>



>SIGH<

EVERYBODY'S GOT TO DO IT THE HARD WAY.

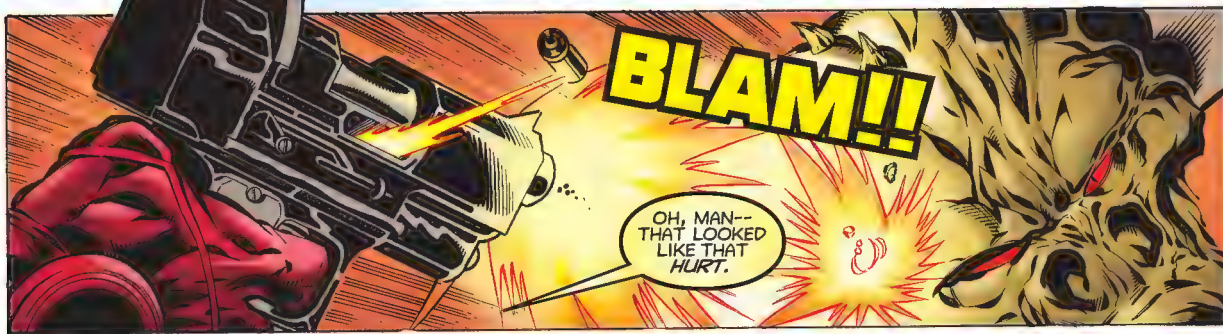
ALL RIGHT, MISTER SNOUT-- YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF--



SSSMMAAACCKK



WHATTAMAN.



BLAM!!

OH, MAN-- THAT LOOKED LIKE THAT HURT.



HOPE SO.

BLAM!! BLAM!!
BLAM!! BLAM!!
BLAM!! BLAM!!
BLAM!! BLAM!!

BLAM!!
BLAM!!
BLAM!!
BLAM!!
BLAM!!
BLAM!!

-CLICK!!
CLAAACKK!!

JUST GREAT--

--OUT OF AMMO.

ISN'T THAT ALWAYS THE WAY? WHENEVER YOU'RE HAVIN' A GOOD TIME.

AH, WELL. GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS...

...GOTTA DO THIS THE OLD FASHIONED WAY.

WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK

GEEZ, YOU'RE A GUSHER...

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO--MAYBE YOU DIDN'T GET THE MEMO, STIMEY--

--NO BREAKS TO LOSERS!!

KEERRAASH!

OK-- WHO'S NEXT!

--WHO WANTS TO LOSE AN ANTENNA--?!!

C'MON-- WHICH ONE'A YOU'S THE HERO LARVAE--?!

ALL RIGHT, PAL.

WHAT SAY YOU HELP ME OUT WITH A RIDE HOME.

>GASP< WHO...WHO ARE YOU--?!!

THE ANSWER TO YOUR FIRST QUESTION IS SHADDAP.



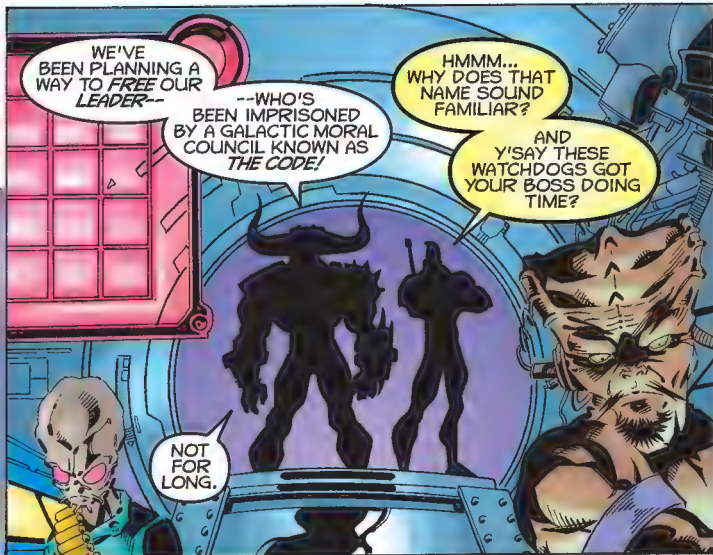
WE ARE THE LAST MEN--THE MOST FEARED BAND OF PLUNDERERS IN 12 GALAXIES.

SO I'VE NOTICED.

EVERY MAN HERE IS THE LAST OF HIS RACE. MANY BY THEIR OWN HAND!

YAH!

SO WHY ARE YOU "MOST FEARED" BOYS SNEAKING AROUND ALL INVISIBLE--?



WE'VE BEEN PLANNING A WAY TO FREE OUR LEADER--

--WHO'S BEEN IMPRISONED BY A GALACTIC MORAL COUNCIL KNOWN AS THE CODE!

HMMM... WHY DOES THAT NAME SOUND FAMILIAR?

AND Y'SAY THESE WATCHDOGS GOT YOUR BOSS DOING TIME?

NOT FOR LONG.



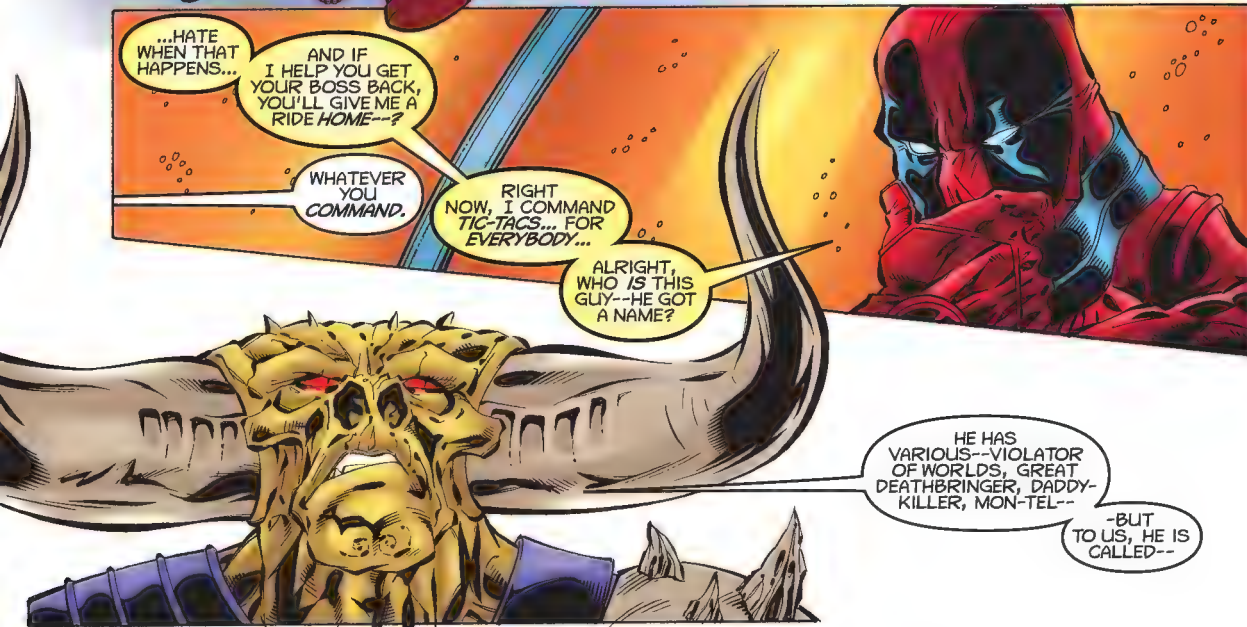
THERE'S THE PENAL COLONY YOU'LL BE LIBERATING HIM FROM-- DAMNATION CITY--

PLEASE TO EXCUSE: "YOU"--?

WHEN DID I SIGN ON TO THIS TUB--?!?

I WAS THE MOST FEARED. YOU BEAT ME. YOU MUST LEAD.

SO, YOU'RE SAYING, I BROUGHT THIS ON MYSELF...



...HATE WHEN THAT HAPPENS...

AND IF I HELP YOU GET YOUR BOSS BACK, YOU'LL GIVE ME A RIDE HOME--?

WHATEVER YOU COMMAND.

RIGHT NOW, I COMMAND TIC-TACS... FOR EVERYBODY...

ALRIGHT, WHO IS THIS GUY--HE GOT A NAME?

HE HAS VARIOUS--VIOLATOR OF WORLDS, GREAT DEATHBRINGER, DADDY-KILLER, MON-TEL--

--BUT TO US, HE IS CALLED--

SKIP AHEAD A FEW HOURS, AND I'M SNEAKING INTO A MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON LOCATED DEEP INSIDE A BARREN ASTEROID.

BULLY'S CLOAKED SHIP WAS HIDDEN FROM DETECTION, AND, HOPEFULLY, SO WAS I.

ACTUALLY, MY BIGGEST FEAR WAS THIS PRISONER'S NAME.

"DIRTY WOLFF"?!?"
"DIRTY WOLFF"--?!

WHAT THE HECK KIND OF LOSER WAS I RISKING MY NECK TO SAVE?

I DECIDED, SOON AS I FOUND THE GUY, I'D MAKE HIM CHANGE THAT STUPID NAME.

IF I GET WHACKED, IN DEEP SPACE, TRYING TO SAVE SOMEBODY NAMED "DIRTY WOLFF," HELL JUST WOULDN'T BE NEARLY AS MUCH FUN.

WHAT THE--?!
HOW'D YOU GET IN TH--?!

WACK
WACK
WACK
WACK

--AUGH!
HRRK!

Y'KNOW, BABE--THINGS WERE A LOT SIMPLER WHEN I HAD WEASEL'S IMAGE INDUCER.

MEMO TO SELF:
TRACK WEASEL
DOWN--

--BURN OFF FACE
WITH BLOWTORCH.

I WAS HOPIN' THE TRANSPORTER BEAM RESET EVERYTHING, BUT LOKI'S CURSE WAS STILL LARGE AND IN CHARGE.

THE GLOVES ONLY HAD THREE FINGERS AND, FROM THE *PADDING*, I SUSPECTED THESE ALIENS!--AH--FAMILY JEWELS--WERE KEPT IN THEIR *ELBOW*.

BUT, I WAS A GUARD. WHICH ALLOWED ME TO MOVE ABOUT WITH BOTH *GRACE* AND *FINESSE*--

SILENCE.
IT'S THE LAW!

SHADDAP.

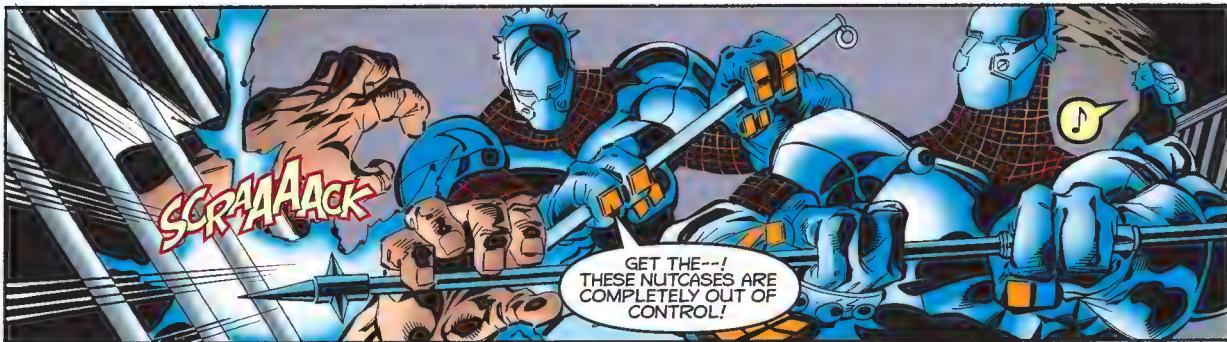
YEEURRKK--!!

THE LAST MEN MAPPED THIS BREAKOUT WELL. I JUST HAD TO FOLLOW THEIR INSTRUCTIONS AND NOT GET *WHACKED*.

JUST LIKE LIVING WITH *TITANIA*.

FROM WHAT I WAS TOLD, DAMNATION CITY HAD INNOVATIVE METHODS OF DISCIPLINE AND REHABILITATION.

CAN YOU SAY "CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT," BOYS AND GIRLS?

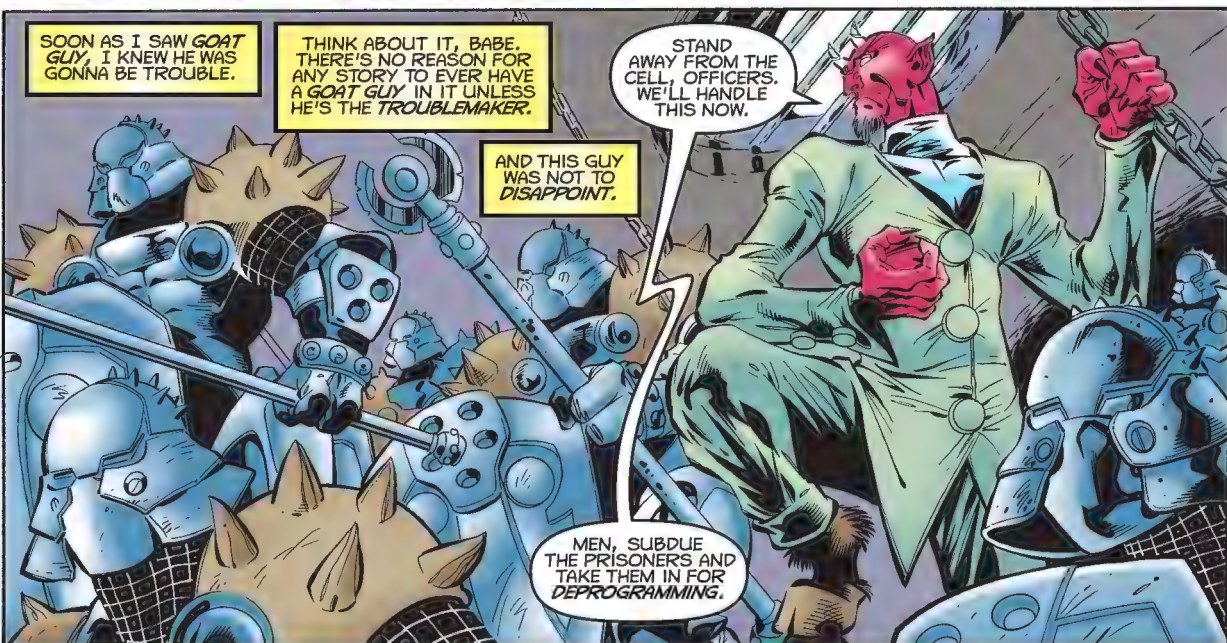


GET THE---!
THESE NUTCASES ARE
COMPLETELY OUT OF
CONTROL!



AGH--!
BITING... MY
ARM--!

HANG ON!
I CALLED FOR
SOME BACKUP.
SHOULD BE
ARRIVING
ANY--



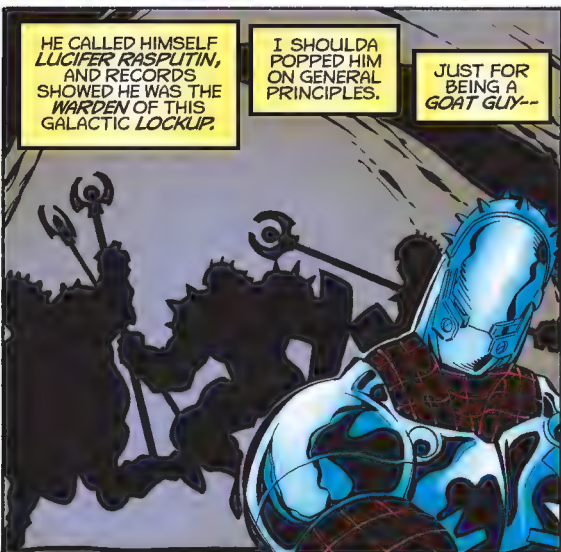
SOON AS I SAW GOAT
GUY, I KNEW HE WAS
GONNA BE TROUBLE.

THINK ABOUT IT, BABE.
THERE'S NO REASON FOR
ANY STORY TO EVER HAVE
A GOAT GUY IN IT UNLESS
HE'S THE TROUBLEMAKER.

AND THIS GUY
WAS NOT TO
DISAPPOINT.

STAND
AWAY FROM THE
CELL, OFFICERS.
WE'LL HANDLE
THIS NOW.

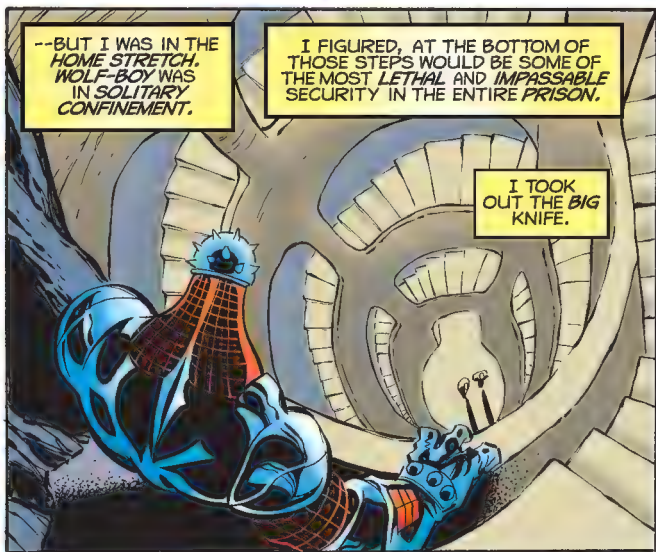
MEN, SUBDUDE
THE PRISONERS AND
TAKE THEM IN FOR
DEPROGRAMMING.



HE CALLED HIMSELF
LUCIFER RASPUTIN,
AND RECORDS
SHOWED HE WAS THE
WARDEN OF THIS
GALACTIC LOCKUP.

I SHOULD A
POPPED HIM ON
GENERAL
PRINCIPLES.

JUST FOR
BEING A
GOAT GUY--



--BUT I WAS IN THE
HOME STRETCH.
WOLF-BOY WAS IN
SOLITARY
CONFINEMENT.

I FIGURED, AT THE BOTTOM OF
THOSE STEPS WOULD BE SOME OF
THE MOST LETHAL AND IMPASSABLE
SECURITY IN THE ENTIRE PRISON.

I TOOK OUT THE BIG
KNIFE.

APPARENTLY THE CODE--
WHOEVER THEY WERE--
WANTED DIRTY WOLFF
OUT OF COMMISSION
FOR GOOD.

YOO-HOO--
OH, WUFF- EEE...

I'M SURE THERE WERE
INMATES DOWN THERE
THE CODE'S LONG SINCE
FORGOTTEN ABOUT....

HEY FELLA--
ARE YOU DIRTY
WOLFF?

HOPE NOT,
'CUZ YOU ARE
WAY DEAD!

HERE...
HAVE A
TIC-TAC.

TOOK A COUPLE
OF SHOTS, BUT
FINALLY-- THERE
HE WAS.

MY TICKET
HOME
COME TO
POPPA--

WOW...
WHO'D'A
THUNK IT.

NICE TO
MEET YOU, TOO,
MR. PRESLEY.

--DIRTY
WOLFF!

MISTER...
AH...
WOLFF--?

WHAT'S IT
TO YA--? YOU
GOT A SINGIN'
TELEGRAM?

YEAH.
THE SONG'S
"STAND BY
YOUR ALBINO,"
BACKSTREET
BOYS.
I THINK.

C'MON
IN HERE, YA
LOUSY SCREW.
I GOT A SONG
FOR YOU.

COOL.
ANYTHING BUT
BRITNEY SPEARS
WILL DO!



LOOK, WOLFIE, I'M NO COP. I'M HERE TO BUST YOU OUT.

WHAT DO YOU CARE? ANYTHING OUTSIDE THAT DOOR IS DEFINITELY A STEP UP, YES?

OR T'SET ME UP--

SHHHHHH



IT'S LEGIT, YOUR FRIENDS, THE LAST MEN, HIRED ME--

SORT OF.

DEFINITELY A SETUP, THEN.



I PUT A BUNCH OF LOCALS DOWN ON MY WAY IN. WE'VE GOT A CLEAR TRAIL BACK TO THE SEWER PIPE AND OUTTA--

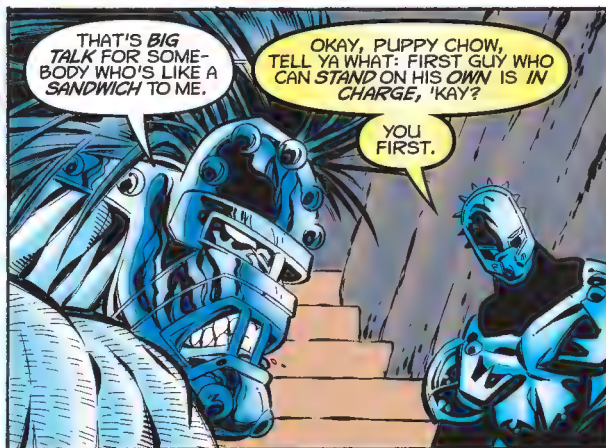
WRONG. I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE WITHOUT MY BIKE!

AND LESS THROUGH ANY STINKIN' SEWER!



YOU ACT AS THOUGH (A) YOU HAD A CHOICE, OR (B) YOU WERE CALLIN' THE SHOTS HERE.

CHECK ME, WHITE BOY: I WANDER OUT AN AIRLOCK, AND YOU'RE BACK IN THE CAGE.



THAT'S BIG TALK FOR SOMEBODY WHO'S LIKE A SANDWICH TO ME.

OKAY, PUPPY CHOW, TELL YA WHAT: FIRST GUY WHO CAN STAND ON HIS OWN IS IN CHARGE, 'KAY?

YOU FIRST.



»GHRR« HURTS TA WALK. FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN KICKED IN THE POCKETS.

WELL, I'D OFFER TO CARRY YOU, BUT THEN WE'D HAVE TO GET MARRIED.

LAUNDRY ROOM'S THIS WAY--

TOLDJA, I AIN'T LEAVIN' WITHOUT MY HOG!

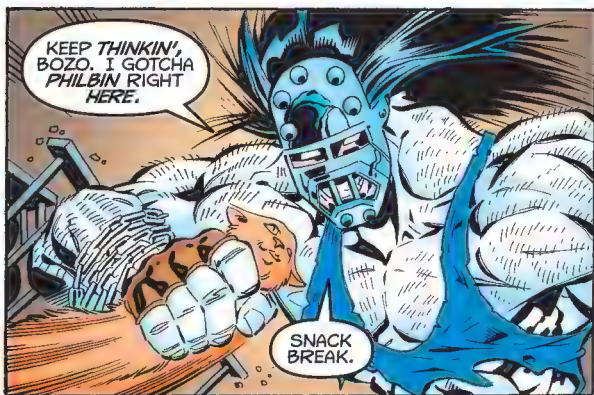


BESIDES, THEY'RE **BOUND** TA NOTICE THE MESS YA LEFT BEHIND.

I'LL SHOW YA HOW TO **REALLY** BREAK OUTTA THE BIG HOUSE!

I DUNNO, MR. WOLFF.

I'M THINKIN' MAYBE I **WHACK** YOU OVER THE HEAD AND TELL YOUR PALS REGIS PHILBIN DID IT.



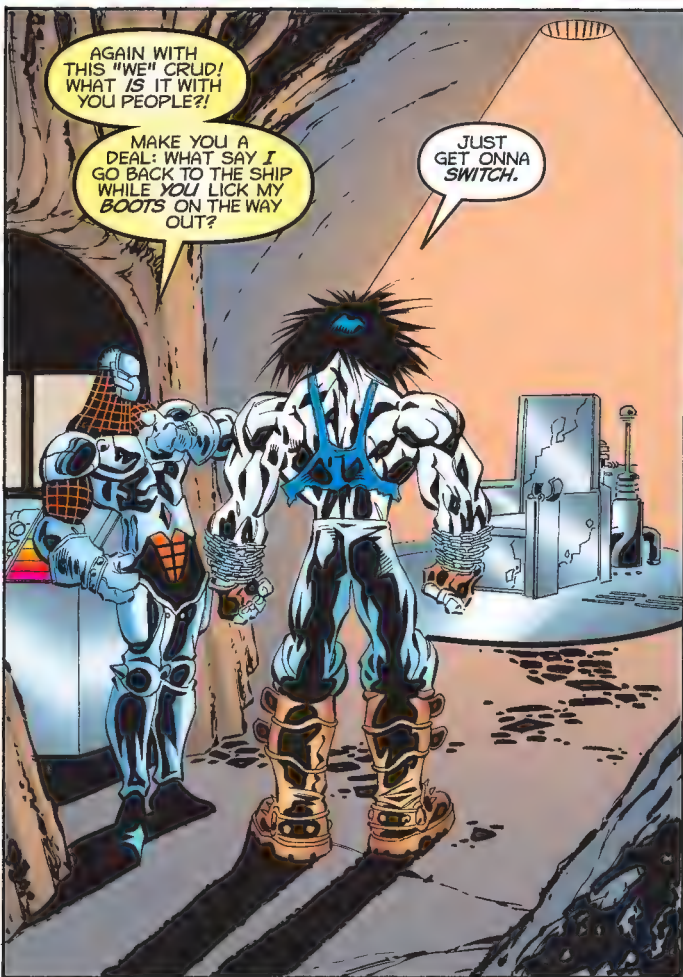
KEEP THINKIN', BOZO. I GOTCHA PHILBIN RIGHT HERE.

SNACK BREAK.



--WELL... THAT WAS NEW...

NOT ENUFF-- WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT UNLESS I RECHARGE MY BATTERIES--



AGAIN WITH THIS "WE" CRUD! WHAT IS IT WITH YOU PEOPLE?!

MAKE YOU A DEAL: WHAT SAY I GO BACK TO THE SHIP WHILE YOU LICK MY **BOOTS** ON THE WAY OUT?

JUST GET ONNA **SWITCH**.

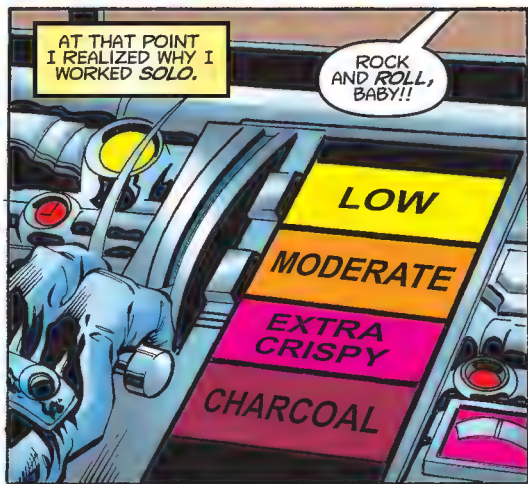


...AND THEY CALL ME PSYCHOTIC...

HAH-- THIS AIN'T NOTHIN' MORE THAN A LITTLE PICK-ME-UP.

GET ONNA **SWITCH**.

SUIT YOURSELF, YOU CRAZY DOG--



AT THAT POINT I REALIZED WHY I WORKED **SOLO**.

ROCK AND ROLL, BABY!!

SO THERE WAS **GOOD** NEWS AND **BAD** NEWS.

THE **GOOD** NEWS WAS WOLFF REGAINED HIS STRENGTH AND ENERGY, WHICH MEANT WE COULD RUN FASTER.

THE **BAD** NEWS WAS WE'D ACTUALLY HAVE TO.

EMERGENCY, EMERGENCY-- POWER'S DOWN AND WE CAN'T CONTAIN THE PRISONERS!

WE'VE GOT A HOSTILE SITUATION. REQUESTING REINFORCEMENTS--

THAT WAS GREAT! FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!

CHAR-BROILED OR ROTISSERIE--?

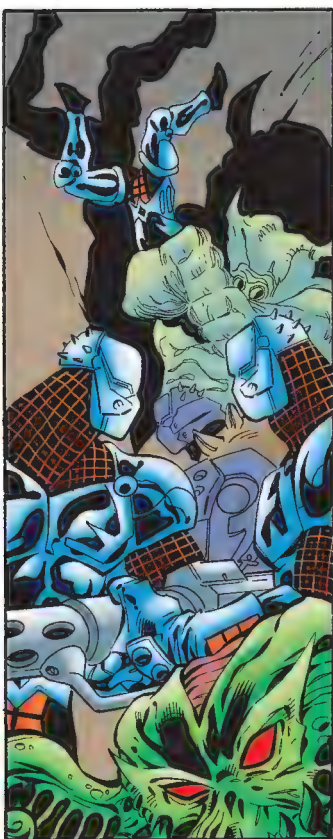
LOOK, DOGBERT-- THIS LITTLE DETOUR'S GONNA COST US.

METHINKS THE CAPER'S BLOWN!

QUIT YER WHININ' THIS--



--IS
ALL PART
OF THE
PLAN.



KILL HIM!!
KILL!!
SWARM!!
SWARM!!
HE ATE A CAT!!



YEAH--
--YEAH--
--YEAH, YOU CREEPS--

--LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED!

BZZZAP!
BZZZAP!



BWAAHAHAHAHAHA--!!

THAT THE BEST YOU GOT?!!

'SCUSE ME...PARDON ME...COMIN' THROUGH...

YEEAAHH, BABY!!
C'MON, BABY!!

IT WASN'T MY FIGHT.

I WASN'T ABOUT TO MAKE IT MY FIGHT.

THWACK

LOONEY ASHFACE WANTS TO BEAT EVERYBODY UP. WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?

KEERAKK

I WAS OUTTA THERE.

EMPHASIS ON "WAS."

WHAT
THE CAP'IN
CRUNCH--?

THE SHIP...

...THE
INVISIBLE
ONE...

...MY RIDE HOME...

...BLOWN TO BITS...

I KNEW I
SHOULDN'TA TOOK
THIS GIG. I KNEW I
SHOULDN'TA TOOK
THIS GIG. I KNEW I
SHOULDN'TA TOOK
THIS GIG. I KNEW I
SHOULDN'TA TOOK
THIS GIG.

HEY--!!

--WELCOME
TO THE
FRAPPIN'
PARTY,
PAL!!

THIS CLIFFHANGER
GETS A "D"...

NEXT:
DEADPOOL QUESTIONS THE
SILENCE IS GOLDEN
POLICY. HIS FIRST ANSWER IS
SHADDUP!

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UNORIGINAL DEADPOOL
STORY EVER!!

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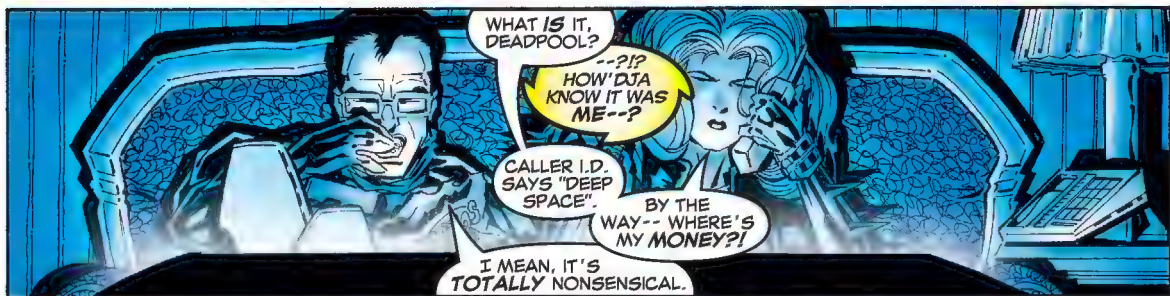


AND SO, BABE, SINCE I WAS RUNNIN' FOR MY LIFE ON AN INTERGALACTIC PENAL COLONY--

--IT SEEMED A GOOD TIME TO CHECK IN ON MY USELESS ROOMIES BACK AT THE DEADLOUNGE...

I DON'T GET THIS.

BLEEP!
BLEEP!
BLEEP!



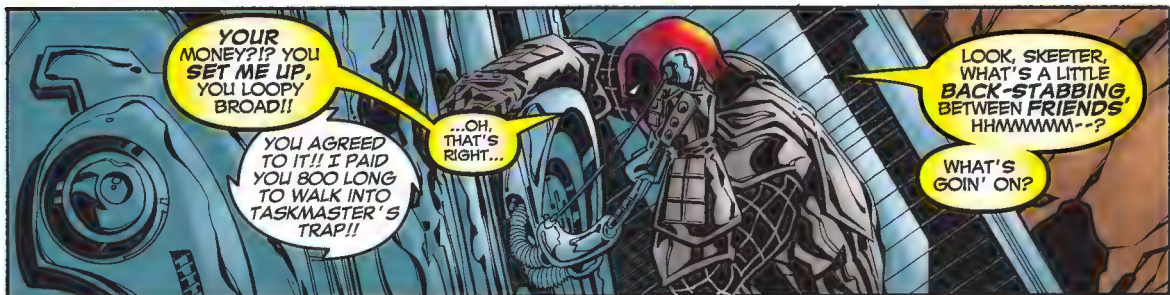
WHAT IS IT, DEADPOOL?

--???
HOW'DJA KNOW IT WAS ME--?

CALLER I.D. SAYS "DEEP SPACE".

BY THE WAY-- WHERE'S MY MONEY?!

I MEAN, IT'S TOTALLY NONSENSICAL.



YOUR MONEY?? YOU SET ME UP, YOU LOOPY BROAD!!

YOU AGREED TO IT!! I PAID YOU 800 LONG TO WALK INTO TASKMASTER'S TRAP!!

...OH, THAT'S RIGHT...

LOOK, SKEETER, WHAT'S A LITTLE BACK-STABBING BETWEEN FRIENDS' HHHMMMM--?

WHAT'S GOIN' ON?



WE'RE PLOTTING AGAINST YOU.

BESIDES THAT.

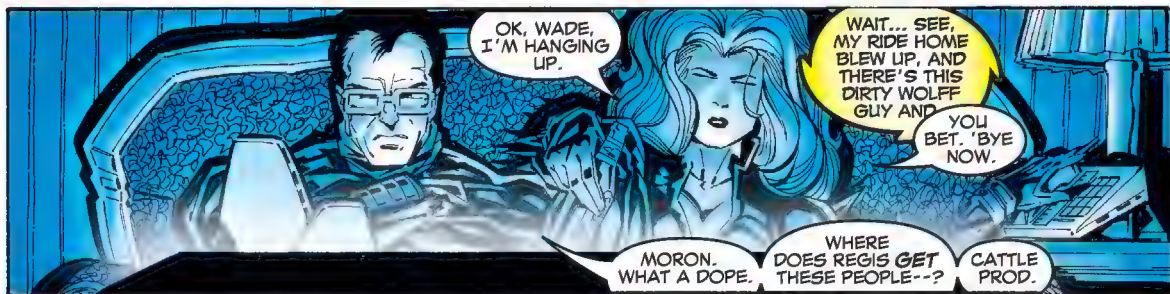
WE'RE OPENING YOUR MAIL.

BLAST IT, WOMAN-- THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR!!!

GOD IN HEAVEN, YOU ARE STUPID!!

CATTLE PROD!! CATTLE PROD!!

CATTLE PROD!!



OK, WADE, I'M HANGING UP.

WAIT... SEE, MY RIDE HOME BLEW UP, AND THERE'S THIS DIRTY WOLFF GUY AND

YOU BET. 'BYE NOW.

MORON. WHAT A DOPE.

WHERE DOES REGIS GET THESE PEOPLE--?

CATTLE PROD.



HEY-- WELCOME TO THE FRAPPIN' PARTY, PAL!!

>>SIGH<<

HERE WE GO AGAIN.

AND, ODDLY ENOUGH, THIS REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER ADVENTURE...

...YES... I CAN SEE IT NOW ... ALMOST LIKE AN UNTOLD TALE OF SPIDER-MAN ...

... EXCEPT I'M NOT SPIDER-MAN ...

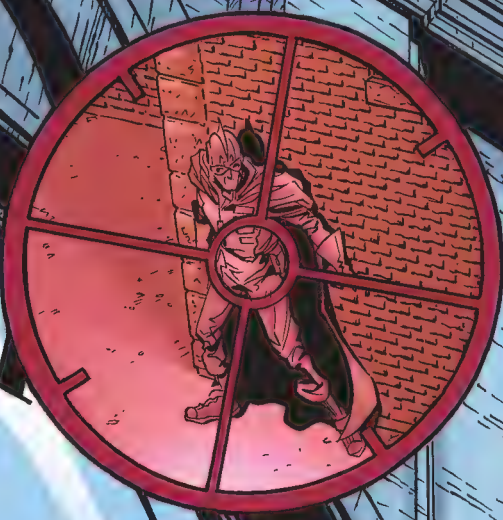
NOT SO LONG
AGO...



E.S.U. MONITOR

CAMPUS PLUNGED BY COSTUMED PEST

By Louis Sarcia
A second building on the Empire State University campus was demolished last night by "The Masked Terrorist known as 'Humbly'." The New York Performing Arts Center was opened its doors for the first time last week, to a sold-out performance of "The Masked Terrorist." The only building on campus is the new building, which was destroyed last week, while new buildings on campus are being built. Both the new buildings and the old building were destroyed last week, while new buildings on campus are being built. Both the new buildings and the old building were destroyed last week, while new buildings on campus are being built.





SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! STAN LEE PRESENTS:

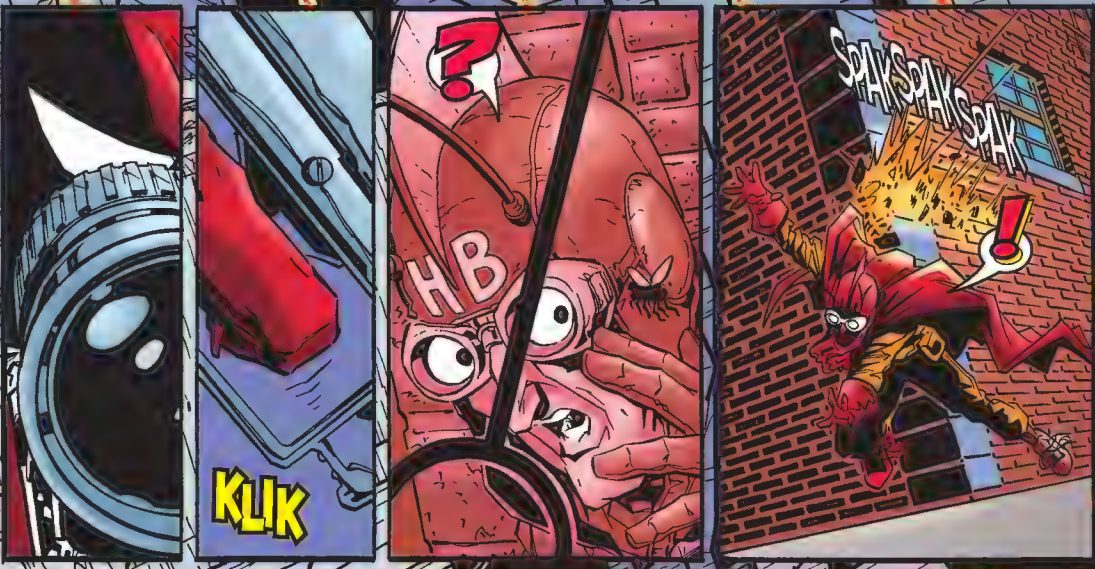
THE MERC WITH
no MOUTH IN
but

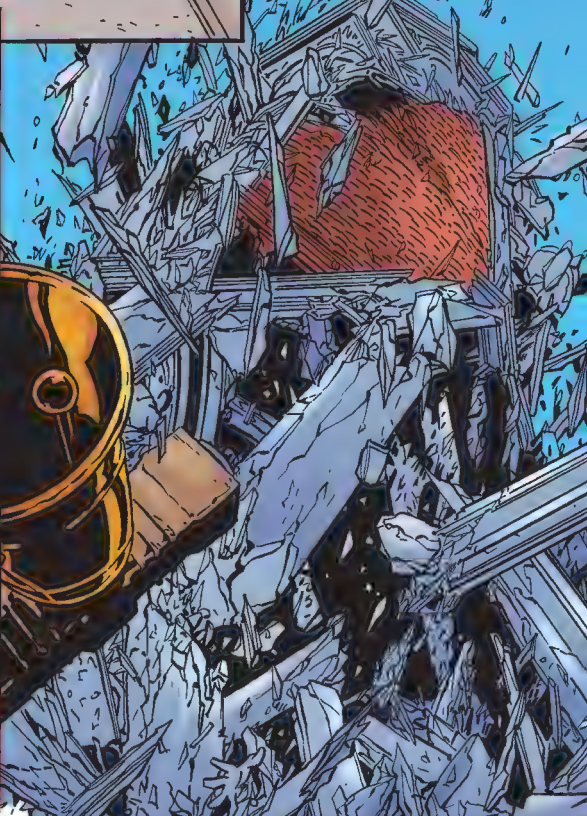
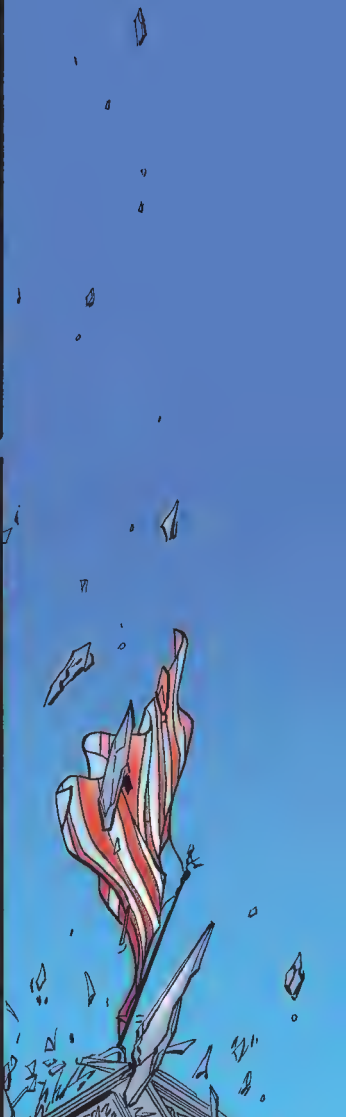
DEADPOOL silent deadpool interlude

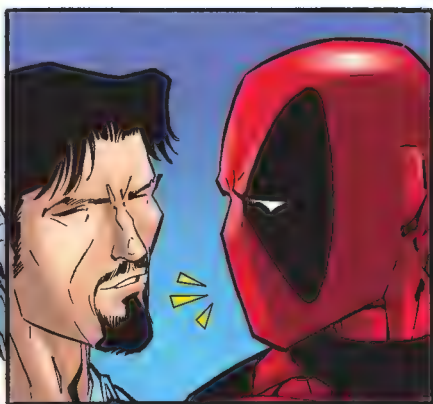
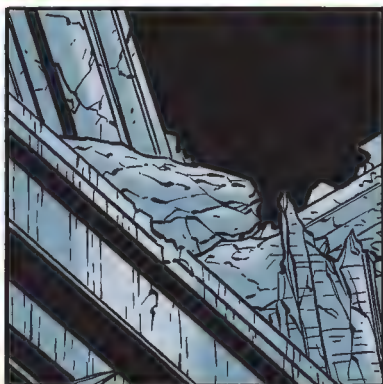
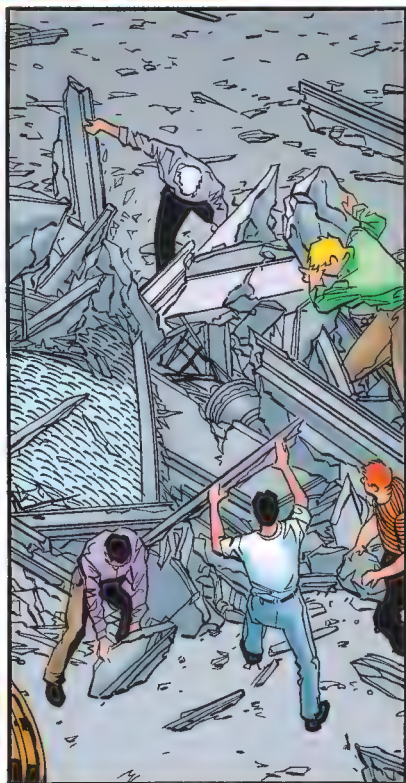
GLENN WERDLING J. CALAFIORE MARK MCKENNA
WRITER PENCILER INKER

SHANNON BLANCHARD CHRIS ELIOPOULOS MIKE MANTS BOB HARRAS
COLORIST LETTERER YO, JOE! CHIEF

THANKS TO PRIEST, CALAFIORE & HOLDREDGE FOR FRAMING PAGES



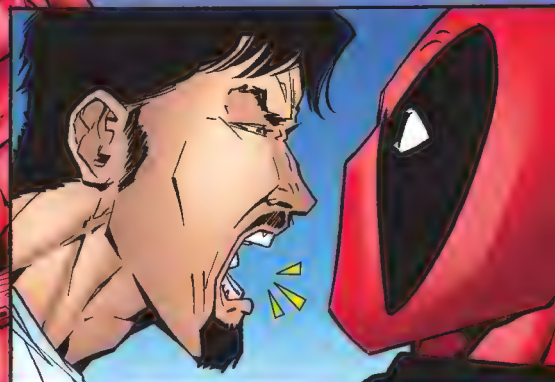


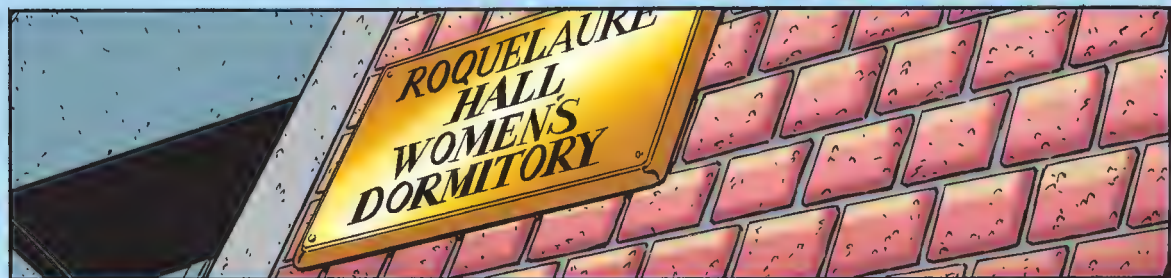


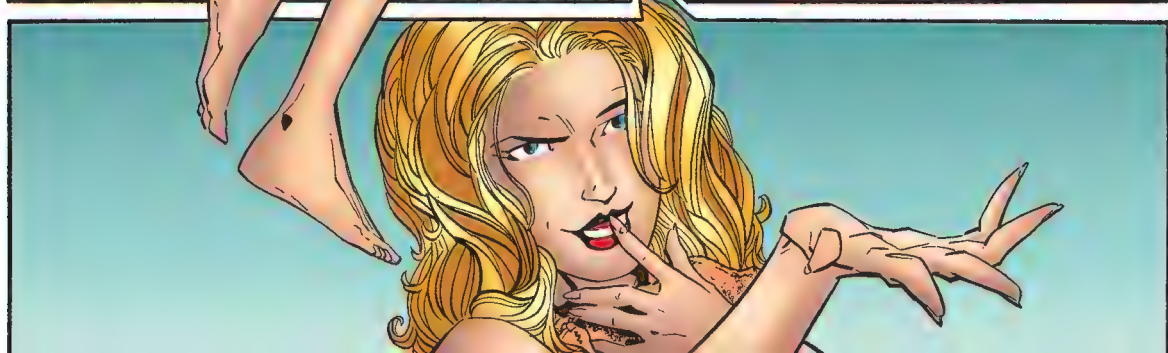
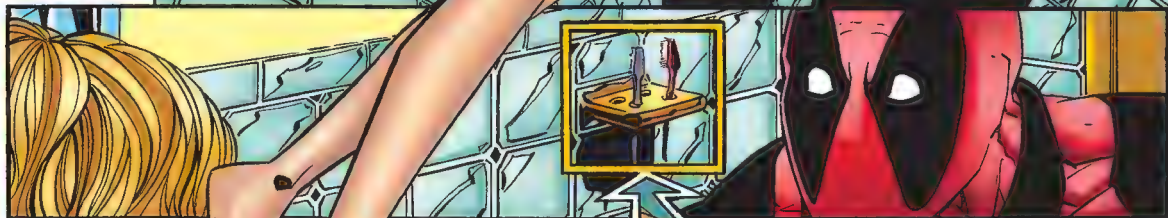
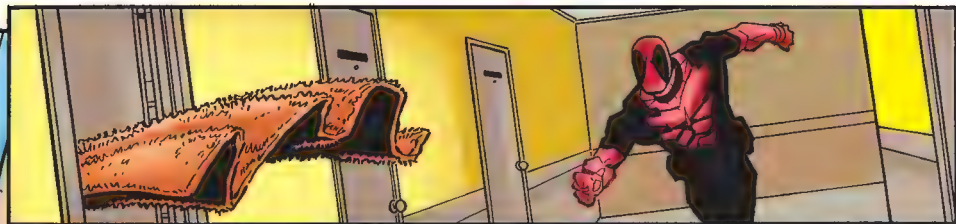


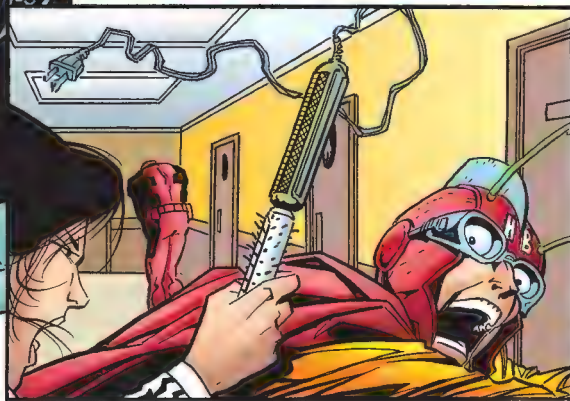
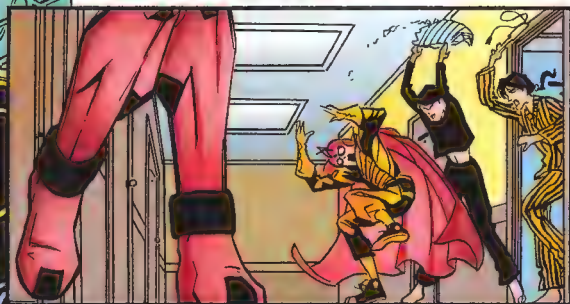
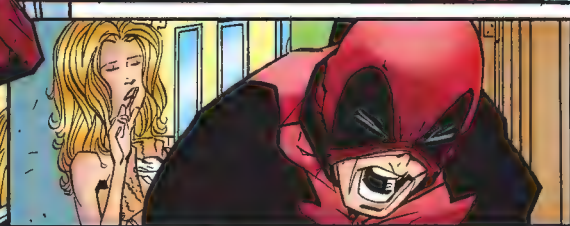
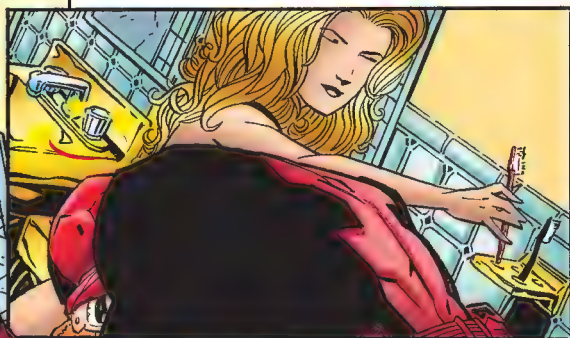
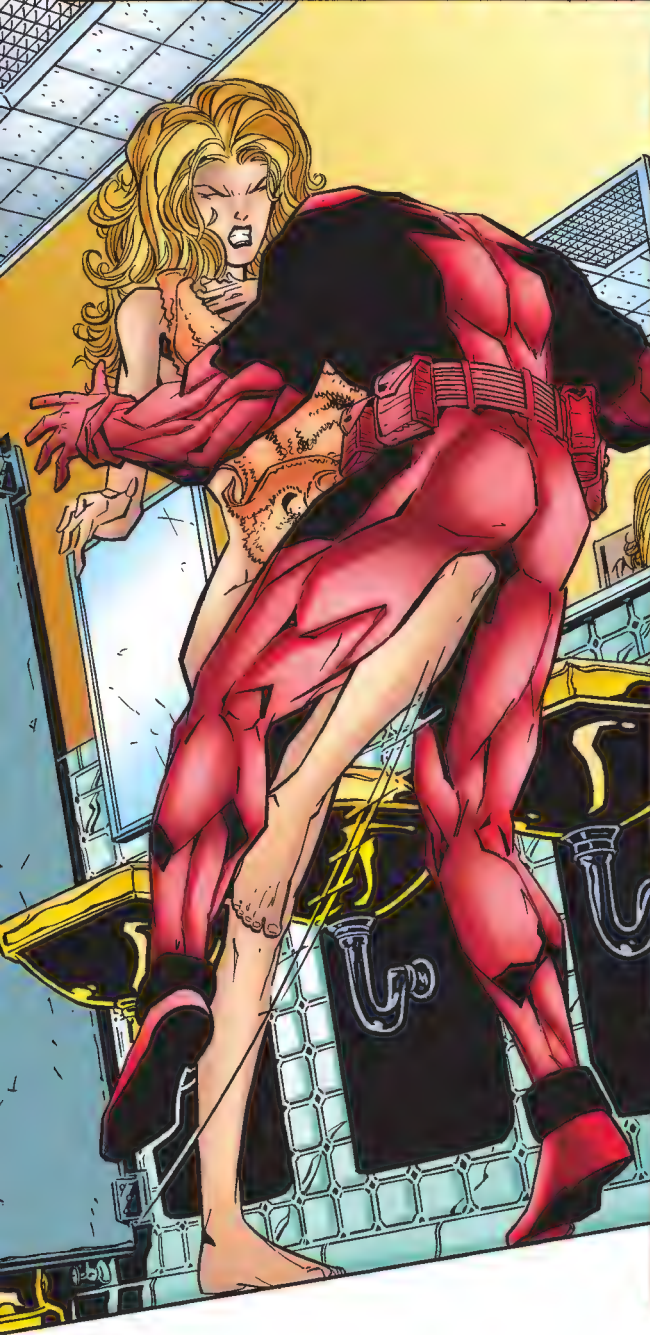
CONTRACT
MERC
WITH A
MOUTH

+  = 



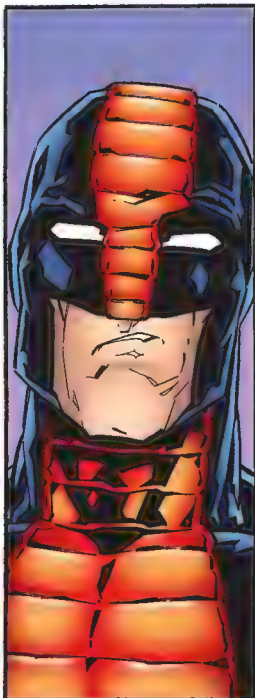
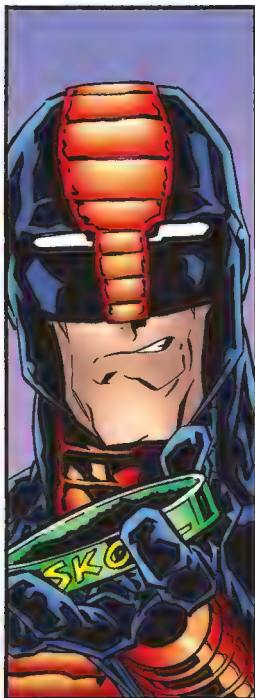
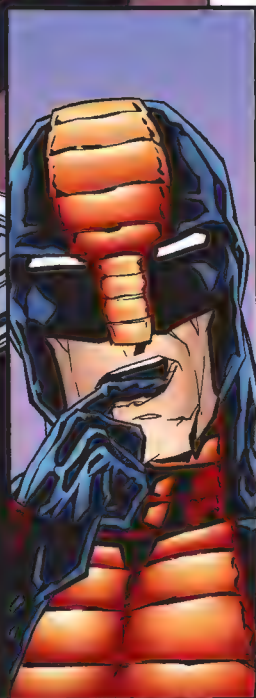


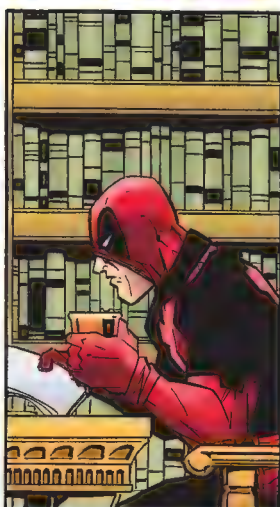
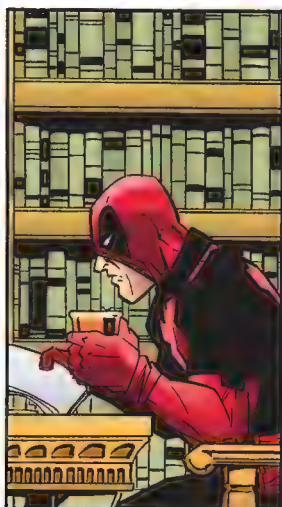
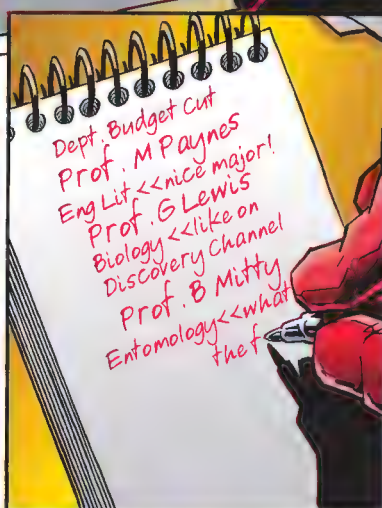
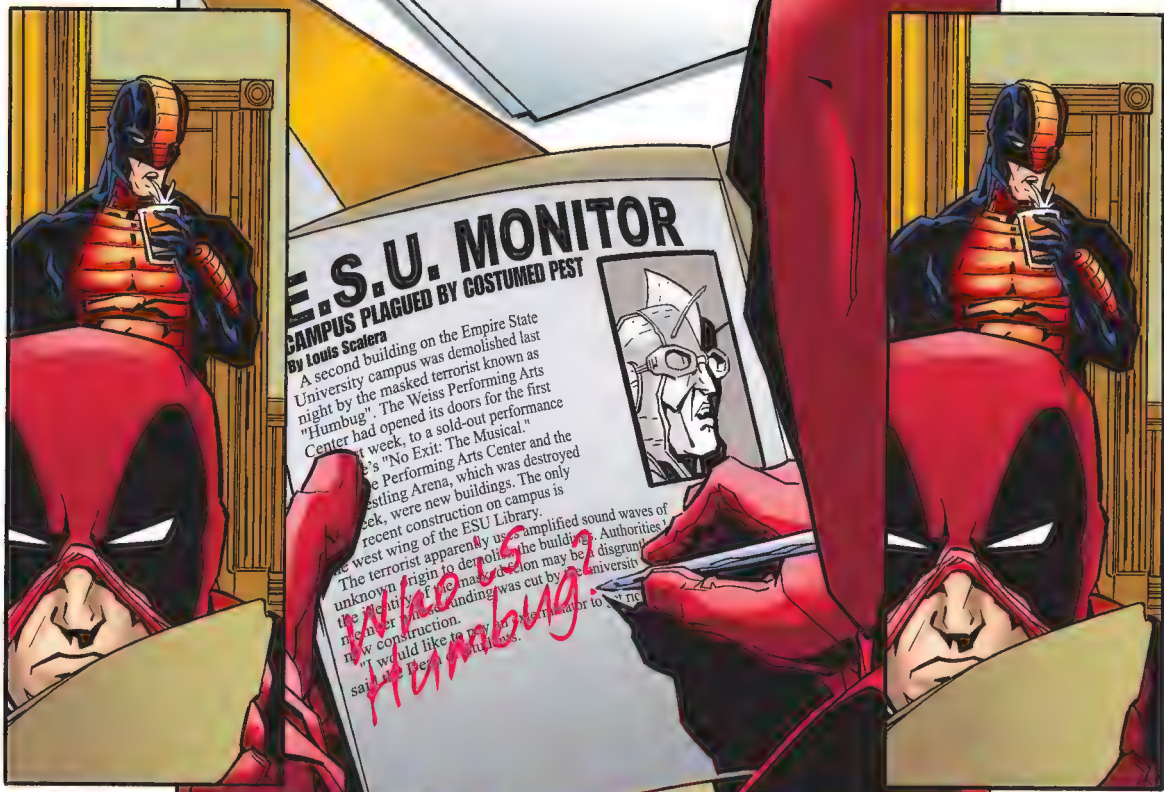


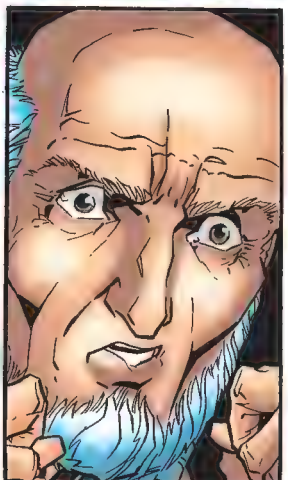
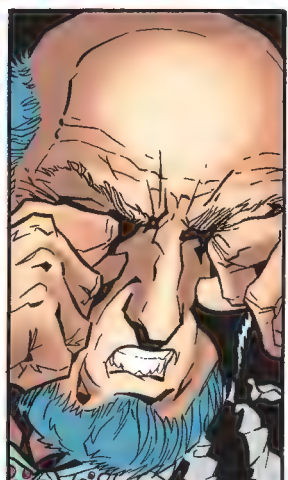
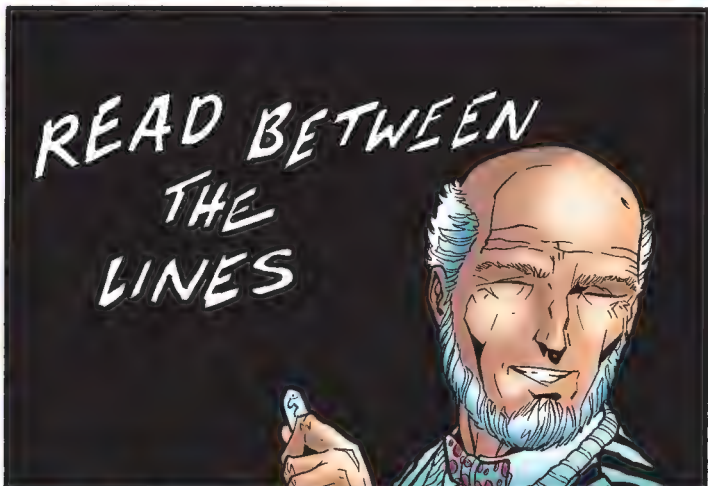


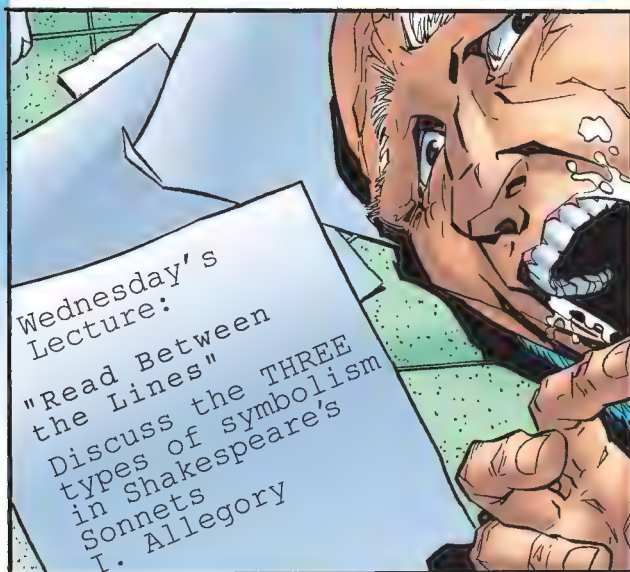
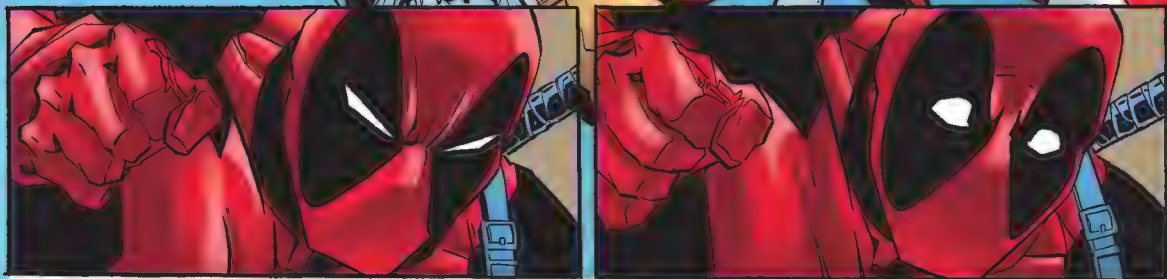


WHAT CAUSES DEAFNESS?
Sudden tremendous noise or prolonged noise may cause temporary or permanent injury to the auditory nerve. Often fluids are forced up the Eustachian tube into the middle ear. The blockage causes lowered air pressure on the inside of the eardrum, which may stop it from vibrating and cause hearing loss. Sometimes concussions from the same source of noise may reverse the damage by jump-starting the eardrum to its proper vibratory pattern. Shellshock victims continue to think they are deaf long after their eardrums heal in order to get discharged







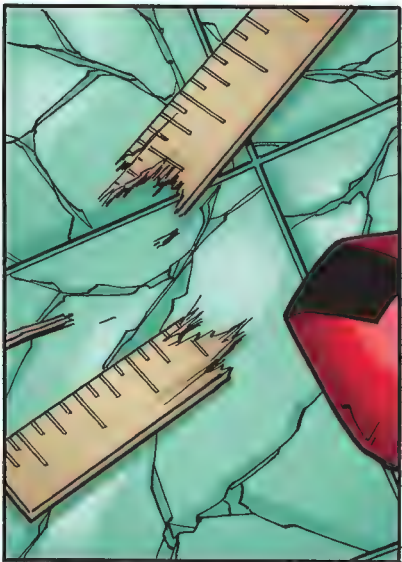
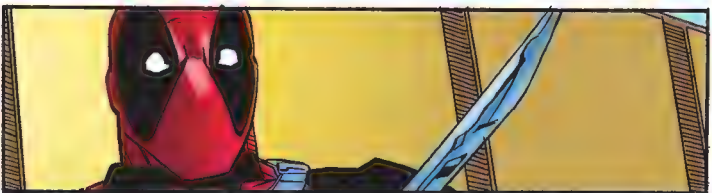
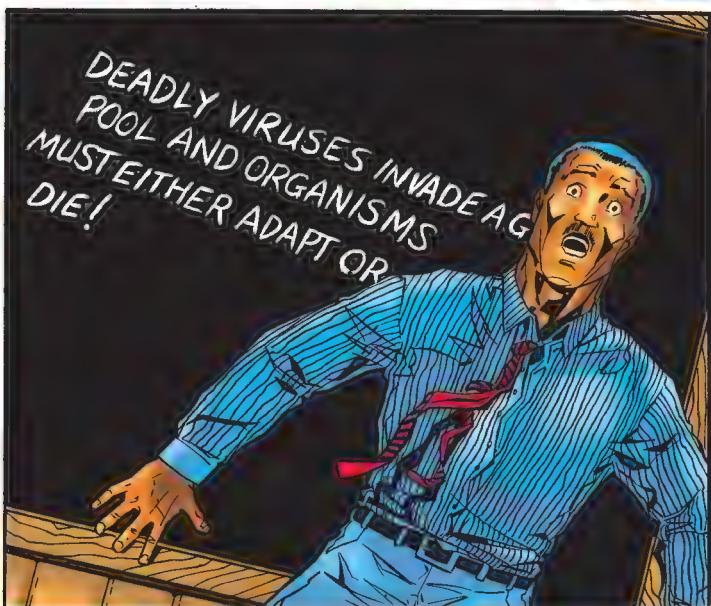
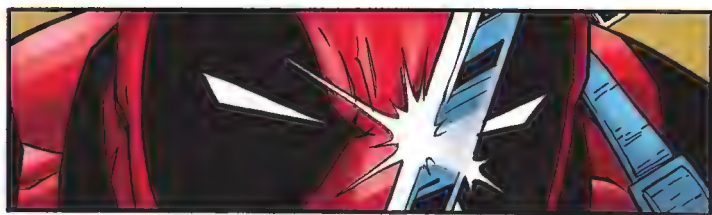


Wednesday's
Lecture:
"Read Between
the Lines"
Discuss the THREE
types of symbolism
in Shakespeare's
Sonnets
I. Allegory

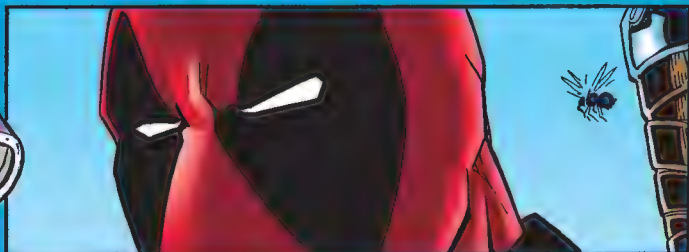


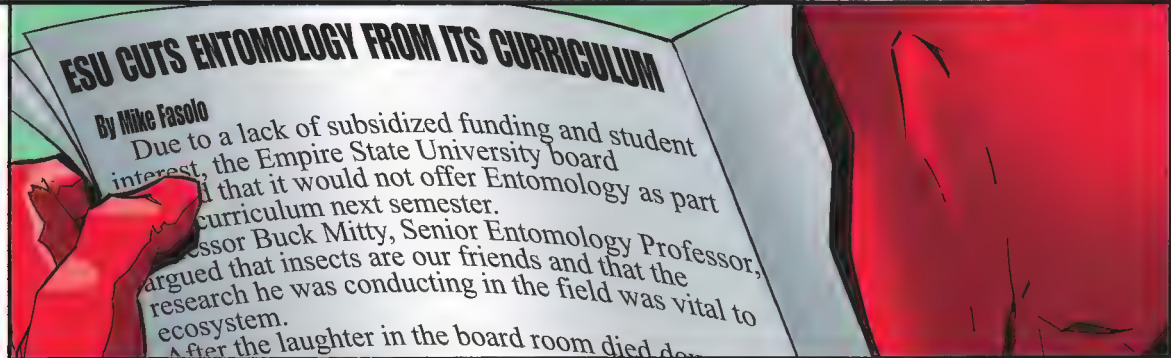
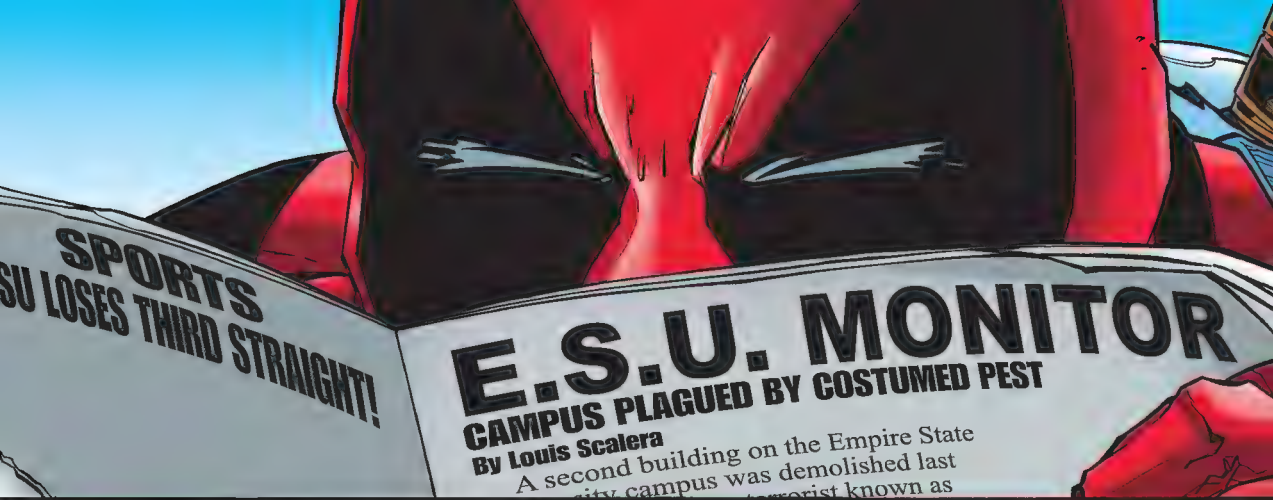
Dept. Budget Cut
~~Prof. M Paignes~~
Eng Lit << nice major!
Prof. G Lewis
Biology << like on
Discovery Channel
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Entomology << who
the f



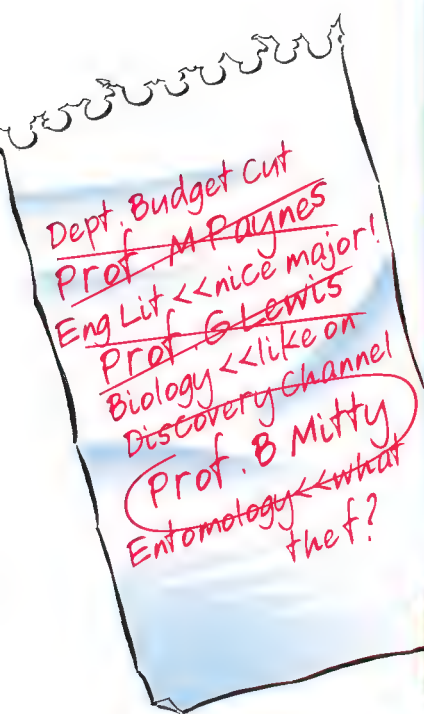


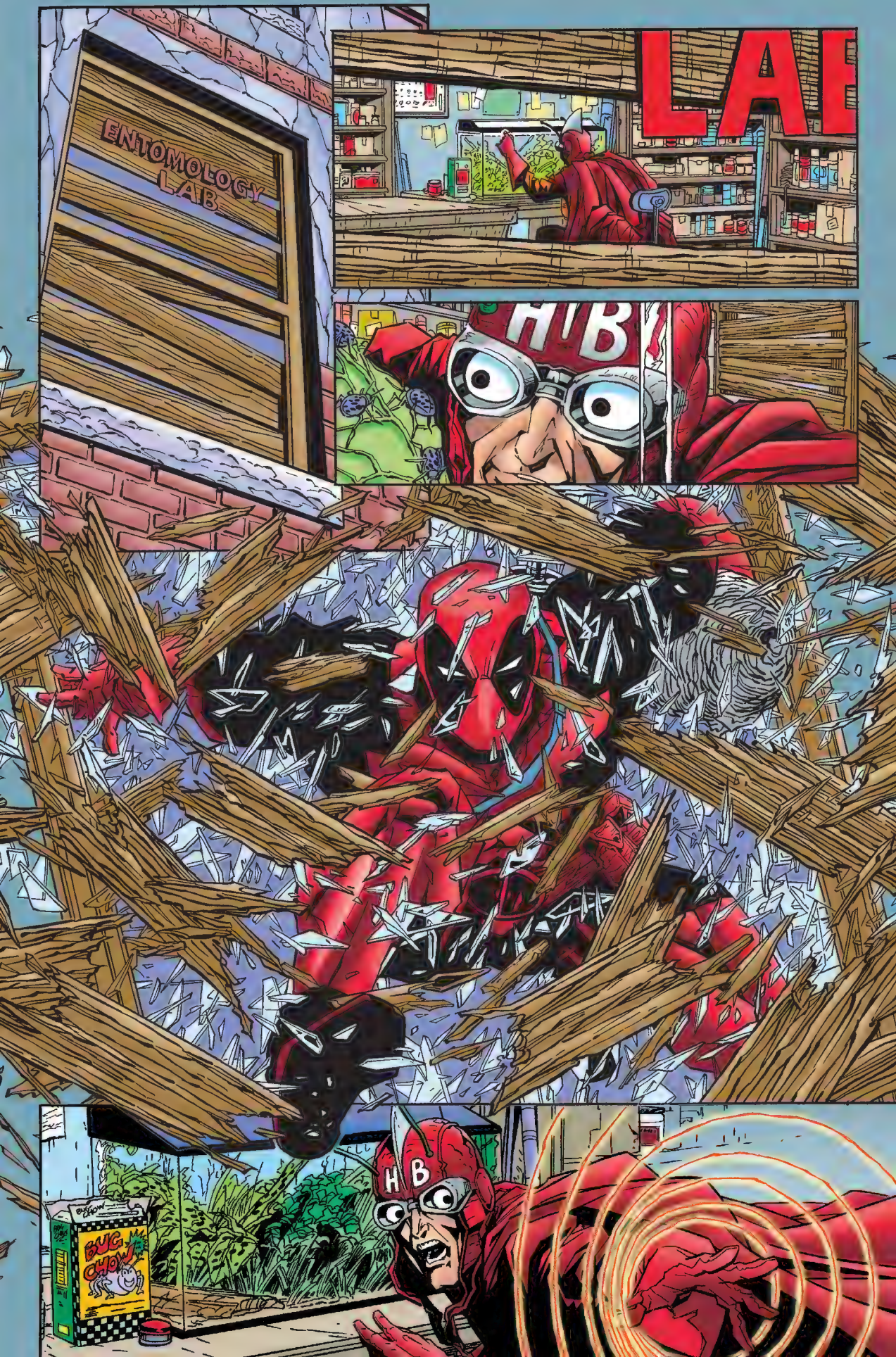
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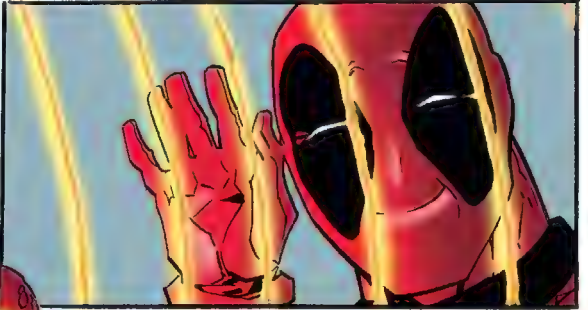
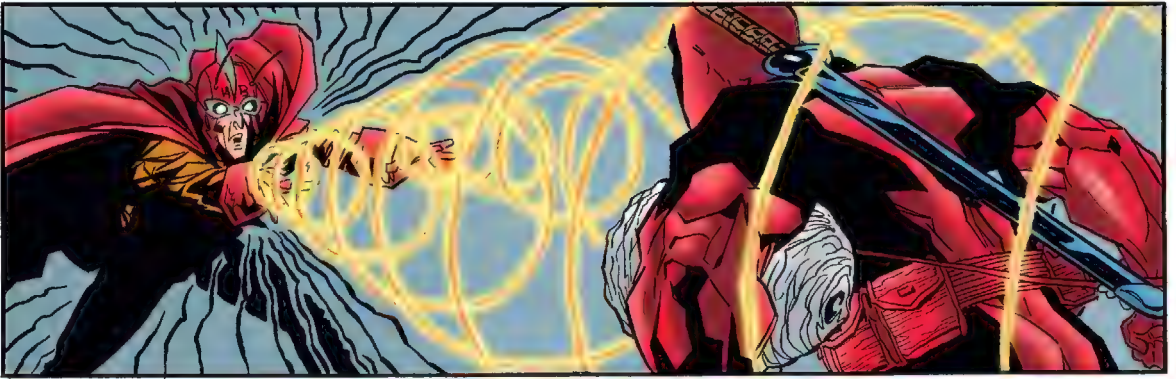


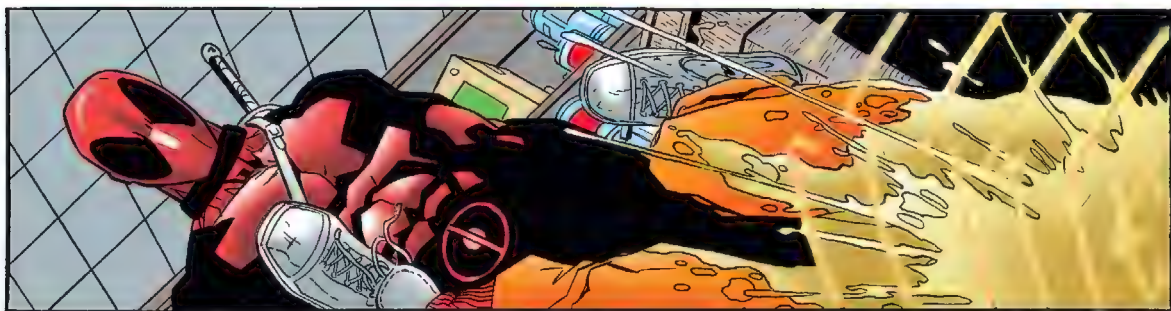
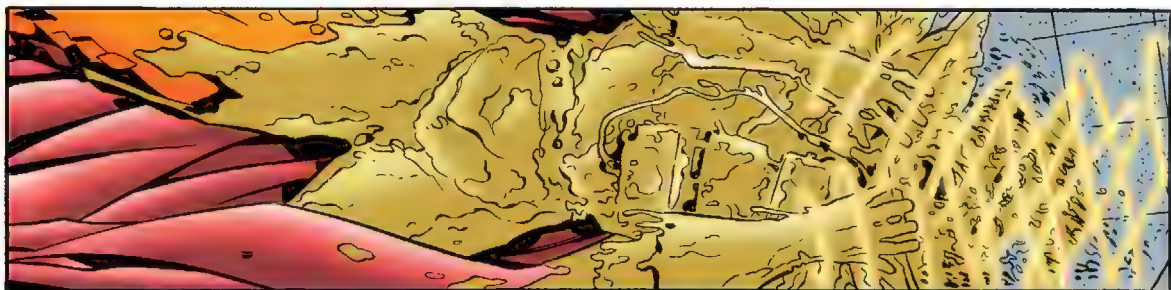
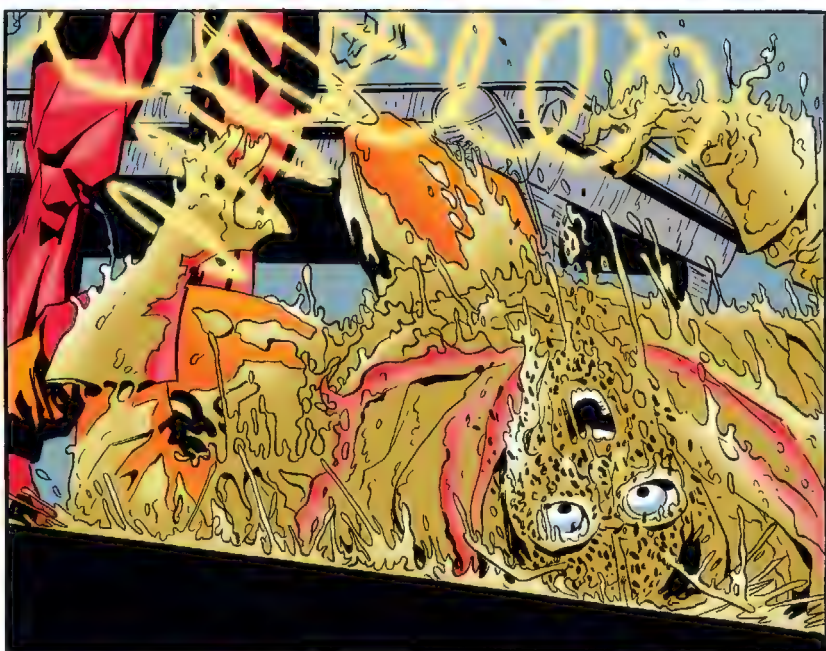


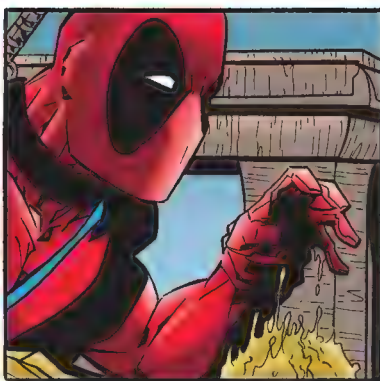
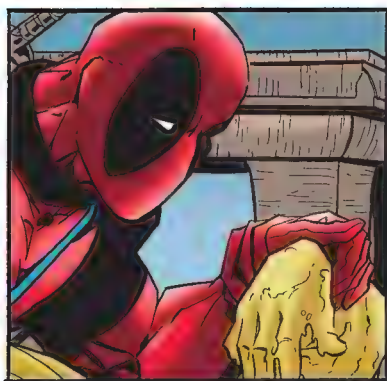
part of its curriculum next semester.
Professor Buck Mitty, Senior Entomology Professor, argued that insects are our friends and that the research he was conducting in the field was vital to the ecosystem.

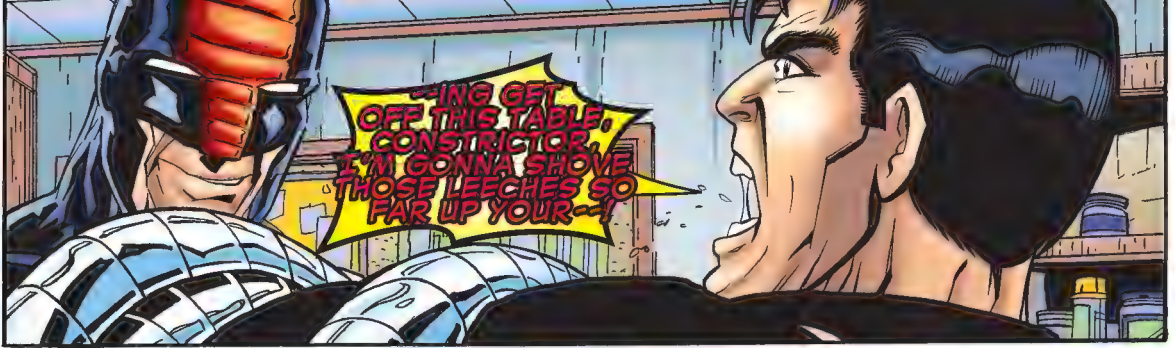












OR, MORE APPROPRIATELY, "DHUH".

THE TASKMASTER TRIES TO
USE TITANIA TO SET ME UP.
I AGREE TO PLAY ALONG
IF TITANIA CUTS ME IN
ON THE DEAL.

TASKMASTER SENDS ME
AND THREE OF HIS "STUDENTS"
ON SOME IDIOT "TRAINING
MISSION" TO RECOVER BARON
ZEMO'S SATELLITE--

--WHERE I AM PROMPTLY LEFT FOR DEAD.

**I HOT-WIRE AN
ESCAPE POD,
BUT MAKE A WRONG
TURN SOMEWHERE
AND END UP
RAMMING A SHIP
FULL OF MERCS--**

... THERE'S
NO PLACE LIKE
HOME ... THERE'S
NO PLACE LIKE
HOME ...

--WHO OFFER
ME A RIDE HOME
IF I RESCUE
THEIR LEADER, THE
DIRTY WOLFF.

WOLFF BLOWS MY
ENTIRE PLAN-- ON
PURPOSE--

-- WHICH LEADS TO
THE OBLIGATORY
CHASE SCENE.

IT WASN'T THAT I WAS AFRAID TO DIE. I WAS EMBARRASSED TO DIE THERE-- LIKE THAT.

I WANNA BE KILLED
BY PEOPLE WHO
DRESS BETTER.

WAIT ...
WAIT ... HOLD
UP--

--WHICH
ONE OF YOU
PASSED
GAS--?!?

BUT, AT THE MOMENT,
MY CHOICES WERE
FEWER AND FEWER...

**WHO WATCHES
THE WATCHER
WATCHING THE
MERC WITH
THE MOUTH?**

YES, WE GET DEADPOOL
BACK FROM SPACE AS
QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.



DEADPOOL

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

#43

WWW.MARVEL.COM

**PRIEST
CALAFIORE
HOLDREDGE**

HEY!!
YOU THERE,
BUYING THIS
BOOK!! CAN YA
CALL ME A
TAXI?



AUG



P. 1 NP. 50...

HOBOKEN

EVERY HOUR I CHECKED
MY AIR GAUGE TO SEE
HOW MUCH BREATHABLE
ATMOSPHERE I HAD LEFT.

AND EVERY HOUR I
REGRETTED HAVING
FLUNKED ANDROMEDAN
IN HIGH SCHOOL.

ONE: I WAS
STUCK OUT IN
THE MIDDLE OF
NOWHERE.

TWO: I
WOULDN'T
DIE.

COULDN'T TELL WHICH
SQUIGGLY LINE MEANT
"TOAST," BUT I WAS
REASONABLY SURE OF
TWO THINGS:

BETWEEN LOKI'S CURSE
AND MY HEALING FACTOR,
OUTER SPACE DIDN'T STAND
A CHANCE.

TRUTHFULLY, BABE,
THE WORST PART
ABOUT BEING STRANDED
ON THAT ROCK--

--WAS THAT I WASN'T
ABLE TO PICK MY NOSE.
THAT, AND NOT A TACO
BELL IN SIGHT.

IF ANYTHING, I
WAS MORE IN DANGER
OF BEING BORED TO
DEATH. WHICH, I
SUPPOSE--

--WAS STILL AN
IMPROVEMENT
ON THE WAY THINGS
HAD BEEN!

NOW, NOW,
KIDS... ONE AT
A TIME!!

THERE'S
PLENTY OF
'POOL TO GO
AROUND--!!

HEY--
BUG FACE--!

...METHINKS
HE MEANETH
I...

--STOP
SCREWIN'
AROUND!!

HEY--HEY--
HEY--!!

IF YOU'RE
GONNA GRAB
MY CHEST--

--AT LEAST
BUY ME DINNER
AND A MOVIE...

MY PEOPLE SENT
YOU HERE TO
RESCUE ME,
RIGHT--?

UUMMPFF--!<

WELL,
TECHNICALLY,
IT WAS MORE OF
A BARTER THING--
I SAVE YOU, I GET
A COOKIE.

AND A RIDE
HOME.

EXACTLY.
WELL, THEN--



SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL

--LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED!!



THE MENACED PHANTOM

(OR: DEADPOOL'S LAST, WE SWEAR, COSMIC ADVENTURE!)

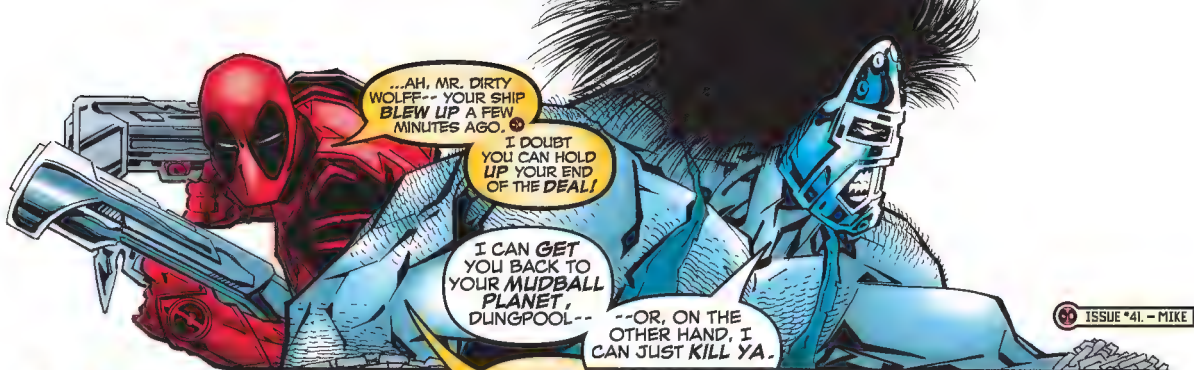
BY **PRIEST & J. CALAFIORE**
STORYTELLERS

JON HOLDREDGE
INKING

CHRIS ELIOPOULOS
LETTERING

SHANNON BLANCHARD
COLORIST

MIKE MARTS EDITOR
BOB HARRAS EDITOR IN CHIEF



SURE, DEADPOOL--
BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY
BE TOO DEAD TO
LEARN ANYTHING!

IT'S GO TIME,
CRUDFACE!!

DIRTY WOLFF HAD A HAIR-TRIGGER
TEMPER AND A PEA BRAIN, TRAITS I
CAN USUALLY USE TO MY ADVANTAGE.

WHAT HE LACKED IN
PERSONALITY, HE MORE THAN
MADE UP FOR IN SALIVA.

MEAT!!
DEAD
MEAT!!

I BRIEFLY
WONDERED IF
HE CLEARLY
UNDERSTOOD
MY PLAN.

BUT, THEN
I KNEW.

ZEEOWW!
ZEEOWW!

WHAT STARTED
OUT AS A THREE
HOUR TOUR
CA THREE
HOUR TOUR,
TURNED INTO A
MILLION LIGHT-
YEARS.

YEEARRGH!!

CHOWN!

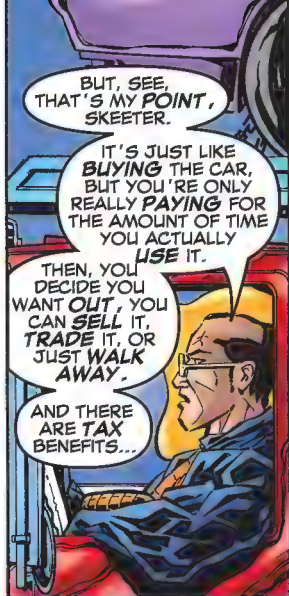
HE HADN'T A
CLUE WHAT I
WAS UP TO.

WHICH, I GUESS,
SUMMED UP THAT
WHOLE WACKY SPACE
ADVENTURE.

NEEDLESS TO SAY,
I FORGOT TO SET
MY VCR.

NOW I'LL NEVER
KNOW HOW TAD
AND DIXIE GOT
BACK TOGETHER.

OF COURSE,
IT WAS ALL
TITANIA'S
FAULT...

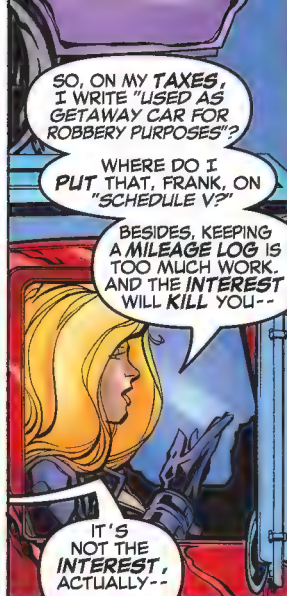


BUT, SEE, THAT'S MY POINT, SKEETER.

IT'S JUST LIKE **BUYING** THE CAR, BUT YOU'RE ONLY REALLY **PAYING** FOR THE AMOUNT OF TIME YOU ACTUALLY **USE** IT.

THEN, YOU DECIDE YOU WANT OUT, YOU CAN **SELL** IT, **TRADE** IT, OR JUST **WALK AWAY**.

AND THERE ARE TAX BENEFITS...



SO, ON MY TAXES, I WRITE "USED AS GETAWAY CAR FOR ROBBERY PURPOSES"?

WHERE DO I PUT THAT, FRANK, ON "SCHEDULE V"?

BESIDES, KEEPING A MILEAGE LOG IS TOO MUCH WORK, AND THE INTEREST WILL KILL YOU--

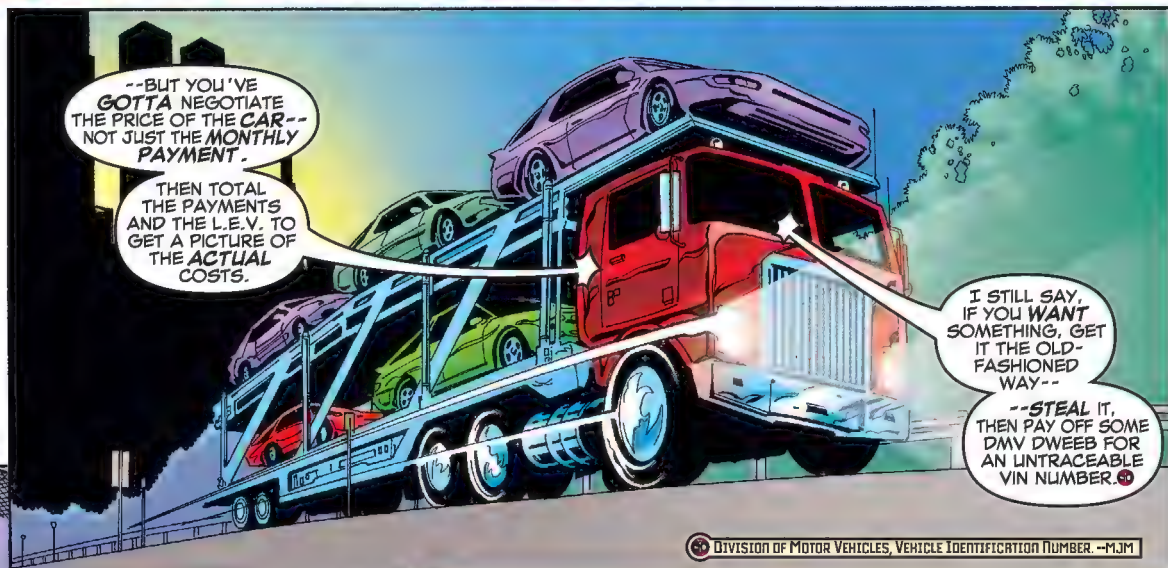
IT'S NOT THE INTEREST, ACTUALLY--



--IT'S THE L.E.V.-- THE LEASE-END VALUE THAT GETS YOU. LOTS OF TIMES THE DEALERS OVERVALUE THE CAR--

--SO IT HAS NO TRADE-IN VALUE AT LEASE END, AND YOU'RE SCREWED OUT OF YOUR EQUITY.

LEASING OFTEN CAN BE A GOOD WAY TO LOWER YOUR DRIVE-OUT COSTS AND MONTHLY PAYMENTS--



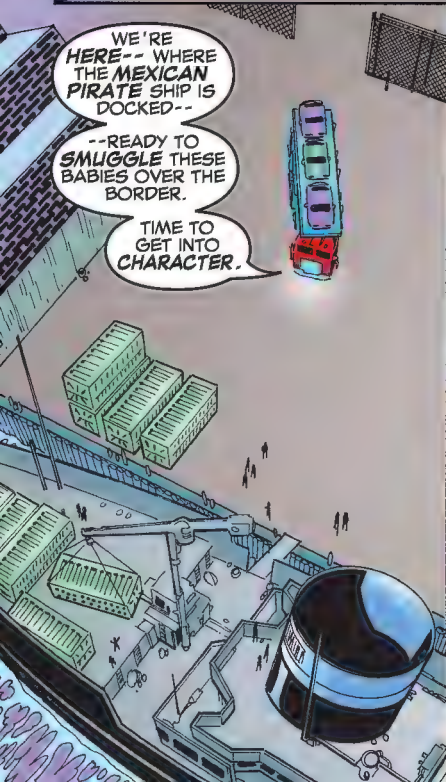
--BUT YOU'VE GOTTA NEGOTIATE THE PRICE OF THE CAR-- NOT JUST THE MONTHLY PAYMENT.

THEN TOTAL THE PAYMENTS AND THE L.E.V. TO GET A PICTURE OF THE ACTUAL COSTS.

I STILL SAY, IF YOU WANT SOMETHING, GET IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY--

--STEAL IT, THEN PAY OFF SOME DMV DWEEB FOR AN UNTRACEABLE VIN NUMBER.

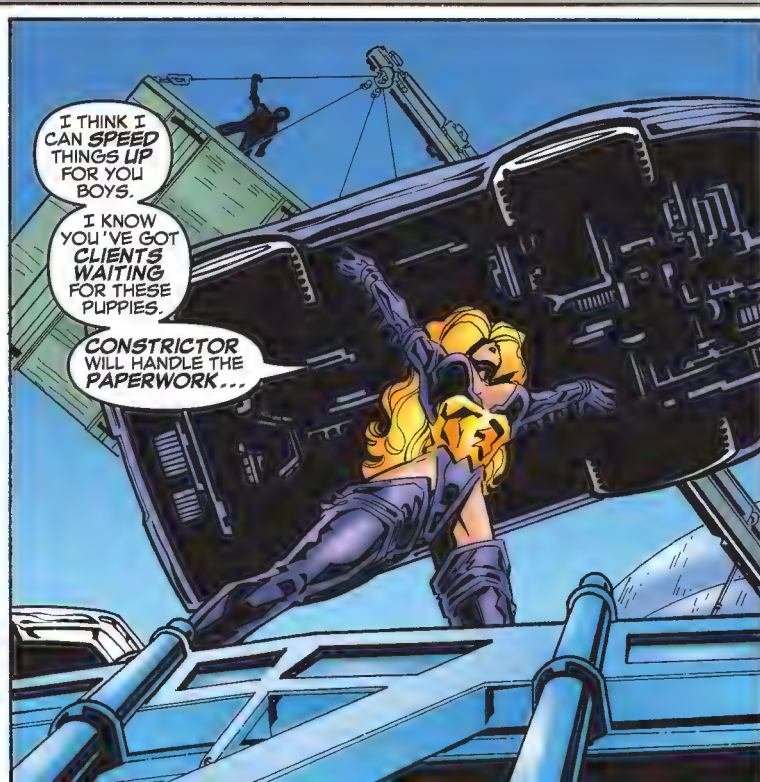
DIVISION OF MOTOR VEHICLES, VEHICLE IDENTIFICATION NUMBER. -MJM



WE'RE HERE-- WHERE THE MEXICAN PIRATE SHIP IS DOCKED--

--READY TO SMUGGLE THESE BABIES OVER THE BORDER.

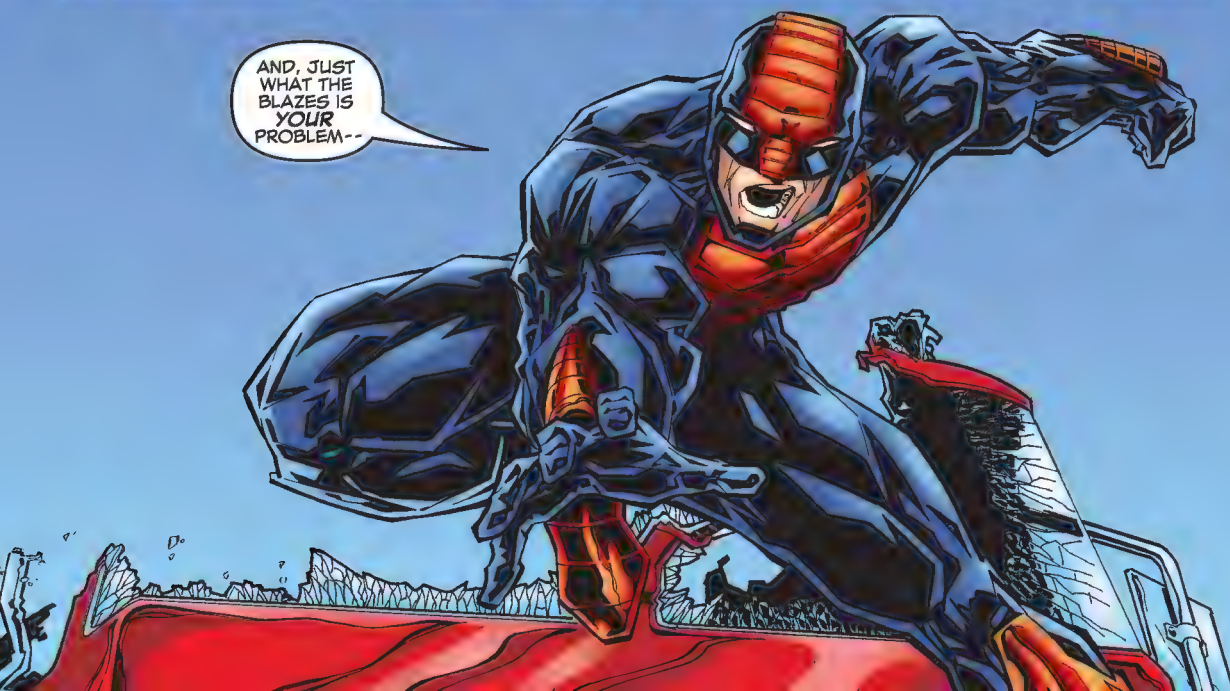
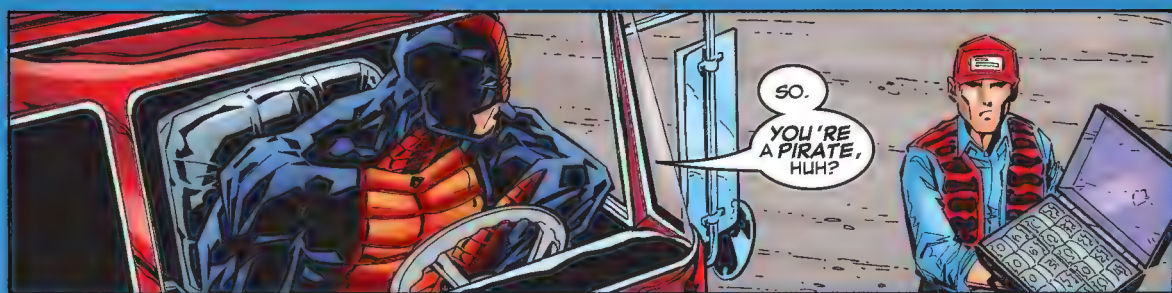
TIME TO GET INTO CHARACTER.



I THINK I CAN **SPEED** THINGS UP FOR YOU BOYS.

I KNOW YOU'VE GOT CLIENTS WAITING FOR THESE PUPPIES.

CONSTRUCTOR WILL HANDLE THE PAPERWORK...



**-ABSORBING
MAN?!**

YOU TRYIN' TO MESS MY DEAL HERE, SCHLICHTING?!

FAT CHANCE, CREEL!

WE HAD OUR DEAL SET UP WEEKS AGO!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KINDA **LOVERS SPAT** YOU'RE HAVING WITH **TITANIA**, BUT LET'S KEEP IT OUT OF THE **BUSINESS**, Huh?

I GOT **THREE TRAILERS** OF HOT **PORSCHE**S, AND THERE'S ONLY **50** MANY **SUITCASES** OF **CASH** TO GO AROUND!

WHAT SAY YOU TAKE YOUR **BUSINESS** ELSEWHERE?!

WHAT ARE YOU **BLABBIN'** ABOUT, **SCHLICHTING**?! THIS'S GOT **NOTHIN'** T'DO WITH **TITANIA**!!

NEWS FLASH, **CHROME-DOME**-- THIS HEIST WAS YOUR **ESTRANGED WIFE'S** IDEA!

HEY-- WHO'RE YOU CALLIN' **STRANGE**--?!

I DON'T APPRECIATE YOU CALLIN' MY **BABY NAMES**-- ESPECIALLY NOW-- IN HER **CONDITION**!!

SEE THOR #26, ON SALE NOW--MIKE

WHAT "CONDITION"? "MAJOR CRANK-ITIS"--?

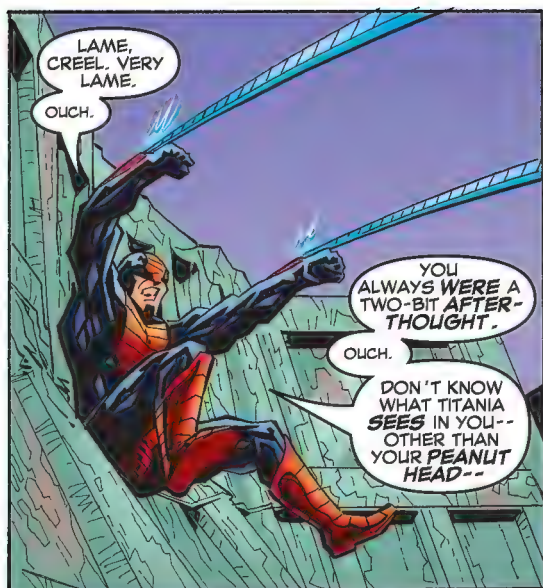
THERE A **CREEL JUNIOR** ON THE WAY OR SOMETHING?!

I WARNED YOU, **SCHLICHTING**--

--AND NOW THAT I'VE **ABSORBED** THE PROPERTIES OF YOUR **VIBRANIUM COILS** AND THE **ELECTRICITY** FLOWIN' THROUGH 'EM--

--I'LL SHUT YER YAP FOR YA!!

ZZZACKBOOM!



LAME, CREEL. VERY LAME.

OUCH.

YOU ALWAYS WERE A TWO-BIT AFTER-THOUGHT.

OUCH.

DON'T KNOW WHAT TITANIA SEES IN YOU-- OTHER THAN YOUR PEANUT HEAD--



--YEAH, SKEETER-- WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS LOSER--?

WHO ARE YOU TALKIN' TO, CONSTRICTOR?!

WHO ELSE--?! YOUR WIFE!

TITANIA IS HOME IN BED YOU MORON!

CREEL, WHAT ARE YOU, BLIND--?

SHE'S RIGHT ON TOP OF THAT TRUCK--!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KINDA GAME YOU'RE PLAYIN', SCHLICHTING, BUT NOW IS THE WRONG TIME TO BE TALKIN' ABOUT--



I AGREE--

--MY--
EERRRKK!



--BUT, THEN, THERE'S NEVER REALLY A GOOD TIME TO TALK ABOUT ONE'S ERRK.

MORON.

OH, AND THANKS FOR THE HELP, TITANIA.

TITANIA--?



--?!

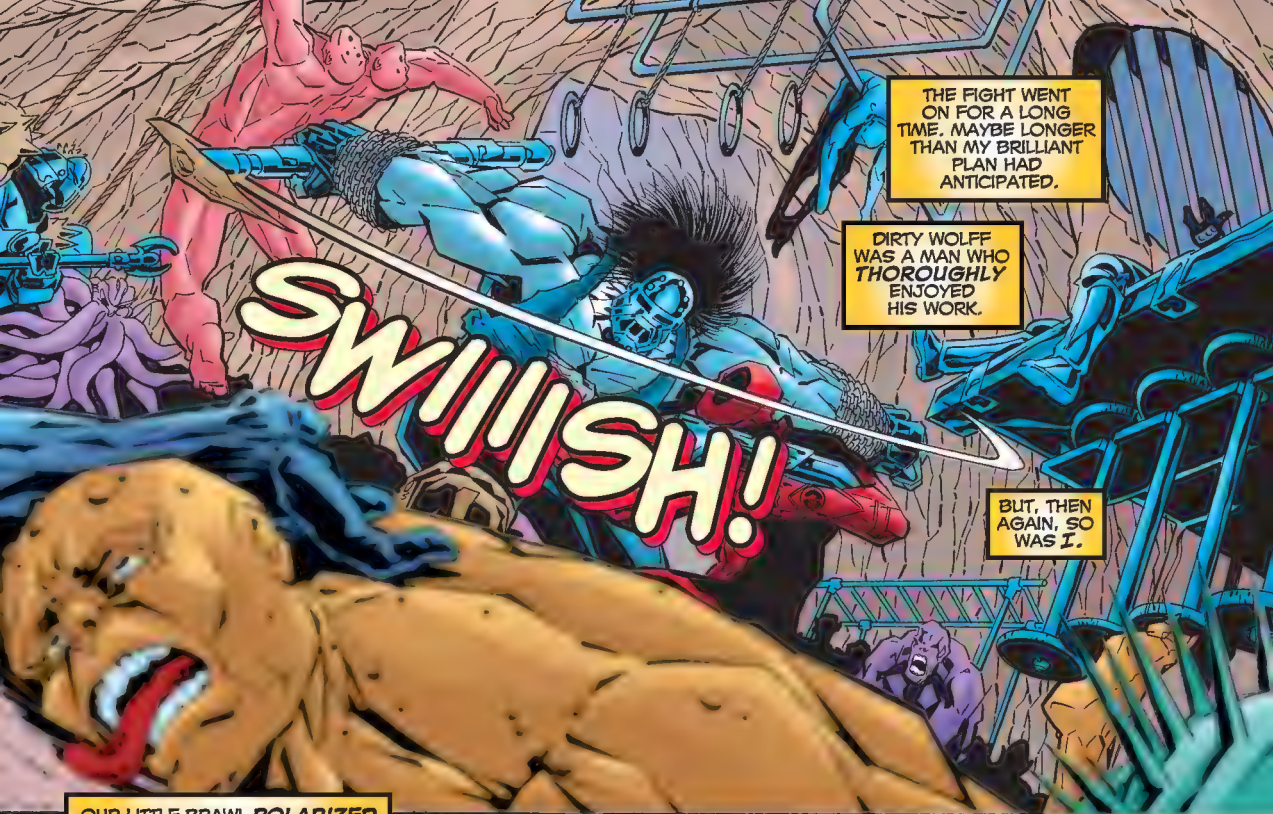
WHERE'D SHE GO?



SCHLICHTING!

AND, MORE IMPORTANT--

--WHAT WAS CREEL TALKING ABOUT?



THE FIGHT WENT ON FOR A LONG TIME. MAYBE LONGER THAN MY BRILLIANT PLAN HAD ANTICIPATED.

DIRTY WOLFF WAS A MAN WHO THOROUGHLY ENJOYED HIS WORK.

BUT, THEN AGAIN, SO WAS I.

SWIIISH!

OUR LITTLE BRAWL POLARIZED THE YOKELS. BY THE TIME ANY OF THEM FIGURED OUT WHICH SIDE THEY WERE ON--

WHICH MEANT IT WAS TIME TO MAKE OUR MOVE...

OK... OK, WOLFF... NOW.



CHUNK!

--WE'D STRATEGICALLY DIVIDED THE MOB UP INTO MORE CONVENIENT, EASILY ZAP-ABLE MOBLETS.

YER FRASSIN' RIGHT. "NOW"! "NOW" YOU CROAK!!

NO-- WOLFF-- I MEAN NOWWWWWW.

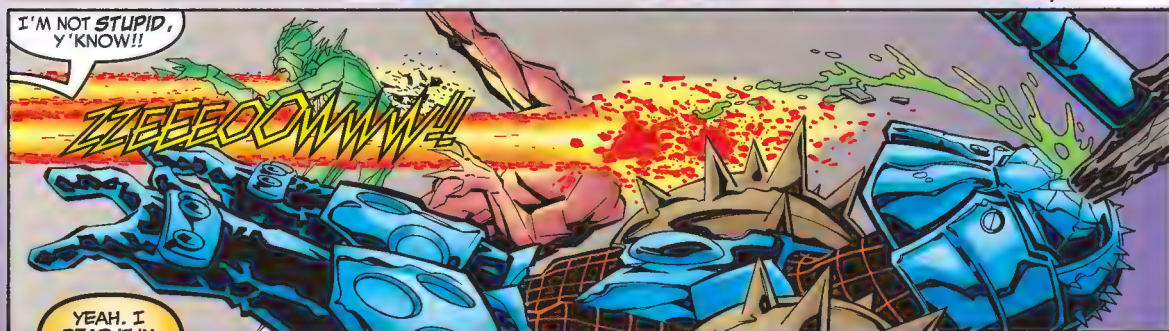
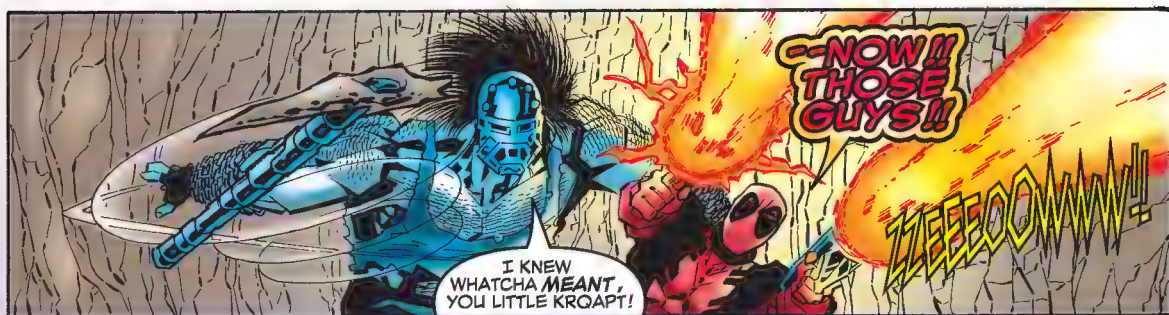
WHAT THE GALEEP ARE YOU JABBERIN' ABOUT?!!

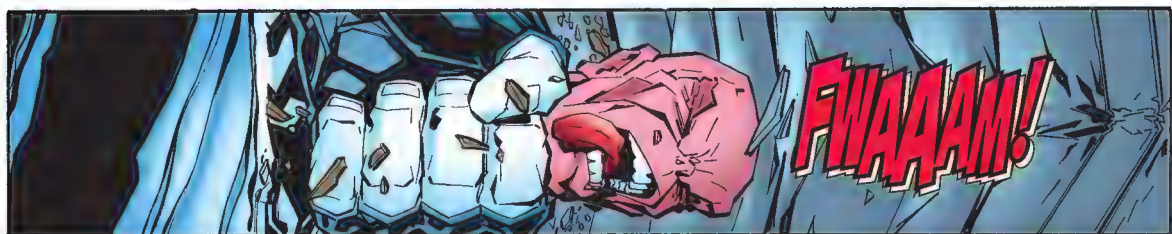
GEEZ.

WHAT PLANET IS THIS GUY FROM?!

BENZWEZIL!

IT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION... WOLFF--





FWAAAM!



...GREAT KEY, FANG...

FOLLOW ME.

AH... OKAY...

...WE'RE NOT GONNA...

...I MEAN, THERE'S NO GROUP BATHING IN THIS PLAN OF YOURS, IS THERE--?

MEANWHILE, THE WARDEN, LUCIFER RASPUTIN, WAS HUNTING US DOWN LIKE O.J. SEARCHING FOR THE "REAL KILLERS".



I WANT ALL OF THESE INMATES CONTAINED--

WARDEN, DIRTY WOLFF HAS BREACHED THE CONTROL AREA! WE NEED A SUPPORT UNIT TO SWEEP THE--

YOU'RE TOUCHING ME.



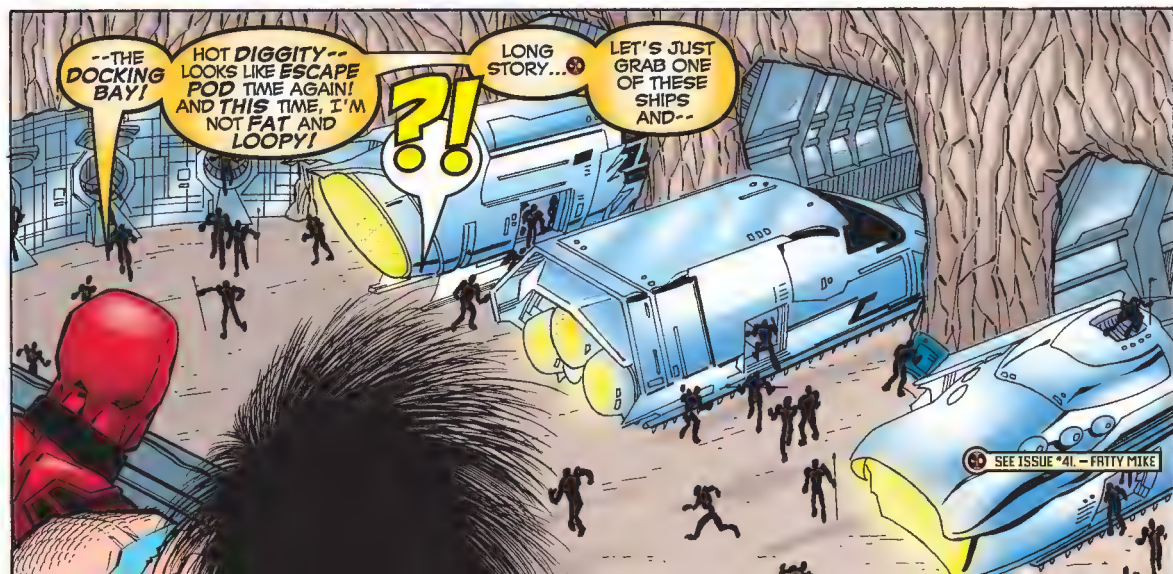
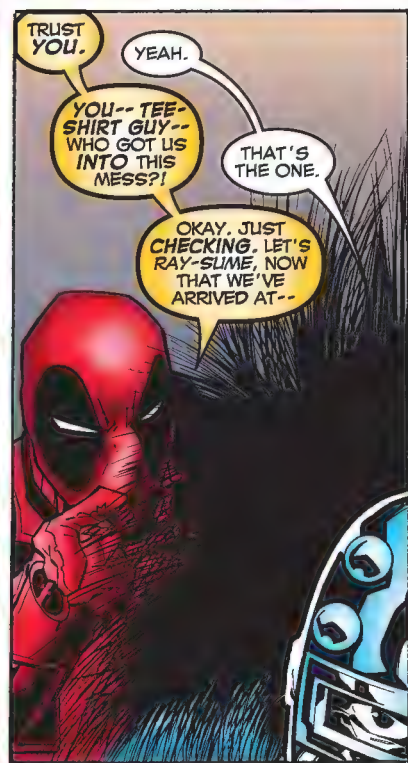
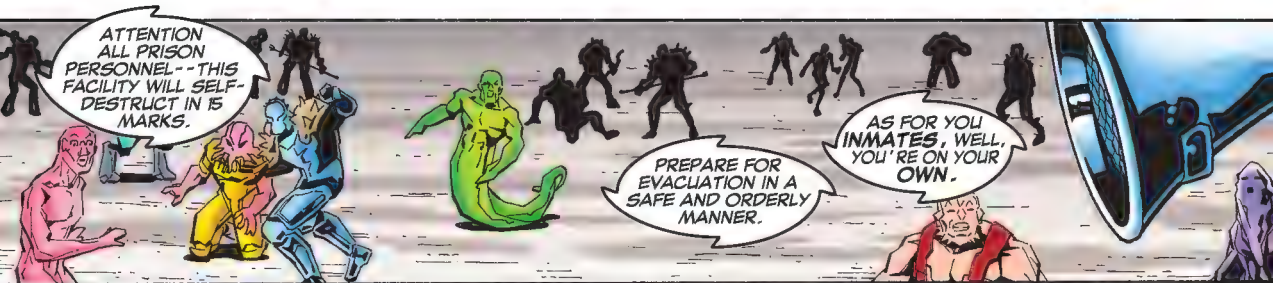
LAYING YOUR HANDS ON A SUPERIOR IS A DIRECT VIOLATION OF POLICY D12.4, ARTICLE C.

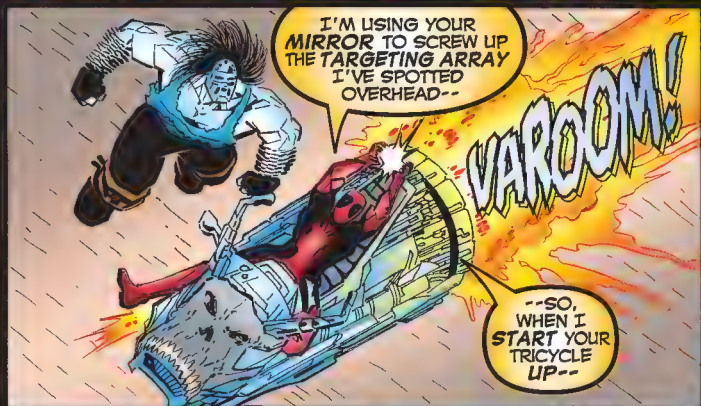
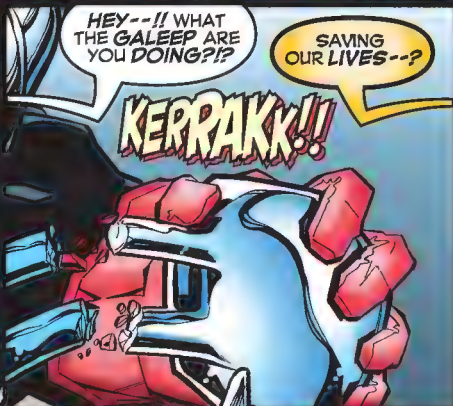
WHA--? WAIT--!

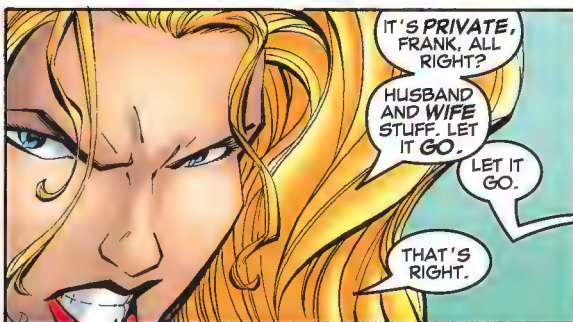
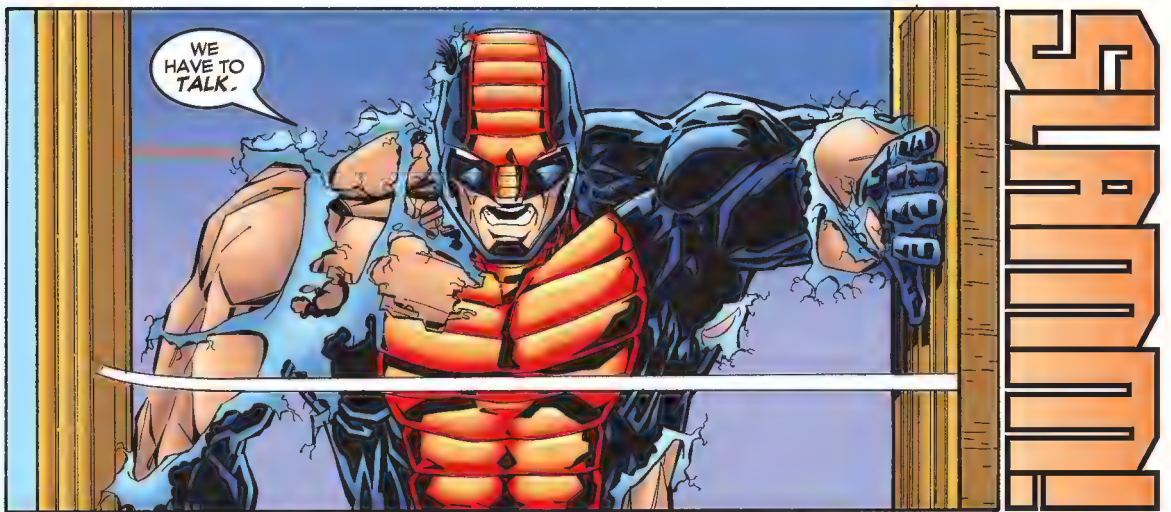
AGGH--!

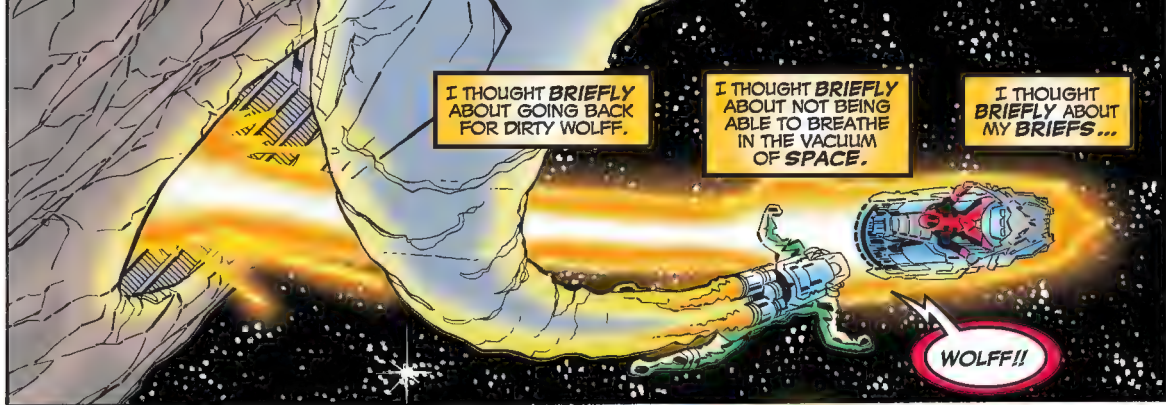
I KNOW HOW TO FLUSH THE WOLFF OUT...

...ACTIVATE THE COMM SYSTEM.









I THOUGHT BRIEFLY ABOUT GOING BACK FOR DIRTY WOLFF.

I THOUGHT BRIEFLY ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO BREATHE IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE.

I THOUGHT BRIEFLY ABOUT MY BRIEFS...

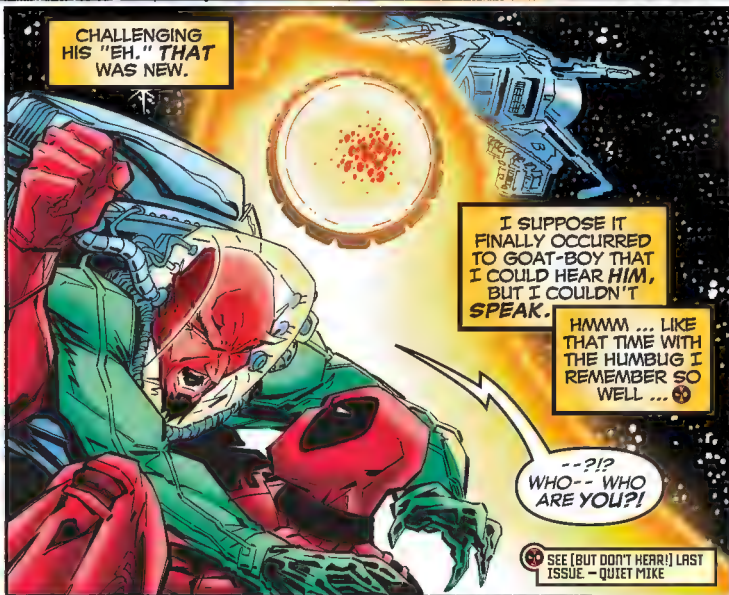
WOLFF!!



THAT'S WHEN THE WARDEN, IN FULL VENDETTA MODE, SNAGGED ME.

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM! HOW I'D LONGED FOR YOU TO ATTEMPT ESCAPE!

YOU ALONE, OF ALL MY PRISONERS, TRULY CHALLENGE ME-- EH--?



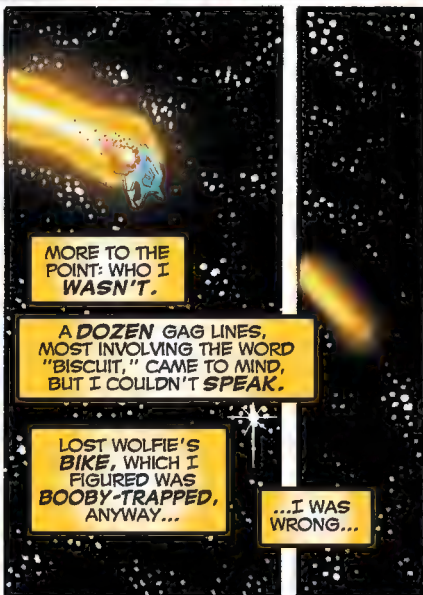
CHALLENGING HIS "EH." THAT WAS NEW.

I SUPPOSE IT FINALLY OCCURRED TO GOAT-BOY THAT I COULD HEAR HIM, BUT I COULDN'T SPEAK.

HMWW ... LIKE THAT TIME WITH THE HUMBUG I REMEMBER SO WELL ...

--?!? WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?!

SEE [BUT DON'T HEAR!] LAST ISSUE - QUIET MIKE



MORE TO THE POINT: WHO I WASN'T.

A DOZEN GAG LINES, MOST INVOLVING THE WORD "BISCUIT," CAME TO MIND, BUT I COULDN'T SPEAK.

LOST WOLFFIE'S BIKE, WHICH I FIGURED WAS BOOBY-TRAPPED, ANYWAY...

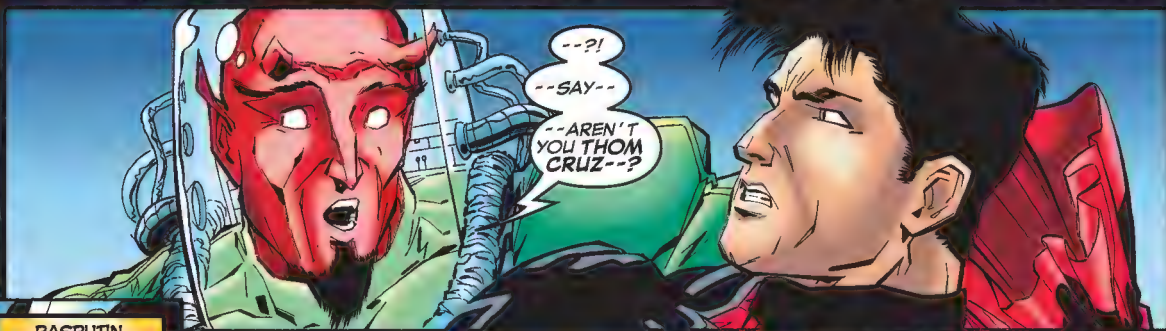
...I WAS WRONG...



PERHAPS YOU ARE WOLFF UNDER THIS RIDICULOUS MASK!!

REGARDLESS OF WHO YOU ARE, I ASSURE YOU, YOU SHALL--

SURE, WOLFF MINUS 500 POUNDS...



RASPUTIN
HESITATED FOR
A SECOND.

THE ANSWER
TO HIS FIRST
QUESTION WAS
SHADDAP.

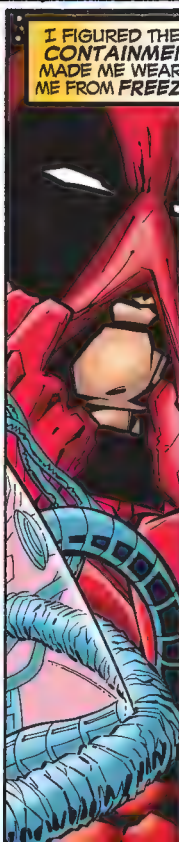


MORE THAN
ENOUGH TIME
TO JAM UP
HIS THRUSTER
CONTROL!

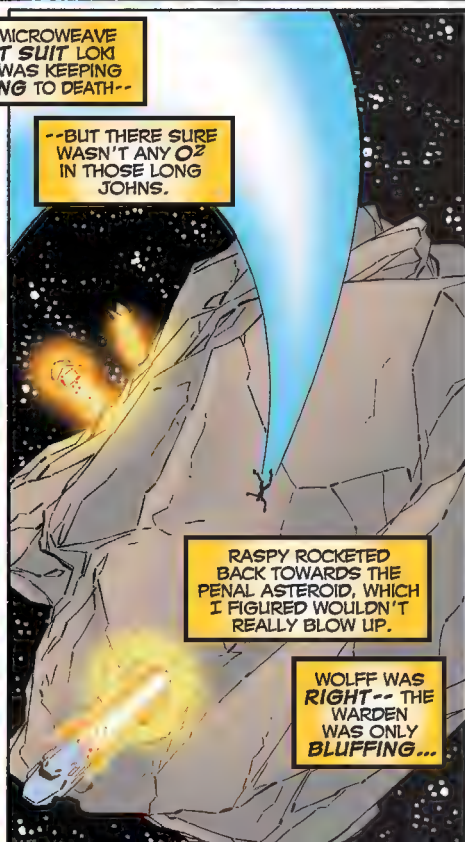


AND THE
GOAT-BOY
WINS A
COOKIE.

I WAS
MUCH MORE
INTERESTED
IN HIS SCUBA
GEAR.



I FIGURED THE MICROWEAVE
CONTAINMENT SUIT LOKI
MADE ME WEAR WAS KEEPING
ME FROM FREEZING TO DEATH--



--BUT THERE SURE
WASN'T ANY OZ
IN THOSE LONG
JOHNS.

RASPY ROCKETED
BACK TOWARDS THE
PENAL ASTEROID, WHICH
I FIGURED WOULDN'T
REALLY BLOW UP.

WOLFF WAS
RIGHT-- THE
WARDEN
WAS ONLY
BLUFFING...

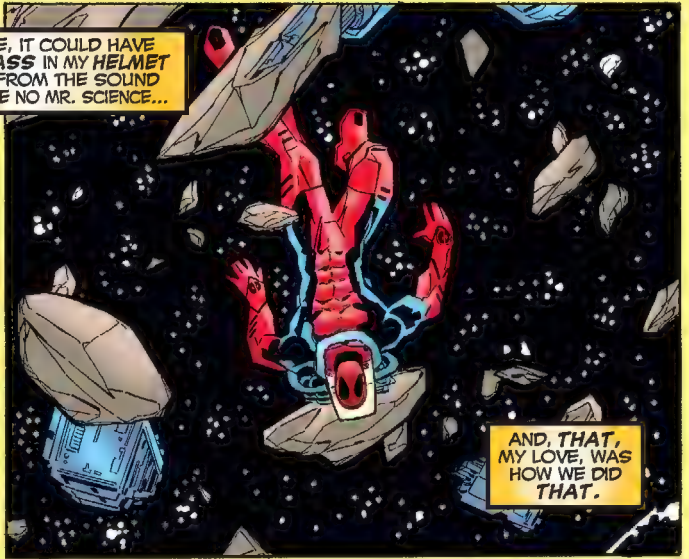
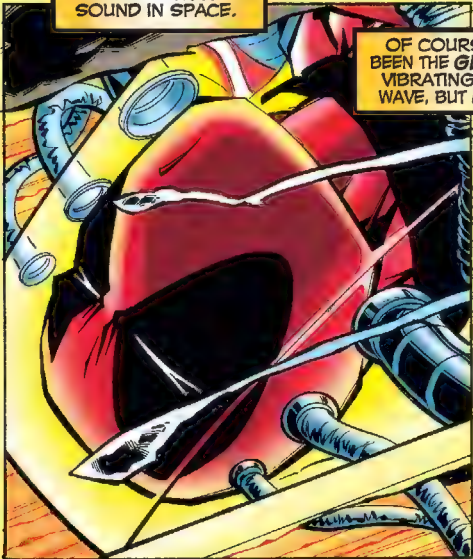
WAAAAARRROOOOOOONNN!!!

...WOW...

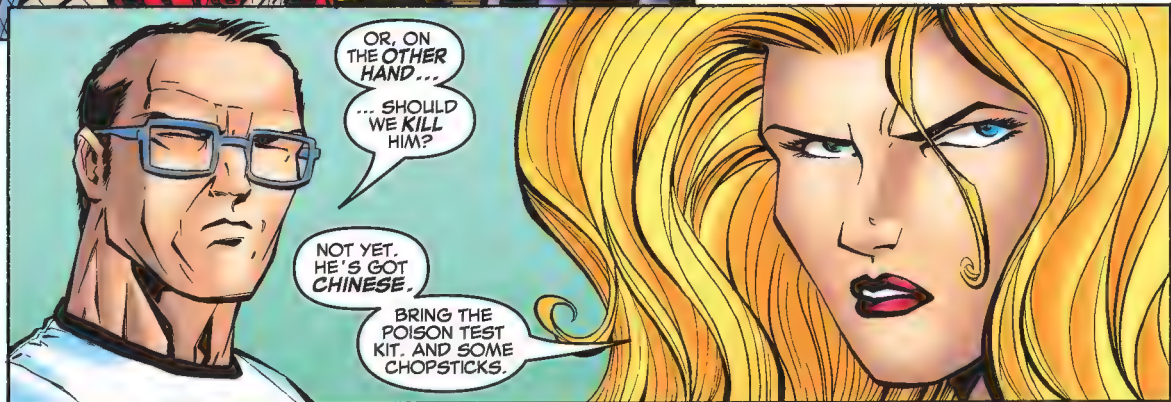
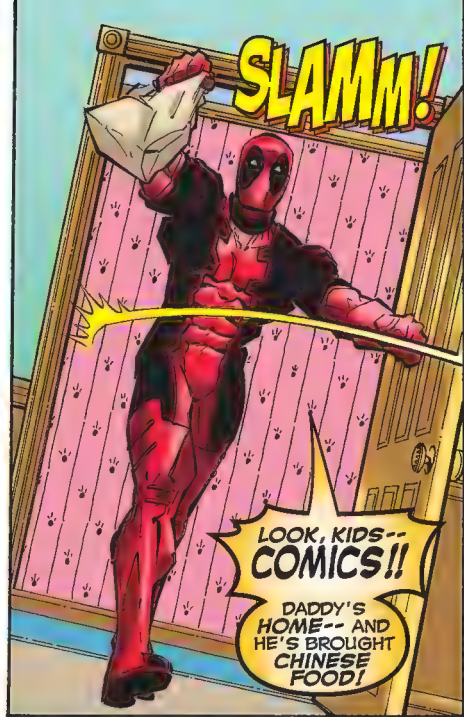
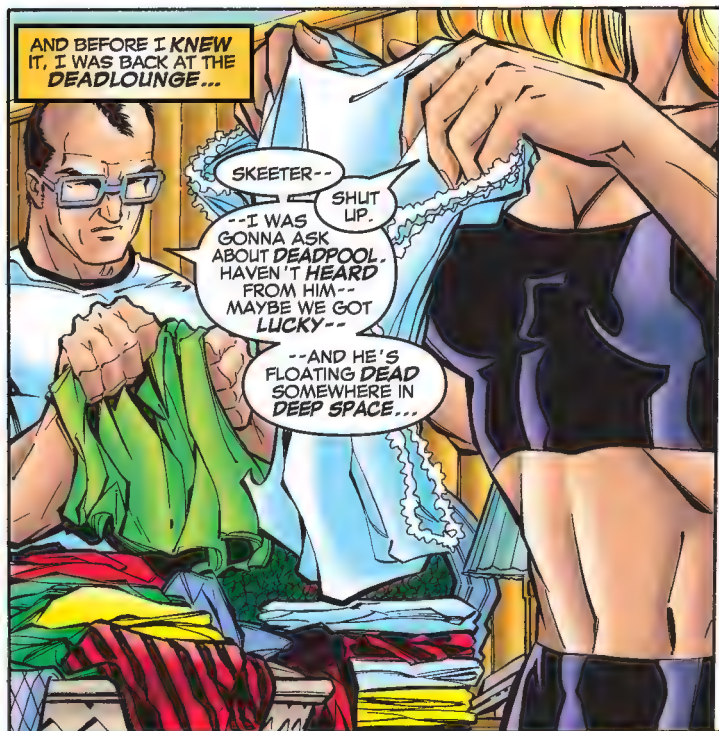


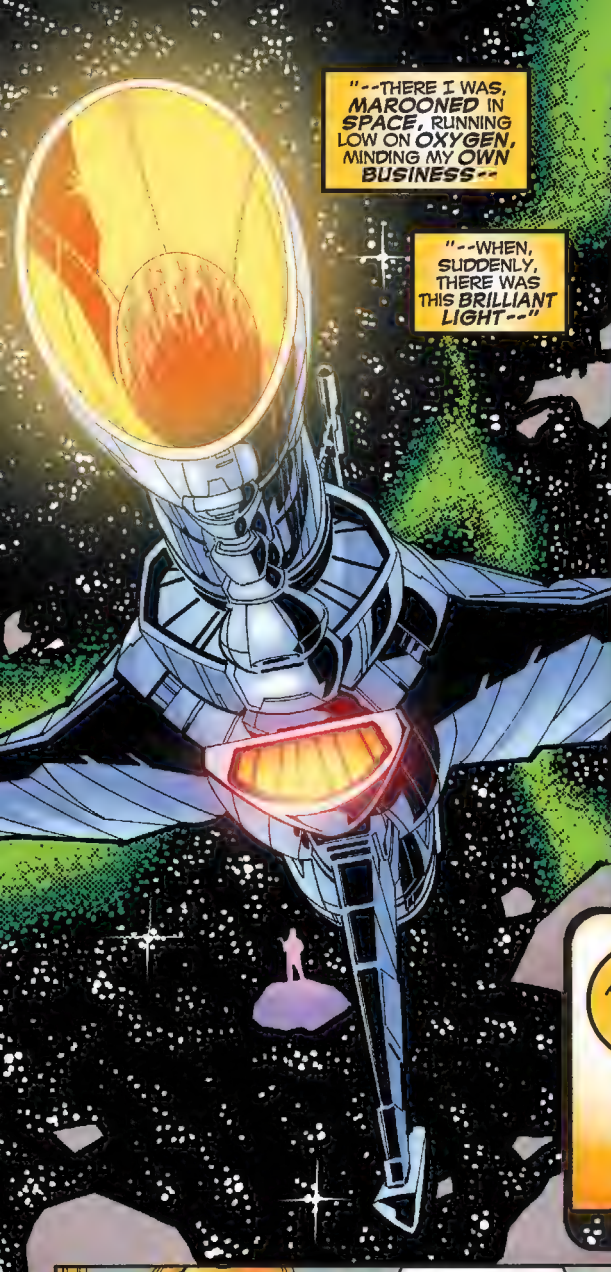
...THERE
ACTUALLY WAS
SOUND IN SPACE.

OF COURSE, IT COULD HAVE
BEEN THE GLASS IN MY HELMET
VIBRATING FROM THE SOUND
WAVE, BUT ME NO MR. SCIENCE...



AND, THAT,
MY LOVE, WAS
HOW WE DID
THAT.





"--THERE I WAS, MAROONED IN SPACE, RUNNING LOW ON OXYGEN, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS--"

"--WHEN, SUDDENLY, THERE WAS THIS BRILLIANT LIGHT--"



YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO COULD USE A LIFT.

I'M CORSAIR.

MY FRIENDS AND I WOULD BE HAPPY TO DROP YOU OFF-- AFTER WE COMPLETE OUR CURRENT MISSION, WHICH IS--

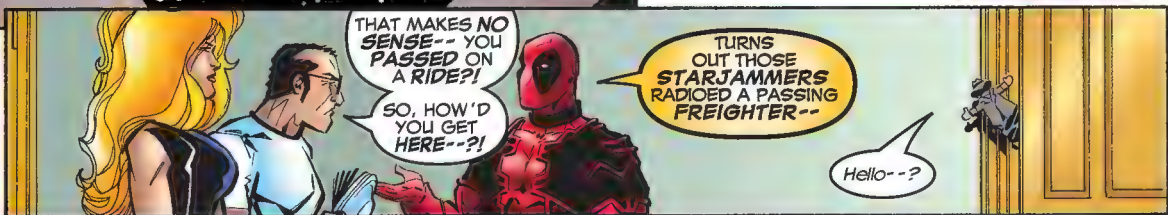
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE--



--I'M REALLY NOT A COSMIC ADVENTURE-TYPE GUY. NO OFFENSE, BUT I REALLY DON'T BELONG OUT HERE.

AND I REALLY DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT UP IN WHATEVER YOU FOLKS ARE UP TO.

THANKS BUT NO THANKS-- I'LL CATCH THE NEXT ONE.

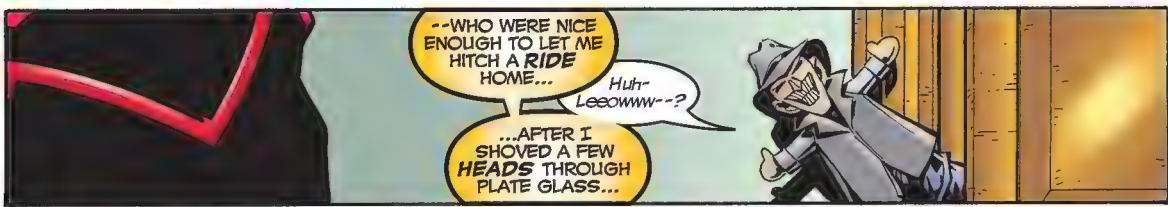


THAT MAKES NO SENSE-- YOU PASSED ON A RIDE?!

SO, HOW'D YOU GET HERE--?!

TURNS OUT THOSE STARJAMMERS RADIOED A PASSING FREIGHTER--

Hello--?



--WHO WERE NICE ENOUGH TO LET ME HITCH A RIDE HOME...

Huh-- Leeowww--?

...AFTER I SHOVED A FEW HEADS THROUGH PLATE GLASS...



...AND THAT WAS JUST ON ONE GUY...

...SPEAKING OF MULTIPLE HEADS... WHO MIGHT YOU BE--?

I AM YOUR NEW CLIENT... ONE WITH A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT TAILOR MADE FOR YOU--



--AND YOUR
LITTLE DOG,
TOO!

NEXT:

DEADPOOL,
THE BLACK PANTHER,
AND ACHEBE MAKES
THREE!

MARVEL[®]
COMICS

CAT TRAP

PT 1 OF 2

DEAD- POOL

#44

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**PRIEST
CALAFIORE
HOLDREDGE**

**GUEST-
STARRING
BLACK
PANTHER
AND THE
AVENGERS**



The story thus far:

Although KING T'CHALLA of Wakanda, my CLIENT, was finally out of his COMA, he was still too WEAK to move about on his own. Dr. Tambak confined him to a zero-G transport, which the client immediately took down into the TECHNO-JUNGLE.

A Stanley Kubrick-James Cameron NIGHTMARE, the Techno-Jungle was an eerie shadow world, a city beneath the city of Central Wakanda. An impossible MAZE jammed with tangles of fiber optic cabling and high-tech devices.

Very few people were AUTHORIZED to be down there (least of all me -- EVERETT K. ROSS, U.S. State Department schlub). Any poor slob dumb enough to find his way down there could wander, lost, for WEEKS before dying of dehydration.

There was NO LIGHT. No SKY to navigate by. No "You are HERE" arrow signs posted. There was only a jigsaw of interlocking tunnels that had no rhyme or reason to most anyone but the king himself--

--which fairly MIRRORED my client's personality.

THE KING AND I

Until the recent COLLAPSE of the Wakandan economy, he was one of the world's RICHEST and most technologically proficient men. Bill Gates meets Shaka Zulu.

He was KING of one of the most technologically advanced countries in the WORLD. I'd known him for quite a while now, but the man was still a MYSTERY to me.

He was, ultimately, a bit UNKNOWNABLE. Compassionate eyes that told you absolutely NOTHING about what he was thinking.

He did most everything for his own reasons. Like the jungle cats his religion deified, he was a CUNNING man, always three steps ahead of his enemies.

Which, I supposed, was why he was THERE.

An informed GUESS was the best anyone could ever do. It was possible, given his humiliating LOSS of Killmonger's TRIBAL CHALLENGE--

--that the client had gone to the Techno-Jungle for some PRIVACY. It may have been the tribal equivalent of hiding under the BED.

In an effort to THWART Erik Killmonger's challenge, the client had DISSOLVED his political government and CRASHED the Wakandan economy.

The rule of LAW thus became TRIBAL over POLITICAL. And, while the client was still KING, his loss of Killmonger's challenge STRIPPED him of his most IMPORTANT role--

--that of CHIEFTAIN.

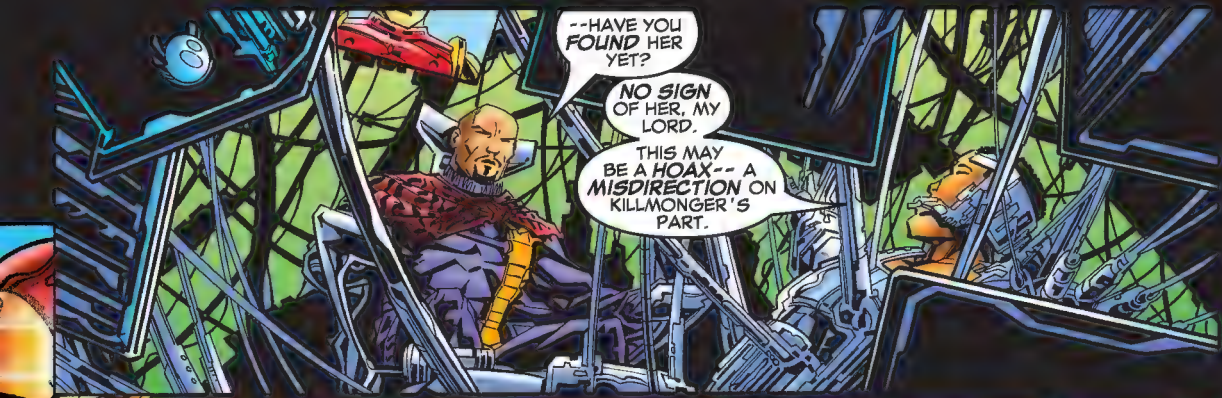
King T'Challa of Wakanda was NO LONGER The Black Panther...

...thanks, largely, to ME...

His NEXT move was ANYBODY's guess...

ENTER, MY LORD!

TAKU-- MY MOST LOYAL FRIEND AND MINISTER OF COMMUNICATION--



--HAVE YOU FOUND HER YET?

NO SIGN OF HER, MY LORD.

THIS MAY BE A HOAX-- A MISDIRECTION ON KILLMONGER'S PART.

Malice

I DOUBT IT.

BROTHER VOODOO WAS ALMOST FATALLY WOUNDED-- HIS THROAT CUT BY AN UNSEEN ASSAILANT--

--WHO TOLD VOODOO HER NAME--



--MALICE. KILLMONGER'S PROTÉGÉ.

A DEADLY, MANIACAL, GENETICALLY-ENHANCED WOMAN WITH VAST STRENGTH AND UNERRING ACCURACY.

IT STANDS TO REASON: IF KILLMONGER HAS RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE-- SO HAS SHE.

NONE OF THE MANSION'S INTERNAL SENSORS HAVE PICKED UP ANYONE MATCHING MALICE'S DESCRIPTION, MY LORD.

VOODOO DID NOT SEE HER, BUT ONLY HEARD HER WHISPER HER NAME AS SHE VANISHED.

KILLMONGER RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE RADICALLY CHANGED, TAKU. IT IS POSSIBLE MALICE IS AMONG US--

--AND WE DO NOT HAVE A CLUE AS TO WHO OR EVEN WHAT WE ARE LOOKING FOR.

ALSO, N'JADAKA IS AT AVENGERS MANSION. IRON MAN CONTINUES TO CALL-- WHAT SHOULD I TELL HIM--?

NOTHING..

THE MAN HE IS CALLING FOR NO LONGER EXISTS...



SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! **STAN LEE PRESENTS:**

DEADPOOL

CATTRAP

(Or: "Wakanda Merc Are You?")

The **OTHER** half of this story began in a secret luxury condo built under Soho.

A place most anybody **BUT** the cops could find, especially if they were looking for...

DEADPOOL

ALL
RIGHT...

...NOBODY
MOVE OR
THE PUPPET
GETS IT!



By:

STORYTELLERS

Priest n' Calafiore

Jon Holdredge
INKING

Chris Eliopoulos
LETTERING

Shannon Blanchard
COLORIST

Mike Marts
EDITOR

Bob Harras
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

THE USUAL

Not much is known about the mercenary named DEADPOOL, but what little IS known will make your HEAD explode.

Here's my BEST shot at it.

END OF THE LINE, RAT-BOY.

ALAS! AND WOE IS ME! DAKI IS LINDONE!

Deadpool was once a top-flight mercenary named Wade Wilson who volunteered for Canada's WEAPON X program in hope of finding a cure for his CANCER.

GET REAL, BUG-FACE! I'M THE BRAINS OF THIS OUTFIT!

What he GOT was an advanced, rapid HEALING FACTOR--

--and peeling, deformed skin that looked a lot like the Mole Man in a thong.

YOU AND ME ARE GONNA DO GREAT THINGS TOGETHER, WADE! BUT, FIRST--

What little I could find on Deadpool lists him as certifiably INSANE--

--which made him a perfect match for his new client--

--WE NEED TO DO A LITTLE HOUSE-CLEANING--

I TRUST YOU'RE ENJOYING YOURSELF, MR. WILSON!

DAKI CAN BE... MOST ENTERTAINING! HOWEVER, YOU DO REALIZE--

The Reverend Michael Ibn al-hajj Achebe once chased a man 8 miles across the desert just because the guy had sold his wife a pair of SHOES.

A KOOK of the FIRST order, Achebe once took over Wakanda by coup de etat and then FLED the country after the Black Panther returned.☹

No one had seen him OR his hand puppet in MONTHS.





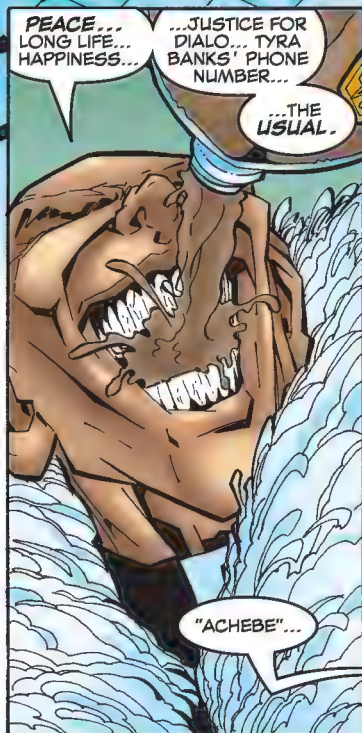
--DAKI IS MERELY A HAND PUPPET, YES--?

YOU WERE THREATENING YOUR OWN HAND. A COMMON MISTAKE.

I USE POST-IT NOTES TO REMIND MYSELF...

YEAH, WHATEVER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT--?!

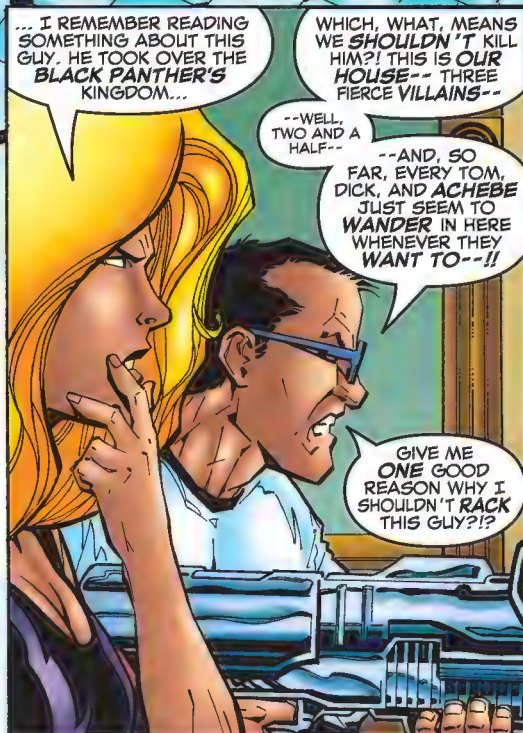


PEACE... LONG LIFE... HAPPINESS...

...JUSTICE FOR DIALO... TYRA BANKS' PHONE NUMBER...

...THE USUAL.

"ACHEBE"...



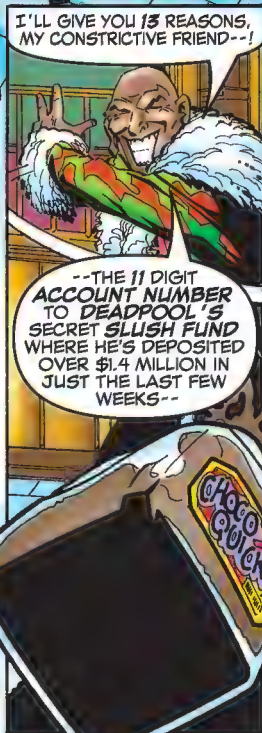
... I REMEMBER READING SOMETHING ABOUT THIS GUY. HE TOOK OVER THE BLACK PANTHER'S KINGDOM...

WHICH, WHAT, MEANS WE **SHOULDN'T** KILL HIM?! THIS IS **OUR HOUSE**-- THREE FIERCE VILLAINS--

--WELL, TWO AND A HALF--

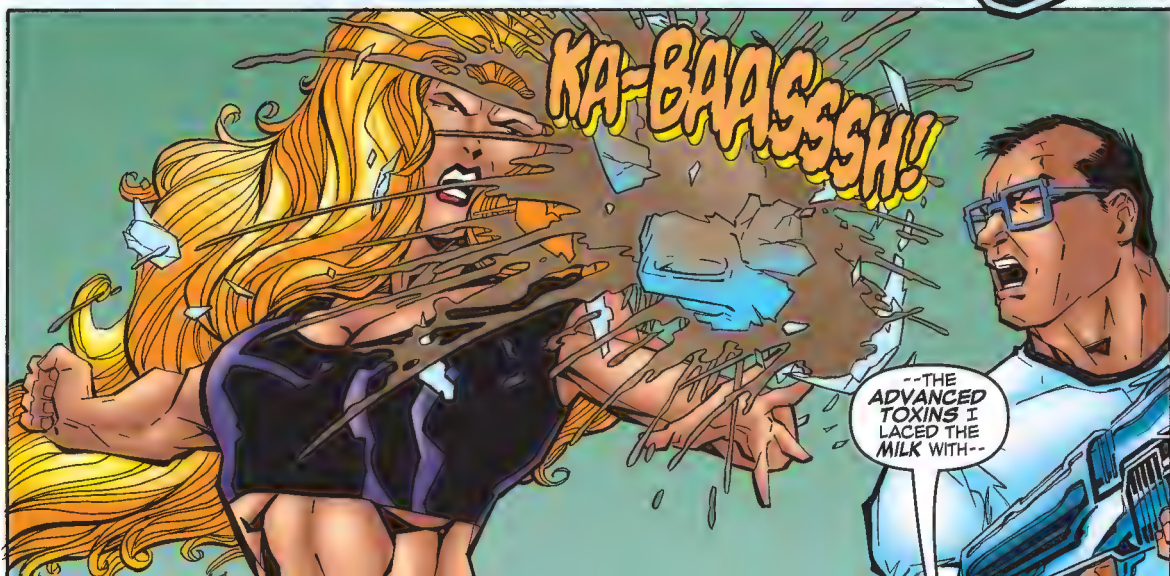
--AND, SO FAR, EVERY TOM, DICK, AND ACHEBE JUST SEEM TO WANDER IN HERE WHENEVER THEY WANT TO--!!

GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T RACK THIS GUY?!!



I'LL GIVE YOU **13** REASONS, MY CONSTRICTIVE FRIEND--!

--THE 11 DIGIT ACCOUNT NUMBER TO DEADPOOL'S SECRET SLUSH FUND WHERE HE'S DEPOSITED OVER \$1.4 MILLION IN JUST THE LAST FEW WEEKS--



KA-BAASHH!

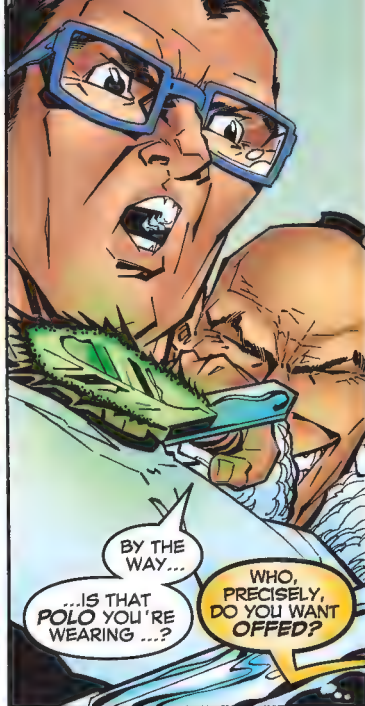
--THE ADVANCED TOXINS I LACED THE MILK WITH--



--AND, LASTLY, WHAT'S BEHIND DOOR NUMBER THREE!

BY NOW, YOU MUST CERTAINLY REALIZE TITANIA HAS A LITTLE SECRET.

IF YOU KILL ME, I PROBABLY WON'T TELL YOU WHAT IT IS!



BY THE WAY...

...IS THAT POLO YOU'RE WEARING ...?

WHO, PRECISELY, DO YOU WANT OFFED?

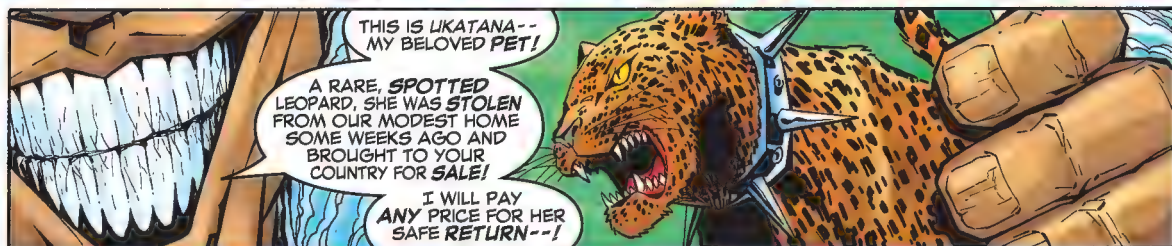


"OFFED"?

BURNT. STUCK. SMACKED. DROPPED. IMPEACHED. CONGRESSIONALLY INVESTIGATED.

AH--! NO, NO-- I AM MISUNDERSTOOD!

I WISH TO HIRE YOU FOR A RECOVERY MISSION--



THIS IS UKATANA-- MY BELOVED PET!

A RARE, SPOTTED LEOPARD, SHE WAS STOLEN FROM OUR MODEST HOME SOME WEEKS AGO AND BROUGHT TO YOUR COUNTRY FOR SALE!

I WILL PAY ANY PRICE FOR HER SAFE RETURN--!

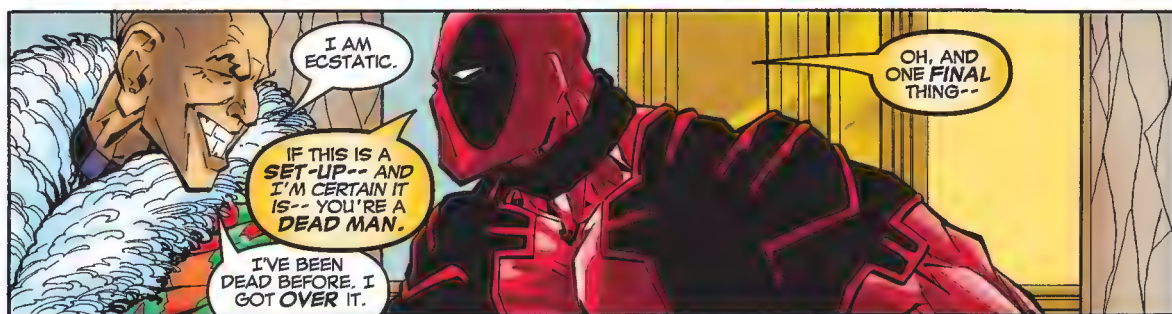


WHAT SECRET?!

WHAT TOXIN?!

IT'S MY HAIR. ISN'T IT? MY GOD, MY HAIR IS GOING TO FALL OUT--!!

DEPENDING ON WHAT YOU MEAN BY "ANY PRICE", WE MIGHT HAVE A DEAL.

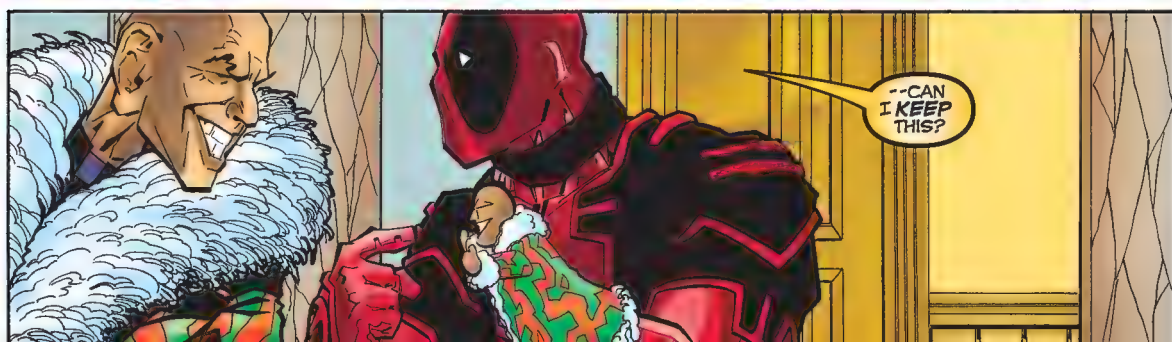


I AM ECSTATIC.

IF THIS IS A SET-UP-- AND I'M CERTAIN IT IS-- YOU'RE A DEAD MAN.

I'VE BEEN DEAD BEFORE. I GOT OVER IT.

OH, AND ONE FINAL THING--



--CAN I KEEP THIS?

EARTH'S MIGHTIEST GAUDILY-DRESSED FASCISTS

OF COURSE it was a set-up.

The leopard's name wasn't Ukatana-- it was PREYY. And he didn't belong to Achebe, but to a VERY scary guy named Erik KILLMONGER--

--current CHIEFTAIN of the Wakandan PANTHER CLAN, A rank that entitled him to call himself--

--or offer him TEA.

KillPantner was spinning his wheels on the south lawn of AVENGERS MANSION, while the team tried to figure out if they should ARREST him--

The guy with him was Delroy Garrett, Jr., but he called himself TRIATHLON. He claims the teachings of the TRIUNE UNDERSTANDING unlocked his "triple powers"--

--making him THREE TIMES as capable as the best possible human standard.

SO-- PREYY IS COMPLETELY DOMESTICATED--?

AFTER A FASHION--

No, I don't know what that means, either...

--NOT SO DOMESTICATED AS SOCIALIZED, I SUPPOSE. LET'S JUST SAY PREYY AND I HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING.

I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY WITH YOU AVENGERS.

WELL-- NOT TO PUT TOO FINE A POINT ON IT, PANTHER--

CALL ME ERIK.

--OKAY, ERIK--

--BUT YOU ARE, TECHNICALLY SPEAKING, A VILLAIN.

WHICH IS STUPID. I'VE NEVER HARMED ANYONE OUTSIDE OF A LEGITIMATE TRIBAL CONFLICT.

AND THAT'S WHY YOU AREN'T IN RESTRAINTS RIGHT NOW. IT'S LIKE, OKAY, YOU'RE A VILLAIN--

--BUT ARE YOU BLACK PANTHER'S VILLAIN OR EVERYONE'S VILLAIN?

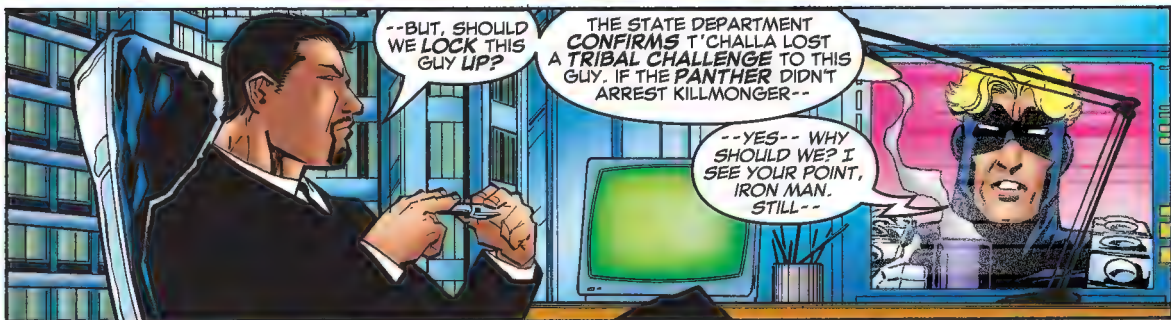
BLACK PANTHER

AMAZING-- A GUY COULD GET TO LIKE THIS!



--WELL, THAT'S THE QUESTION, NOW, ISN'T IT?

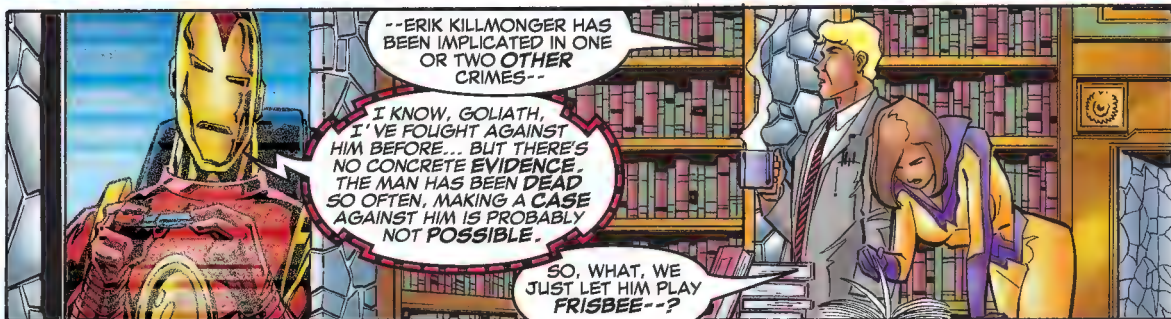
I MEAN, MEMBERSHIP SHOULD CERTAINLY BE OUT-- WE VOTED IN A PERSON, NOT THE OFFICE OF BLACK PANTHER--



--BUT, SHOULD WE LOCK THIS GUY UP?

THE STATE DEPARTMENT CONFIRMS T'CHALLA LOST A TRIBAL CHALLENGE TO THIS GUY. IF THE PANTHER DIDN'T ARREST KILLMONGER--

--YES-- WHY SHOULD WE? I SEE YOUR POINT, IRON MAN. STILL--



--ERIK KILLMONGER HAS BEEN IMPLICATED IN ONE OR TWO OTHER CRIMES--

I KNOW, GOLIATH, I'VE FOUGHT AGAINST HIM BEFORE... BUT THERE'S NO CONCRETE EVIDENCE. THE MAN HAS BEEN DEAD SO OFTEN, MAKING A CASE AGAINST HIM IS PROBABLY NOT POSSIBLE.

SO, WHAT, WE JUST LET HIM PLAY FRISBEE--?



WHY NOT, WASP? AT LEAST WE KNOW WHERE HE IS.

STILL NO WORD FROM PANTHER--?

NOTHING'S GOTTEN THROUGH SINCE HE DISSOLVED HIS GOVERNMENT. IF IT WERE ANYONE ELSE, I'D GUESS THIS WAS A MAJOR COMMUNICATIONS FAILURE--

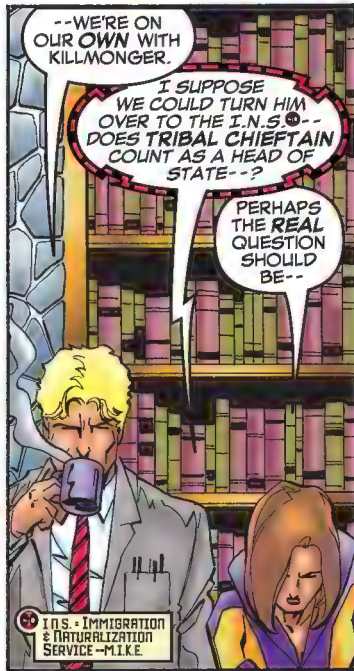


--BUT, WHO THE BLAZES KNOWS WHAT T'CHALLA IS UP TO THESE DAYS? ONLY THING I'M CERTAIN OF IS --

-- TO PROTECT OUR SECURITY INTERESTS, I'VE ACQUIRED ALL THE OUTSTANDING SHARES OF WAKANDA DESIGN GROUP-- THE FIRM THAT PROVIDES OUR QUINJETS AND OTHER TOOLS.

I'D SELL THEM ALL TO T'CHALLA-- IF I COULD GET A HOLD OF HIM.

SO, WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS--



--WE'RE ON OUR OWN WITH KILLMONGER.

I SUPPOSE WE COULD TURN HIM OVER TO THE I.N.S. -- DOES TRIBAL CHIEFTAIN COUNT AS A HEAD OF STATE--?

PERHAPS THE REAL QUESTION SHOULD BE--

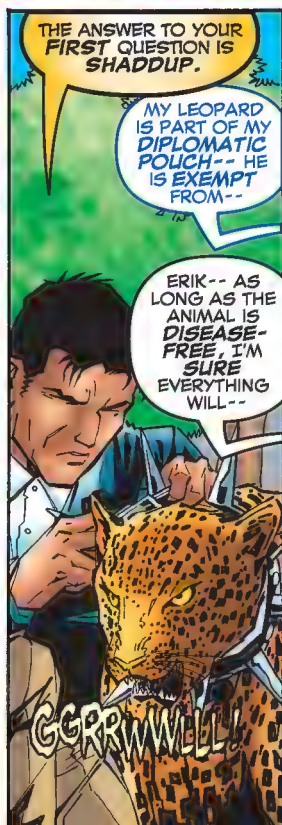
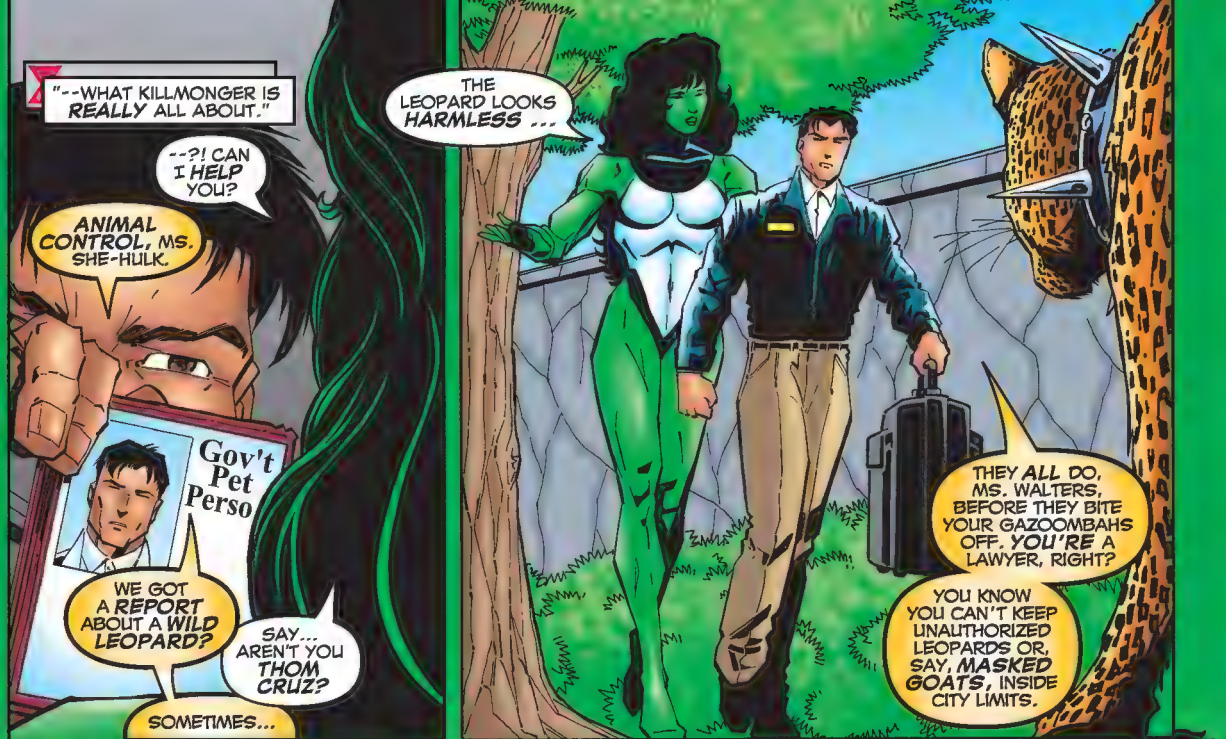
I.N.S. = IMMIGRATION & NATURALIZATION SERVICE--MIKE

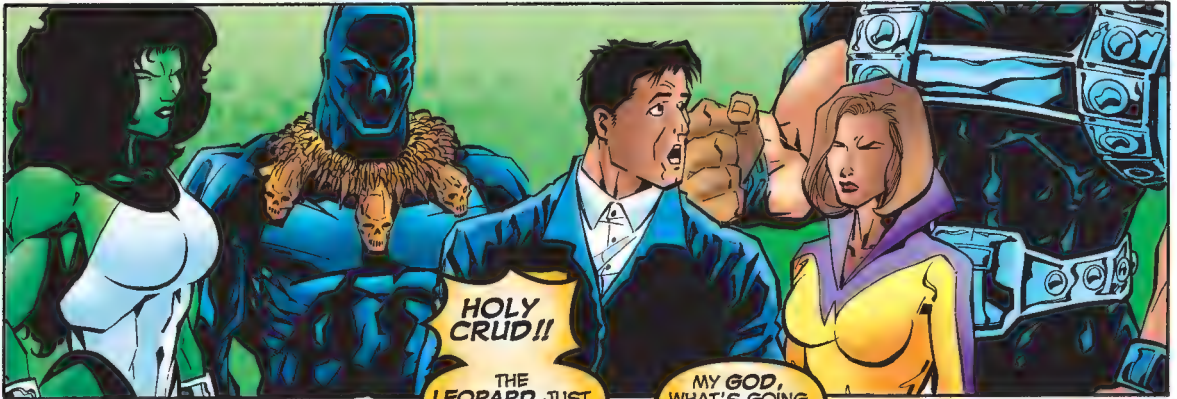
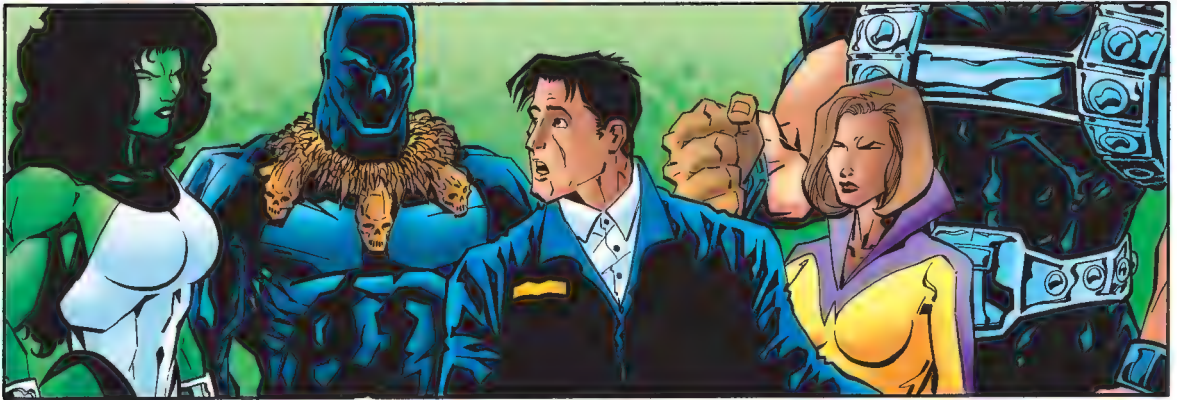


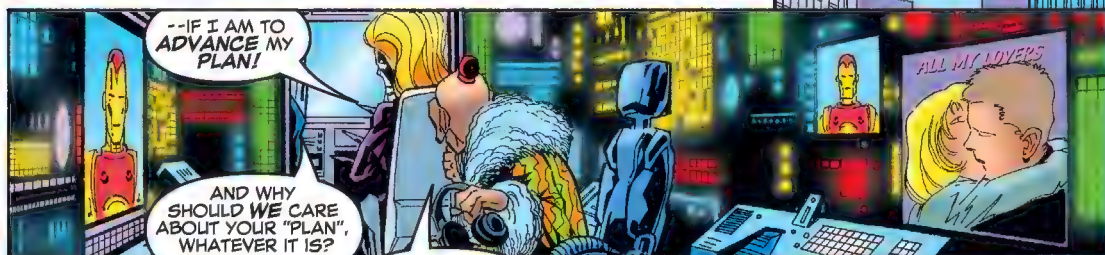
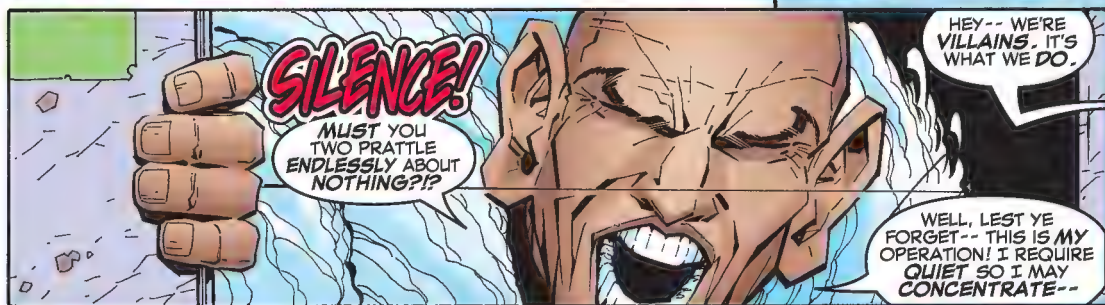
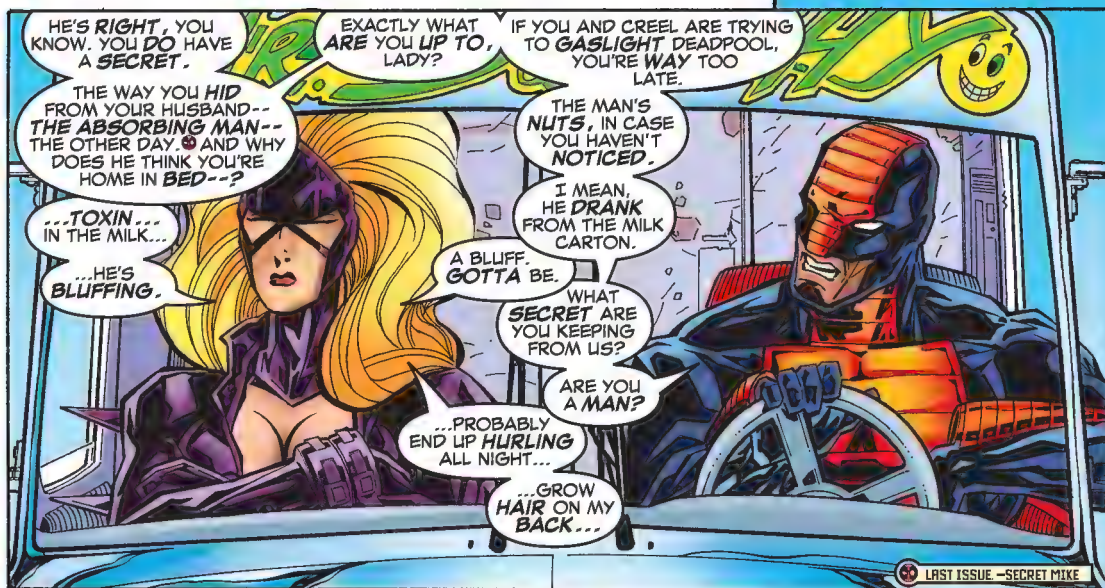
--WHY ARE WE TRYING SO HARD? IS IT REALLY THAT IMPORTANT FOR US TO MAKE AN ENEMY OF THIS GUY?

THE WORST THING HE'S DONE IS LET HIS LEOPARD MAKE A MESS ON THE LAWN. I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.

LET KILLMONGER PLAY HIS HAND. SOONER THAN LATER, WE'LL KNOW--







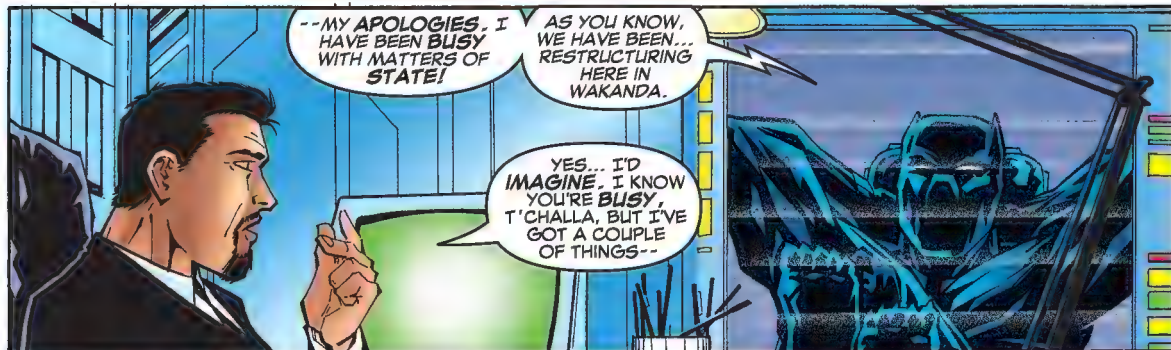


STILL NOTHING FROM WAKANDA, LEWIS?

CHANNEL'S OPEN MR. STARK... NOTHING!

FINE. LET'S CALL IT A DAY--

WAIT, OLD FRIEND--



--MY APOLOGIES. I HAVE BEEN BUSY WITH MATTERS OF STATE!

AS YOU KNOW, WE HAVE BEEN... RESTRUCTURING HERE IN WAKANDA.

YES... I'D IMAGINE. I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY, T'CHALLA, BUT I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS--



--ERIK KILLMONGER IS AT AVENGERS MANSION, TRYING TO CLAIM YOUR INACTIVE SLOT.

WHY, I THINK THAT'S A CAPITAL IDEA! KILLMONGER HAS TRULY AND LITERALLY BEEN BORN AGAIN, IRON MAN!

I VOTE YES!

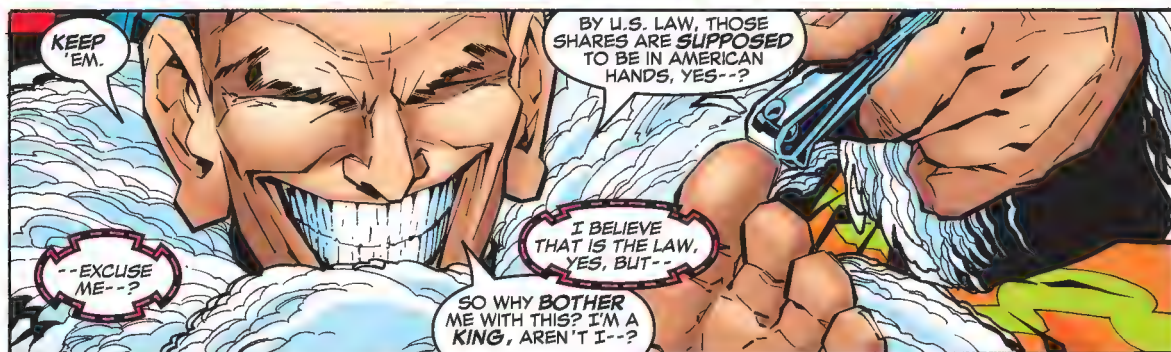


...WE'RE REALLY NOT PREPARED TO PUT IT TO A VOTE YET, T'CHALLA...

YES, OF COURSE, WHATEVER. AND THE OTHER THING...?

OH, THOSE OUTSTANDING SHARES IN WDG--

--I WANTED TO REASSURE YOU. I ASSUMED THEM MAINLY AS A CUSTODIAL MATTER-- WE CERTAINLY DON'T INTEND--

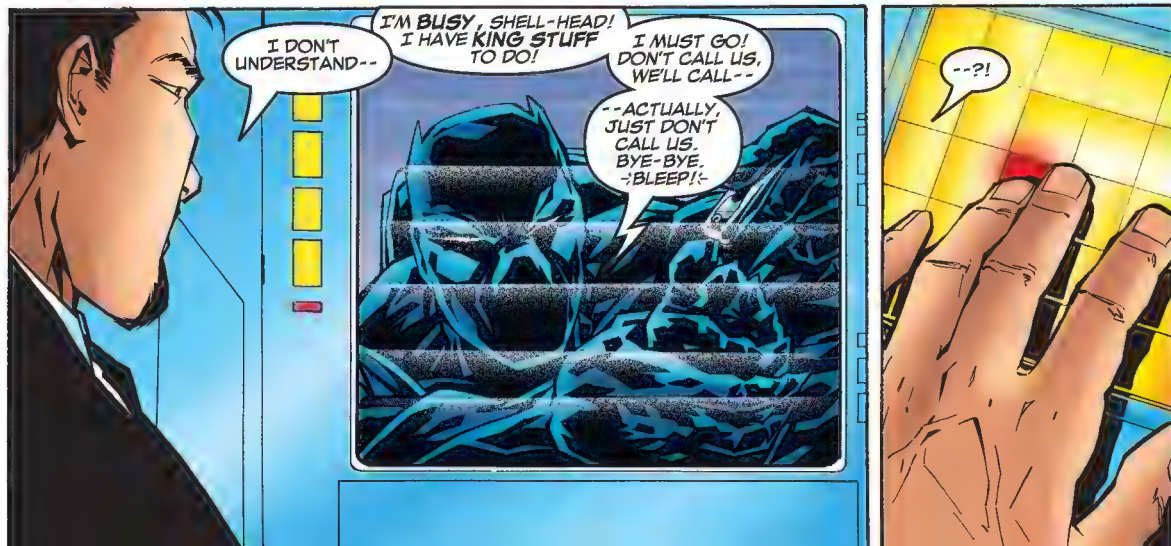


KEEP 'EM.

BY U.S. LAW, THOSE SHARES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE IN AMERICAN HANDS, YES--?

I BELIEVE THAT IS THE LAW, YES, BUT--

SO WHY BOTHER ME WITH THIS? I'M A KING, AREN'T I--?

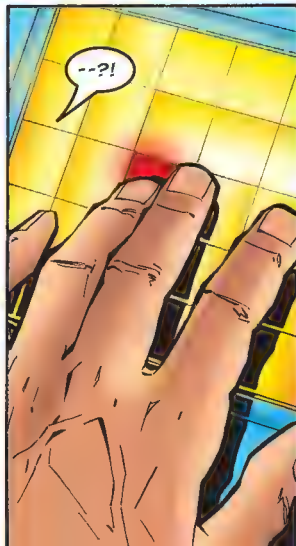


I DON'T UNDERSTAND--

I'M BUSY, SHELL-HEAD! I HAVE KING STUFF TO DO!

I MUST GO! DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL--

--ACTUALLY, JUST DON'T CALL US. BYE-BYE. -BLEEP!:-



--?!



YES, MASTER IRON MAN?

JARVIS-- I NEED TO SPEAK TO JAN.

JUST HAD THE STRANGEST CONVERSATION WITH T'CHALLA--

I'M AFRAID MS. VAN DYNE IS OTHERWISE PREOCCUPIED...

Back at the ranch, all HECK had broken out.

As long--underwear types often do, the (reflexively gags) "heroes" decided the best way to find their missing teammate was to start a BIG FIGHT.

Now, from what I understand, Deadpool was pretty strong and pretty QUICK, but all he REALLY had going for him was a RAPID HEALING FACTOR--

--RUTHLESSNESS, and, of course, his INSANITY.

Which paired him up nicely with KILLMONGER...

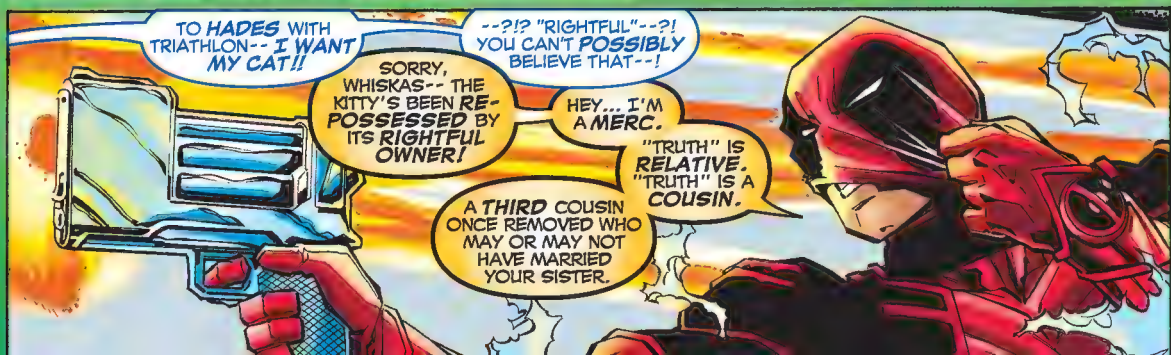


WHAT THE BLAZES IS WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?!

LET'S KILL HIM!!

SSKKKEOWWWH

YES, KILLMONGER, AND WE CAN HARDLY FIND TRIATHLON IF YOU INCINERATE DEADPOOL, RIGHT?



TO HADES WITH TRIATHLON-- I WANT MY CAT!!

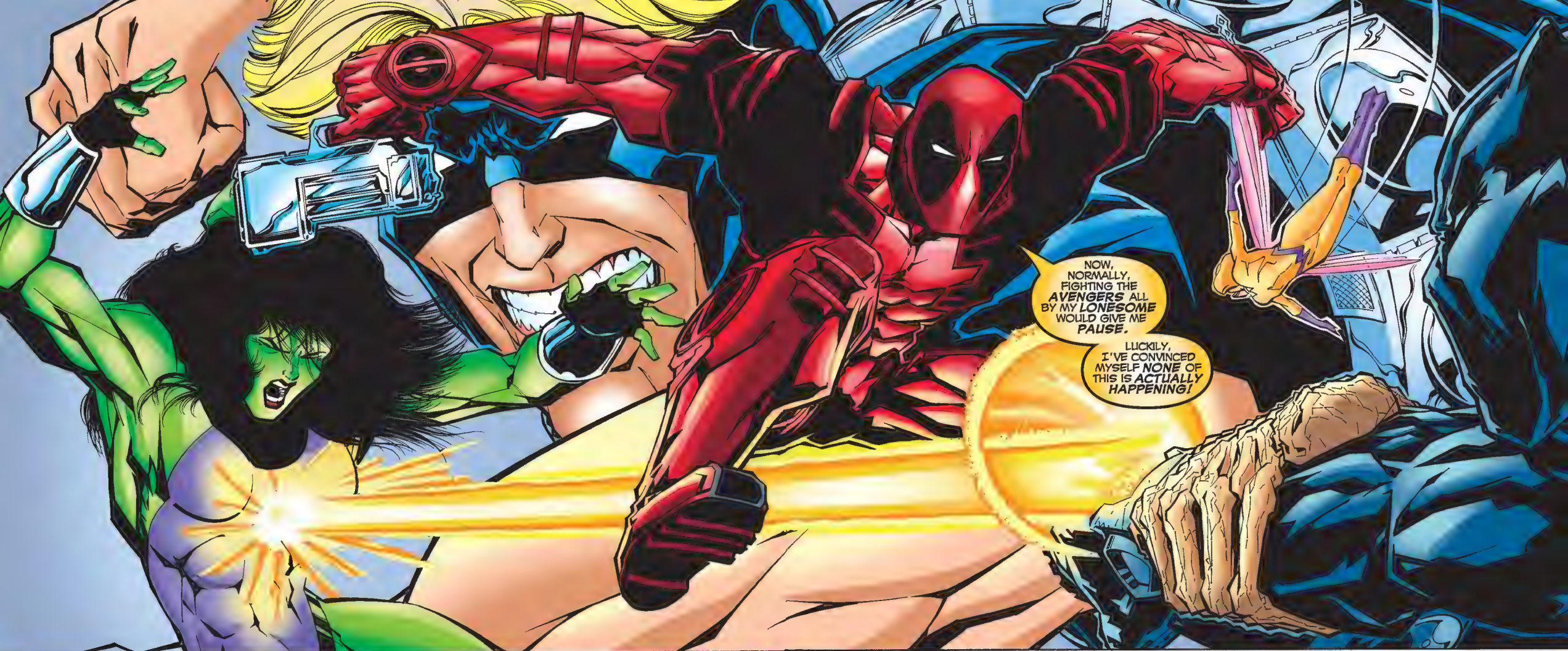
--??"RIGHTFUL"--?!"YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BELIEVE THAT--!"

SORRY, WHISKAS-- THE KITTY'S BEEN RE-POSSESSED BY ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER!

HEY... I'M A MERC.

"TRUTH" IS RELATIVE. "TRUTH" IS A COUSIN.

A THIRD COUSIN ONCE REMOVED WHO MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE MARRIED YOUR SISTER.

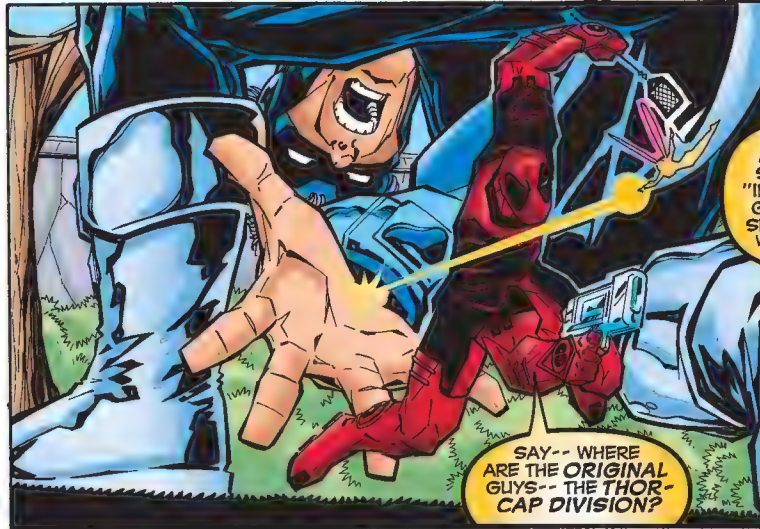


NOW,
NORMALLY,
FIGHTING THE
AVENGERS ALL
BY MY LONESOME
WOULD GIVE ME
PAUSE.

LUCKILY,
I'VE CONVINCED
MYSELF NONE OF
THIS IS ACTUALLY
HAPPENING!

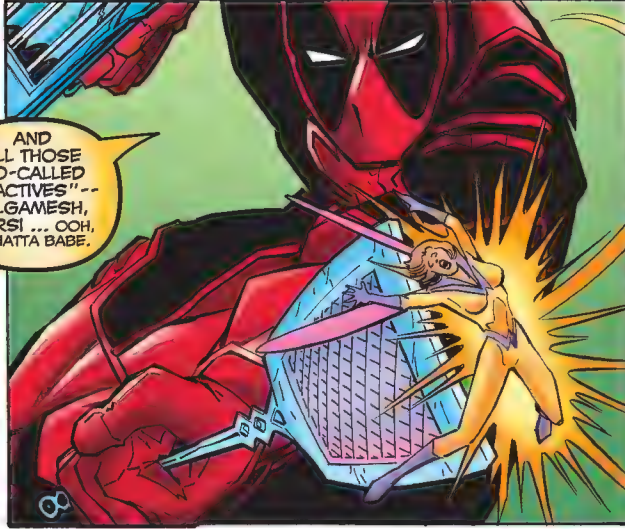


THAT'S MY MOTTO, ALL
RIGHT-- SPEAK SOFTLY
(TO YOURSELF) AND
CARRY A BIG PLASMA
RIFLE!!



AND
ALL THOSE
SO-CALLED
"INACTIVES"--
GILGAMESH,
SERSI ... OOH,
WHATTA BABE.

SAY-- WHERE
ARE THE ORIGINAL
GUYS-- THE THOR-
CAP DIVISION?



BET IF I
WUZ THE MOLE
MAN YOU'D
BE CALLING
EVERYBODY!

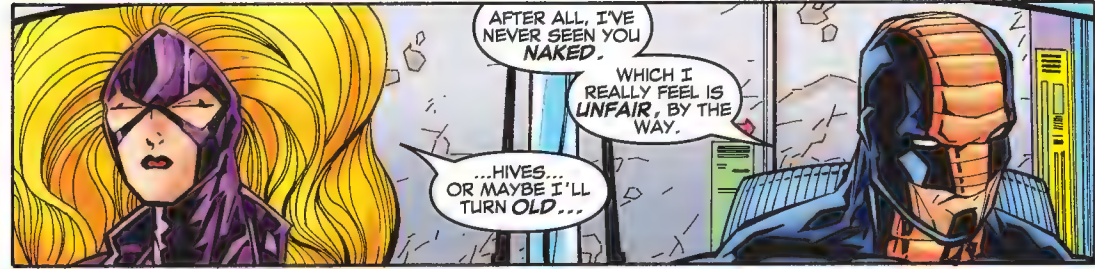


I'M NOT LETTING
GO OF THIS "MAN"
THING.

I'M ON TO
SOMETHING--
AND YOU
KNOW IT.

...TOXIN...

...PROBABLY A
RASH... OR, GOD,
SOME HORRIBLE
INFECTION...



AFTER ALL, I'VE
NEVER SEEN YOU
NAKED.

WHICH I
REALLY FEEL IS
UNFAIR, BY THE
WAY.

...HIVES...
OR MAYBE I'LL
TURN OLD...



DEAD!
POOL! SHUT!
UP!



I MEAN, YOU SUPER-
WOMEN RUN AROUND
HALF-NAKED ALL THE
TIME, BUT THEN GET
OFFENDED WHEN WE
LOOK!

I MEAN,
WHY **IS**
THAT?!!

...MAYBE **NOTHING**
WILL HAPPEN FOR
WEEKS... THEN I'LL
SUDDENLY SPROUT
A **THIRD EYE...**



YOU OF **ALL** PEOPLE
OUGHT TO KNOW
WHAT I MEAN,
SHULKIE!

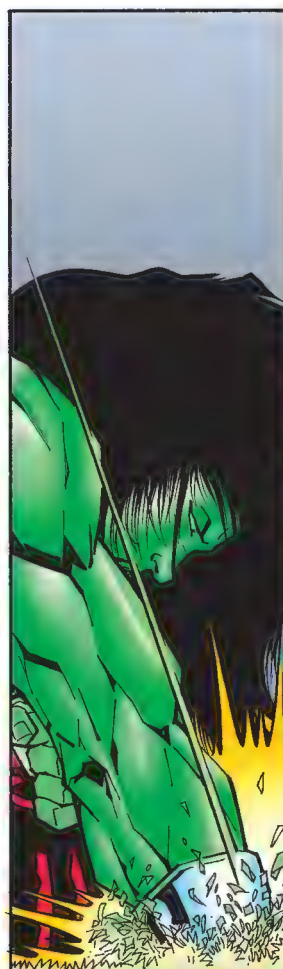
THE NAME
IS **JENNIFER**,
AND WHY?

WHY ARE
YOU NAMED
JENNIFER?

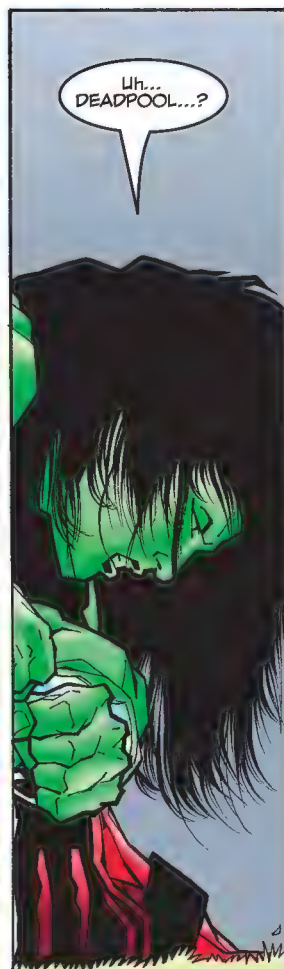
COULD
IT BEEEEE
"JENNIFER"
IS GREEK FOR
"LARGE GREEN
BROAD"?



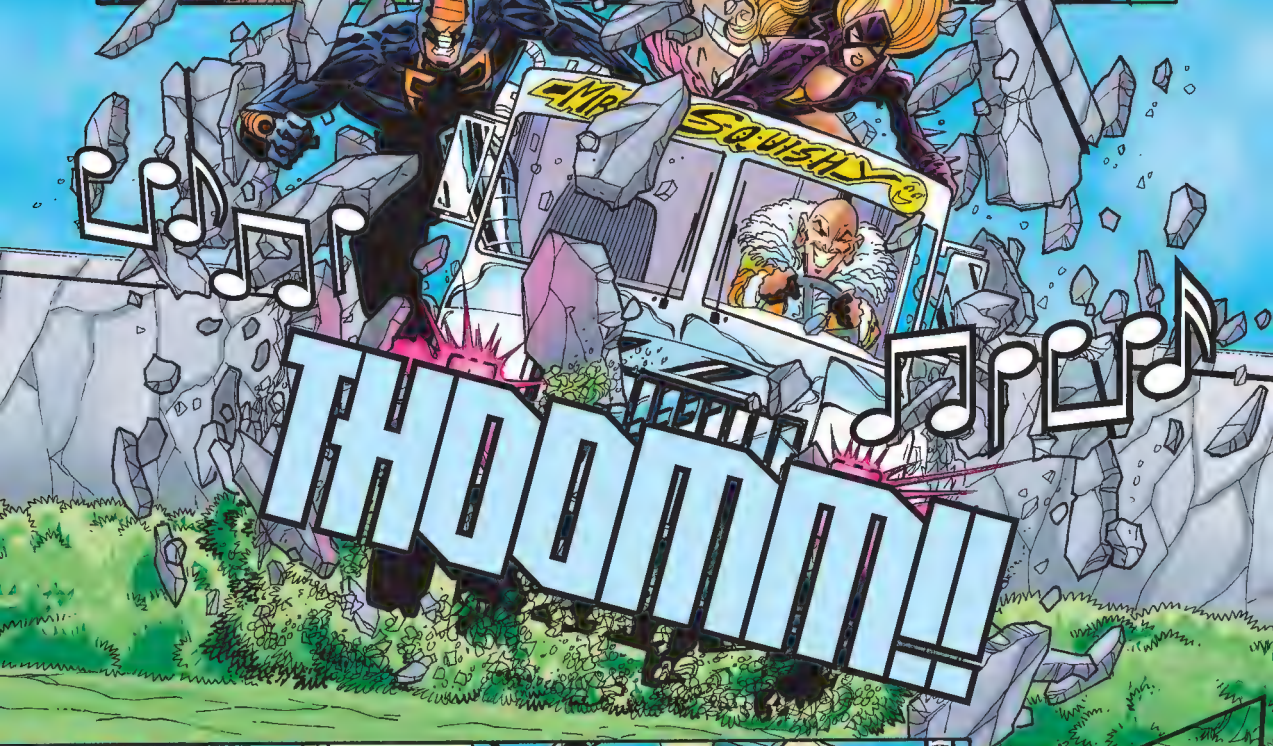
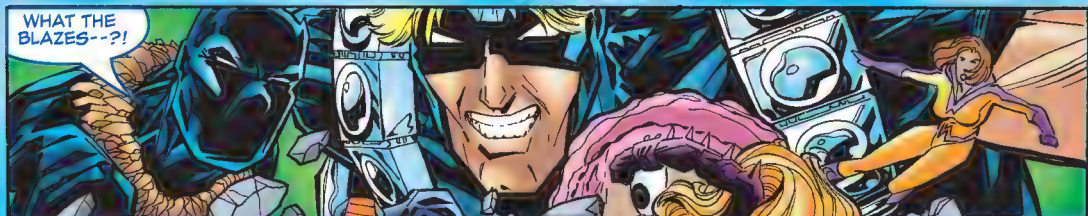
WHY...
YOU...

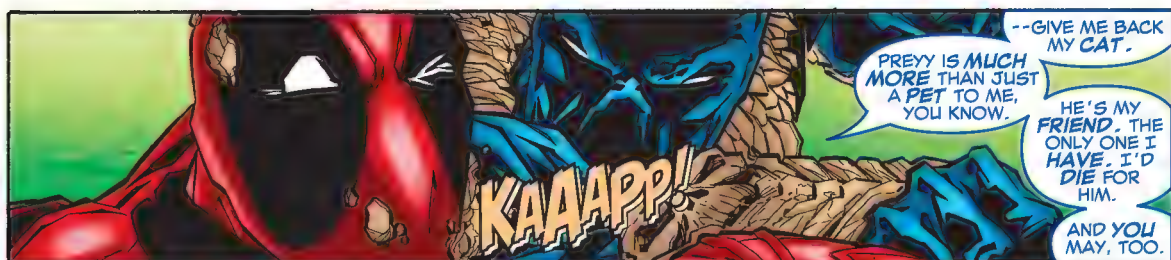


THOOM!!



Uh...
DEADPOOL...?





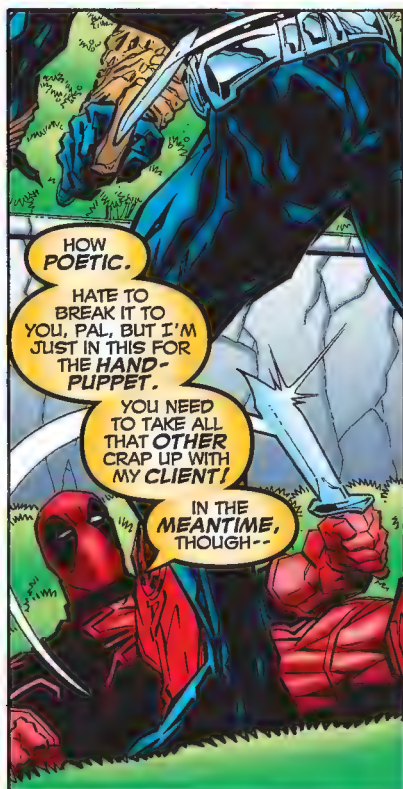
--GIVE ME BACK MY CAT.

PREY IS MUCH MORE THAN JUST A PET TO ME, YOU KNOW.

HE'S MY FRIEND. THE ONLY ONE I HAVE. I'D DIE FOR HIM.

AND YOU MAY, TOO.

KAAAPP!!



HOW POETIC.

HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, PAL, BUT I'M JUST IN THIS FOR THE HAND-PUPPET.

YOU NEED TO TAKE ALL THAT OTHER CRAP UP WITH MY CLIENT!

IN THE MEANTIME, THOUGH--

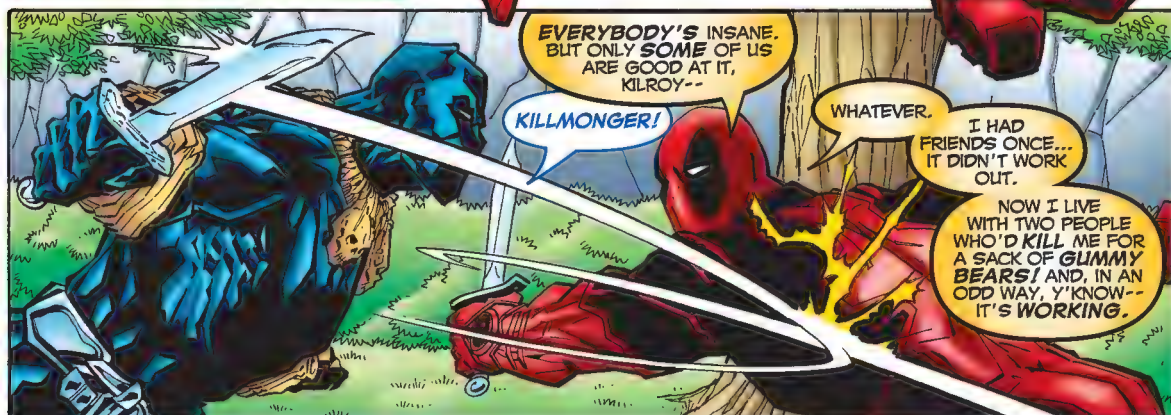
--ALLOW ME TO LEAVE MY CARD!!

BEEN AWHILE SINCE I RASLED WITH A 7-FOOT SOUL BROTHER DRESSED LIKE A KITTY!



I'VE READ ABOUT YOU, DEADPOOL--

--PEOPLE SAY YOU'RE INSANE!



EVERYBODY'S INSANE. BUT ONLY SOME OF US ARE GOOD AT IT, KILROY--

KILLMONGER!

WHATEVER.

I HAD FRIENDS ONCE... IT DIDN'T WORK OUT.

NOW I LIVE WITH TWO PEOPLE WHO'D KILL ME FOR A SACK OF GUMMY BEARS! AND, IN AN ODD WAY, Y'KNOW-- IT'S WORKING.



A WARPED PERVERSION OF FRIENDSHIP IS ABOUT ALL I'M CAPABLE OF THESE DAYS, I GUESS!

SO-- HOW ABOUT IT-- WANNA MOVE IN?!



C'MON, FRANK, IT'S EXIT TIME.

BUT... BUT WE'RE WINNING...

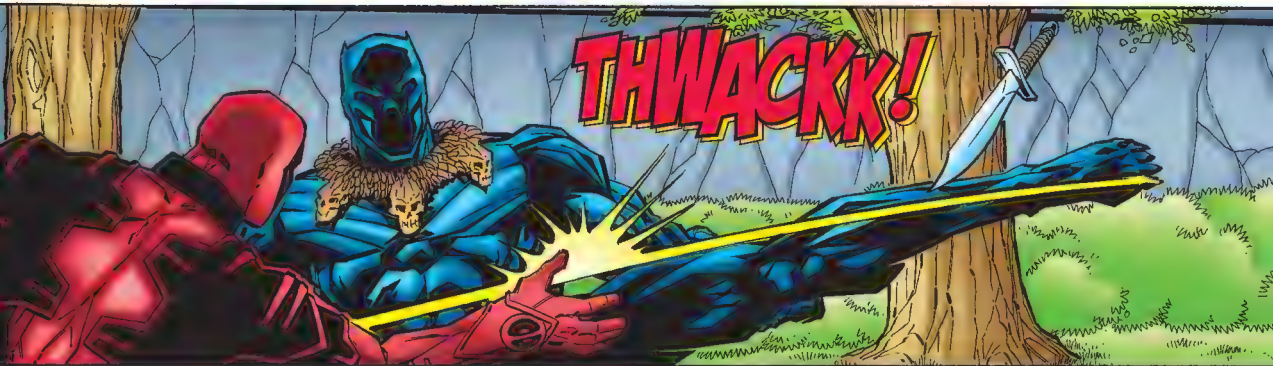
NO. WE'RE JUST NOT LOSING YET.



THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WINNING AND NOT LOSING.

OUR JOB WAS TO **DISTRACT** THE AVENGERS SO DEADPOOL COULD ESCAPE.

HE WANTS TO GET ALL CAUGHT UP FIGHTING BLACK PANTHER-- THAT'S **HIS** PROBLEM!



THWACKK!



--WAIT--

--OH, MAN-- THAT WAS A COOL MOVE. THAT MOVE WAS UNBELIEVABLE.

LIKE IT? I PICKED IT UP IN MALAYSIA--



NOW, SEE, USUALLY, WHEN YOU DO A REVERSE LIKE SO, YOUR CENTER IS, SAY, **HERE**, AND--

YES... YES, I SEE THAT... BUT, WATCH WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU SHIFT BACK A LITTLE--



GIRLS-- IF YOU DON'T MIND--!!

SSZZAAACKK!



--THE PARTY'S OVER!

LET'S BEAT IT, WADE--



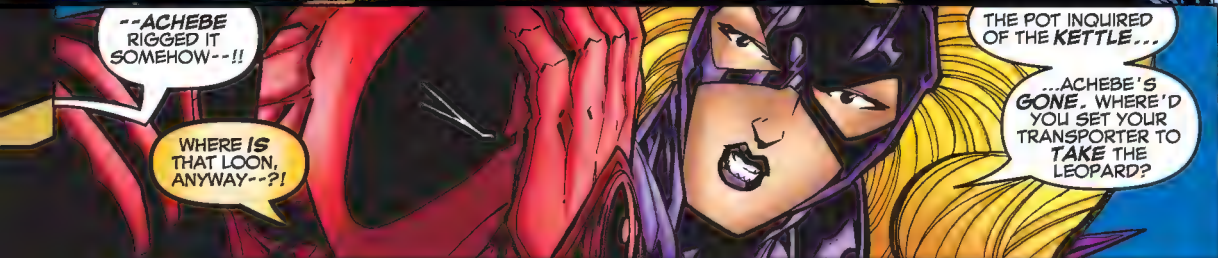
--BEFORE THE BEATING STARTS!!



CRIPES, FRANK-- CAN'T YOU TURN THAT BLASTED MUSIC OFF?!

GEEZ-- THINK THE COPS COULD, OH, FOLLOW THAT RACKET--?!

IT'S JAMMED--

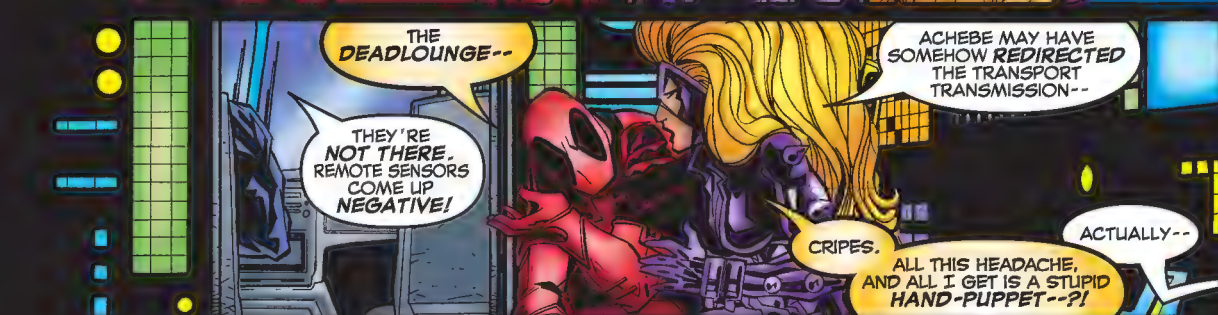


--ACHEBE RIGGED IT SOMEHOW--!!

WHERE IS THAT LOON, ANYWAY--?!

THE POT INQUIRED OF THE KETTLE...

...ACHEBE'S GONE. WHERE'D YOU SET YOUR TRANSPORTER TO TAKE THE LEOPARD?



THE DEADLOUNGE--

THEY'RE NOT THERE. REMOTE SENSORS COME UP NEGATIVE!

ACHEBE MAY HAVE SOMEHOW REDIRECTED THE TRANSPORT TRANSMISSION--

CRIPES.

ALL THIS HEADACHE, AND ALL I GET IS A STUPID HAND-PUPPET--?!

ACTUALLY--



--YOU DON'T
EVEN HAVE
THAT.

GOODNIGHT,
FOLKS.

SKREEEOW! SKREEEOW!



CRIPES,
I HATE
WADE...

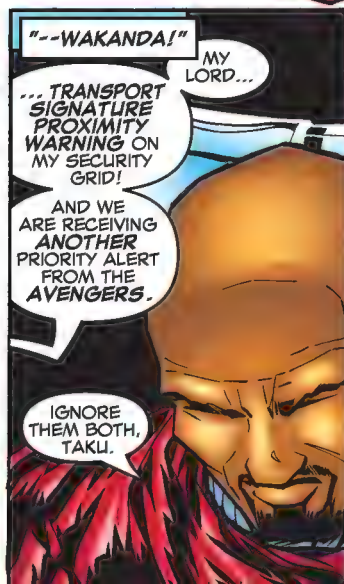
SKREEEOW!

THOOM!



JARVIS!
WHAT'S OUR
STATUS?

TRIATHLON'S
STILL MISSING,
SIR-- BUT THE
MANSION'S SENSOR
ARRAY HAS BEEN
ABLE TO DISCERN
A POSSIBLE
TRANSPORT
LOCATION--



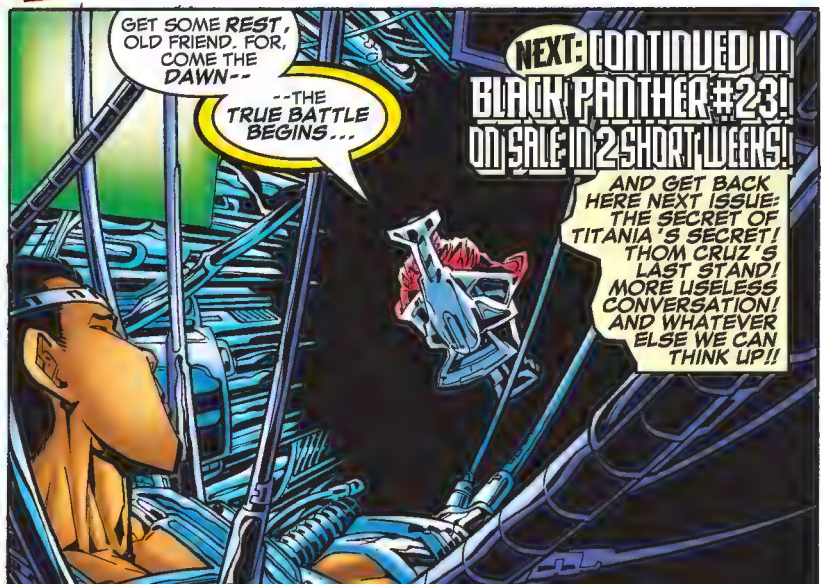
"--WAKANDA!"

MY
LORD...

... TRANSPORT
SIGNATURE
PROXIMITY
WARNING ON
MY SECURITY
GRID!

AND WE
ARE RECEIVING
ANOTHER
PRIORITY ALERT
FROM THE
AVENGERS.

IGNORE
THEM BOTH,
TAKU.



GET SOME REST,
OLD FRIEND. FOR,
COME THE
DAWN--

--THE
TRUE BATTLE
BEGINS...

**NEXT: CONTINUED IN
BLACK PANTHER #23!
ON SALE IN 2 SHORT WEEKS!**

AND GET BACK
HERE NEXT ISSUE:
THE SECRET OF
TITANIA'S SECRET!
THOM CRUZ'S
LAST STAND!
MORE USELESS
CONVERSATION!
AND WHATEVER
ELSE WE CAN
THINK UP!!

MARVEL
COMICS



#23

WWW.MARVEL.COM

PRIEST
VELLUTO
ALMOND

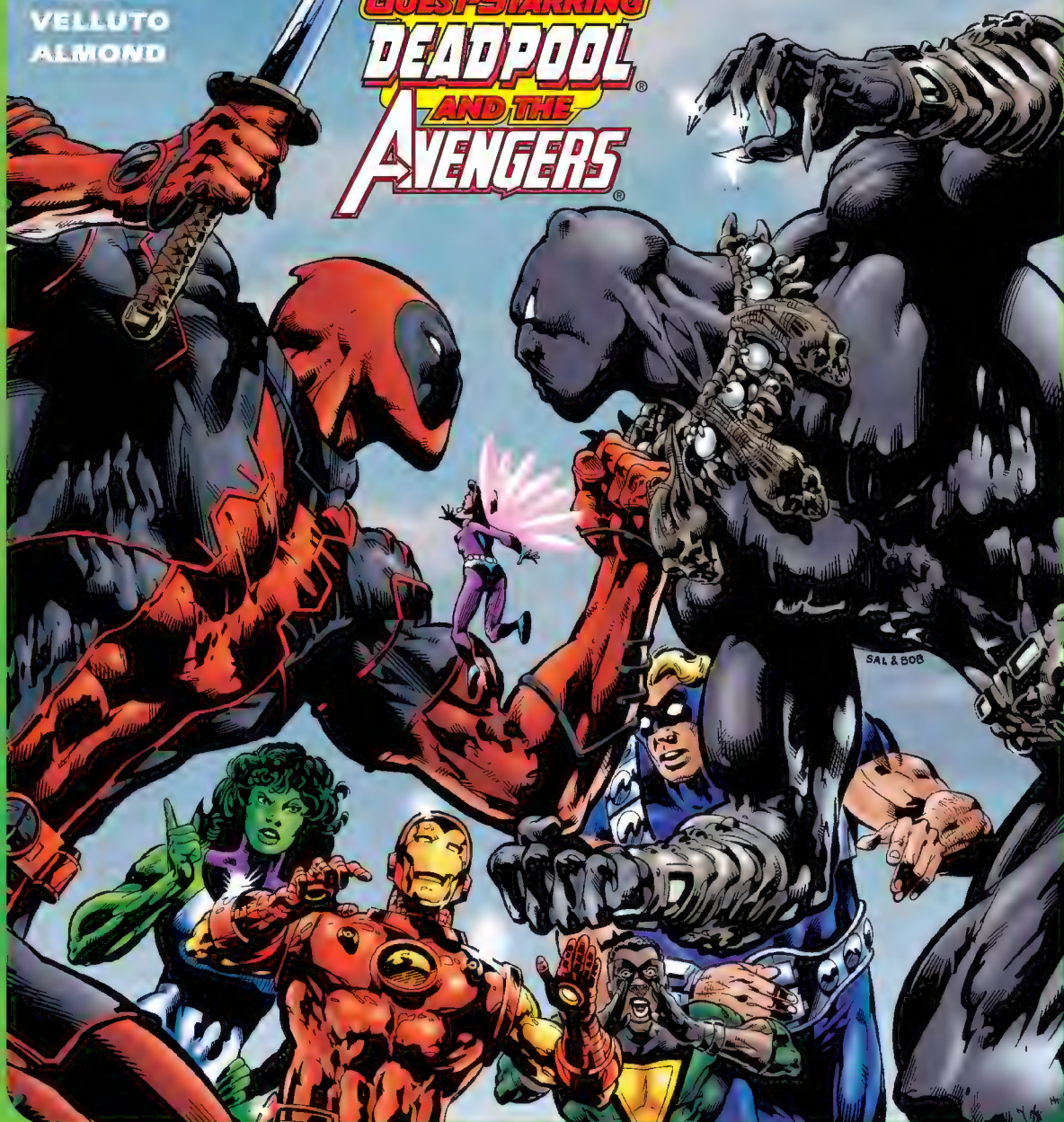
CAT TRAP

PT 2 OF 2

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

BLACK PANTHER

GUEST-STARRING
DEADPOOL
AND THE
AVENGERS



THE UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

The story thus far:

Having been captured by the Avengers, Deadpool, Constrictor, and Titania were all taken into custody.*

SO...YOU ARE... WADE WILSON...

YES AND NO.**

*THIS STORY CONTINUES FROM DEADPOOL #44, ON SALE NOW!
**I COULD EXPLAIN THIS, BUT THEN MY HEAD WOULD EXPLODE. --TOM

...ALSO CALLED DEATH POOL...

DEAD. AS IN YOU WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU.

...A FREE-LANCE SUPER-VILLAIN...

I'M A MERC.

I ONLY LIVE WITH SUPER-VILLAINS.

...AND THE GOD LOKI PLACED A CURSE ON YOU, MAKING YOU A DEAD RINGER FOR THE ACTOR THOM CRUZ.

IT'S A LONG STORY...*

***SEE EARLIER FOOTNOTE. --TOM

CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING? CAN YOU BE HONEST WITH ME FOR JUST ONE SECOND?

OKAY, SO I'M THE CONSTRUCTOR-- MAJOR VILLAIN, ELECTRIFIED VIBRANIUM COILS, WENT TOE-TO-TOE WITH THE HULK--ALL OF THAT.

OKAY, SO WHY DON'T I HAVE A "WANTED" POSTER IN THE POST OFFICE?

FOR CRIPES SAKE, I SEE LOSERS... LOSERS... LIKE JACK O'LANTERN AND MATADOR--

--MATADOR! MATADOR HAS A POSTER!

THAT'S IT. I'VE HAD IT.

I DEMAND TO SEE THE AGENT IN CHARGE OF POSTERS.

I'M FED UP, I TELL YOU. FED UP.

MATADOR!!

BY THE WAY-- TITANIA--?

I THINK SHE'S A MAN.

FRANK IS AN IDIOT.

I HAD A LITTLE SPAT WITH MY HUSBAND, I NEEDED A PLACE TO CRASH FOR AWHILE.

WE SUBLET THIS UNDERGROUND CONDO FROM DOCTOR OCTOPUS. IT'S REALLY NOT THAT BIG A DEAL.

WHAT ABOUT THE ROBBERIES, EXTORTION-- THAT BUSINESS WITH THE AVENGERS--

HEY...WE'RE VILLAINS.

IT'S WHAT WE DO.

MATADOR!!

Of course, as usual, I'm getting ahead of myself...



WITH THE SLEEKNESS OF THE JUNGLE CAT WHOSE NAME HE BEARS, T'CHALLA - KING OF WAKANDA - STALKS BOTH THE CONCRETE CITY AND THE UNDERGROWTH OF THE VELDT. SO IT HAS BEEN FOR COUNTLESS GENERATIONS OF WARRIOR KINGS, SO IT IS TODAY, AND SO IT SHALL BE FOR THE LAW DICTATES THAT ONLY THE SWIFT, THE SMART, AND THE STRONG SURVIVE! NOBLE CHAMPION. VIGILANT PROTECTOR.
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

BLACK PANTHER

Meanwhile, the Avengers arrived in Wakanda...

WITH the

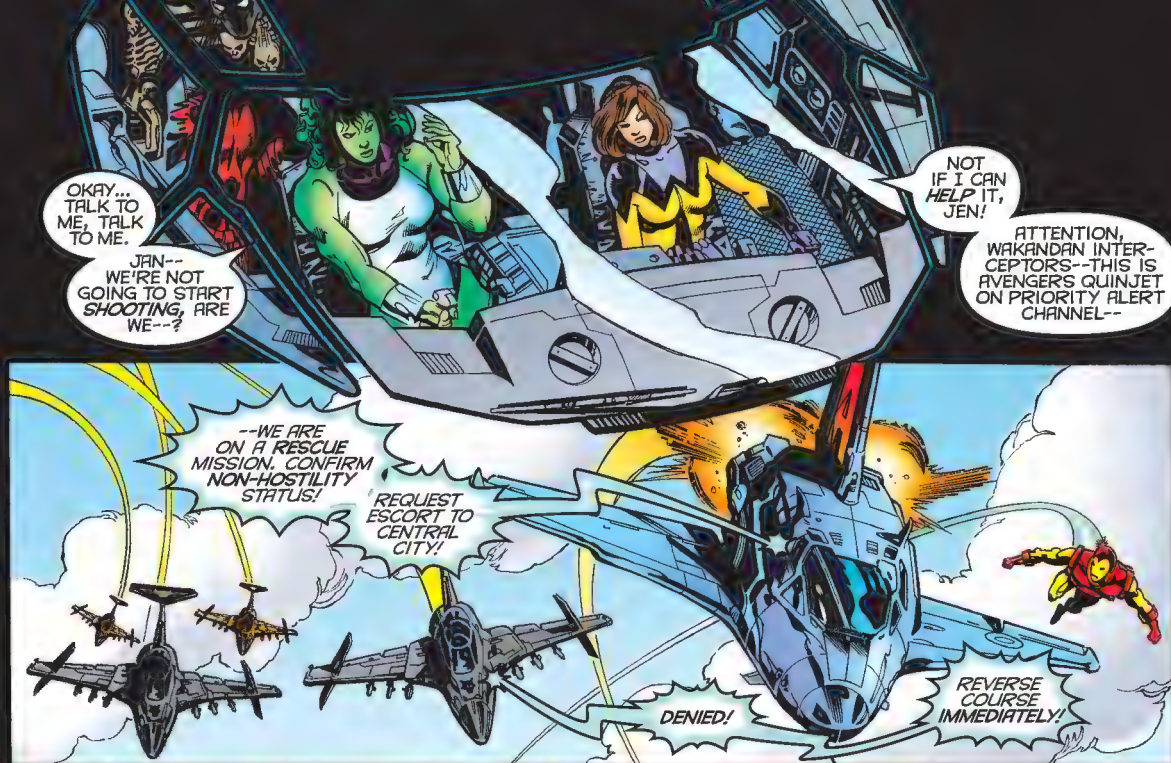
MORE OF THAT BUSINESS AVENGERS

by:
Priest, Sal Velluto
& Bob Almond
storytellers
Sharpefont & PT
letters
Steve Oliff
colors
Tom Brevoort
editor
Bob Harras
editor in chief

ATTENTION!
ATTENTION, AVENGERS
AIRCRAFT! YOU HAVE
CROSSED OUR INTER-
NATIONAL BOUNDARY AND
ARE TRESPASSING IN
SOVEREIGN WAKANDAN
AIR SPACE!

REVERSE
COURSE IMMEDIATELY
OR YOU WILL BE FIRED
UPON!





OKAY...
TALK TO
ME, TALK
TO ME.

JAN--
WE'RE NOT
GOING TO START
SHOOTING, ARE
WE--?

NOT
IF I CAN
HELP IT,
JEN!

ATTENTION,
WAKANDAN INTER-
CEPTORS--THIS IS
AVENGERS QUINJET
ON PRIORITY ALERT
CHANNEL--

--WE ARE
ON A RESCUE
MISSION. CONFIRM
NON-HOSTILITY
STATUS!

REQUEST
ESCORT TO
CENTRAL
CITY!

DENIED!

REVERSE
COURSE
IMMEDIATELY!



GETTING
A LITTLE
TIGHT UP
HERE,
PEOPLE.

BETTER
MAKE A CHOICE
WHILE A CHOICE
CAN STILL BE
MADE.

TRIATHLON
HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED--
TRANSPORTED HERE BY
DEADPOOL, TITANIA AND
CONSTRUCTOR!

T'CHALLA
HAS BEEN IGNORING
OUR HAILS. FOR
ALL WE KNOW, HE
NEEDS OUR HELP! *
LOOK--

*ALL OF THIS
IN DEADPOOL
#44. --TOM



--NOBODY WANTS TO
FIRE ON THE WAKANDANS--
AND WE SURE AS HELL
DON'T WANT THEM FIRING
ON US--

FIRE!

THEY ARE
WARRIORS, WASP--
UNDER ORDERS! DON'T
DEMEAN THEM
LIKE THIS!!

ERIK--
GET A
GRIP--



NO,
SHE-HULK--
YOU GET A
GRIP!

YOU PEOPLE
DON'T GET IT,
DO YOU?! YOU'RE
NOT IN AMERICA.
THESE ARE NOT
AMERICANS.

T'CHALLA
DOESN'T THINK
LIKE YOU OR ACT
LIKE YOU. HE
DOESN'T OWE YOU
ANY BLASTED
EXPLANATIONS--



--THOSE GUYS ARE WARRIORS, NOT DIPLOMATS. IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO THEM, YOU NEED TO USE THE LANGUAGE OF WAR!

CRIPES-- THEY'VE GOT A MISSILE LOCK ON US--!!



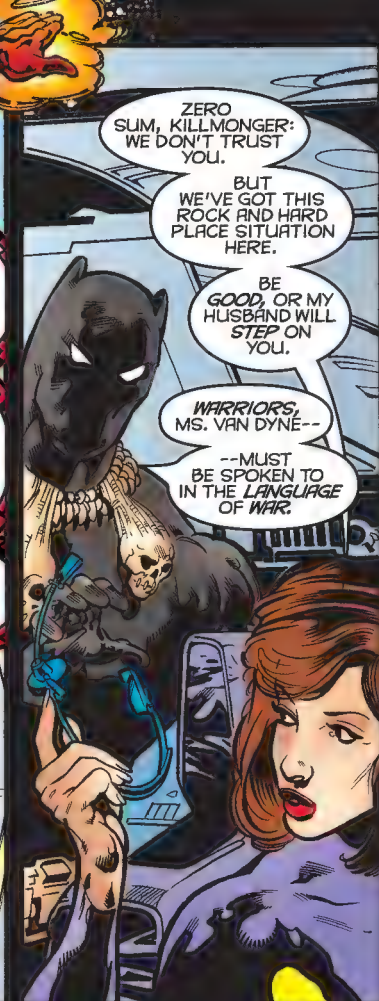
THIS VINTAGE ARMOR HAS LIMITED DEFENSIVE CAPABILITIES!

WASP--I MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE A BROAD-BAND EM PULSE TO CRASH THEIR CCC--TURN THOSE TALON FIGHTERS INTO \$3 BILLION GLIDERS--*

--BUT IF THE PILOTS CAN'T MANUALLY EJECT--

--WE BECOME MURDERERS. YES, IRON MAN, YOU DRAW A VERY CLEAR PICTURE. STAND BY.

*CCC=COMMAND & CONTROL CAPABILITIES, RADAR, COMPUTERS, HYDRAULICS, ETC. --TOM



ZERO SUM, KILLMONGER: WE DON'T TRUST YOU.

BUT WE'VE GOT THIS ROCK AND HARD PLACE SITUATION HERE.

BE GOOD, OR MY HUSBAND WILL STEP ON YOU.

WARRIORS, MS. VAN DYNE--

--MUST BE SPOKEN TO IN THE LANGUAGE OF WAR.



<ATTENTION, TALON FIGHTERS-- THIS IS N'JADAKA, LAWFUL CHIEFTAIN OF THE PANTHER CLANS!> **

<HOW DARE YOU THREATEN THE LORD OF YOUR REALM? OF YOUR FATHERS AND THEIR FATHERS BEFORE THEM?>

<MY PATIENCE WITH YOU IS AT AN END! STAND DOWN IMMEDIATELY-->

**TRANSLATED FROM WAKANDAN. --TOM



<--OR BE DESTROYED!>

IRON MAN-- LOCK ALL WEAPONS--!!

MAYBE RATCHET DOWN THE VITRIOL, KILL-MONGER--



I AM THE BLACK PANTHER NOW, GOLIATH!

AND THE REST OF YOU-- GET IT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULLS--

--THIS IS NOT AMERICA, YOU ARE NOT "HEROES" HERE--



HIS WORLD

So, to
REVIEW:

DEADPOOL, a mercenary, was hired to steal PREYY, Killmonger-née-Black Panther's pet leopard.

Deadpool and His Amazing Friends™ invaded Avengers Mansion and bagged the kitty with Deadpool's personal transporter.

...OKAY...

...OKAY,
OKAY, MA...
I'M UP..

Of course, Preyy was playing with TRIATHLON at the time.

...HELLO.

WHY, HEH-
LEWWWWWWW!

WELCOME
BACK TO
REALITY!

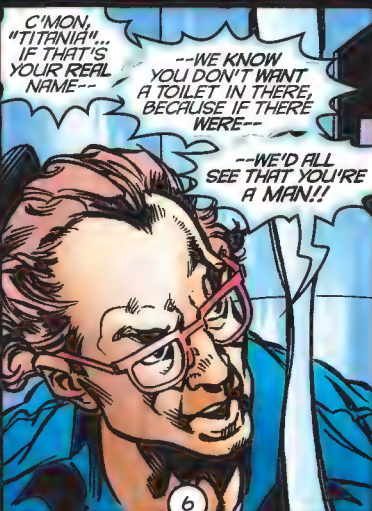
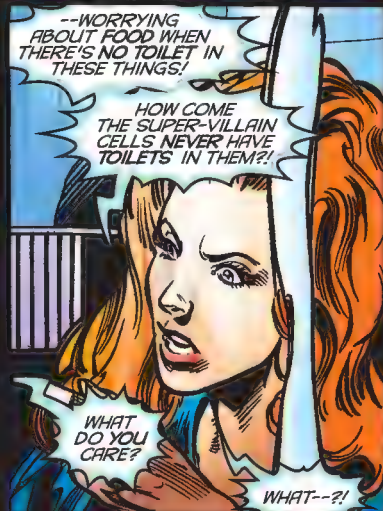
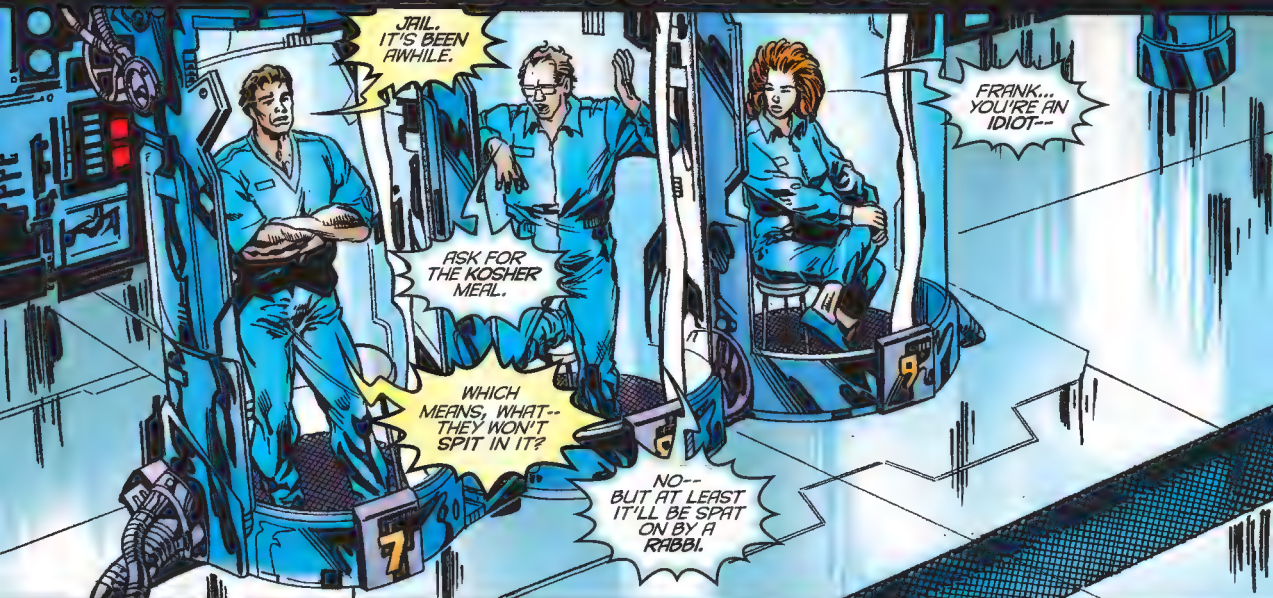
--THAT...
REMAINS TO
BE SEEN...



*DELROY GARRETT, JR.=TRIATHLON.
**HAJJ=PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA, SACRED
TO ALL MUSLIMS. ONCE COMPLETED,
A MUSLIM IS ENTITLED TO TAKE ON THE
NAME "AL-HAJJ". --TOM



JAIL HOUSE ROCK





ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!!
THAT'S IT!!

LET'S
UNZIP 'EM RIGHT
NOW!!

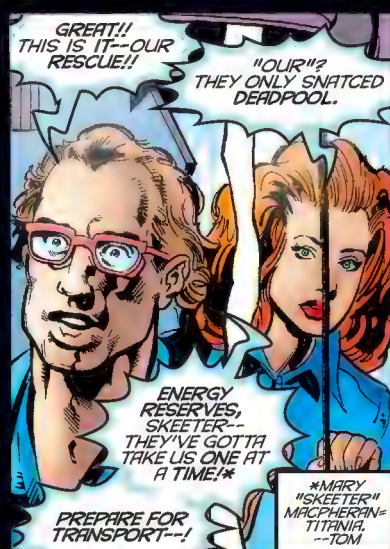
DEADPOOL
KNOWS THAT--

IF I
SEE FRANK
NAKED,
I'LL HAVE
TO KILL YOU
BOTH.



AND...
THIS JUST
IN...

DEADPOOL--
HE'S TRANSPORTING
OUT--!!



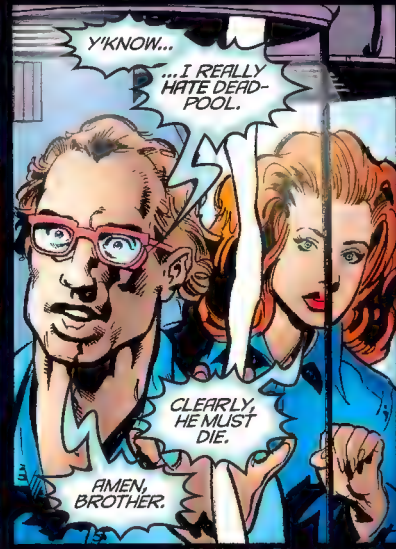
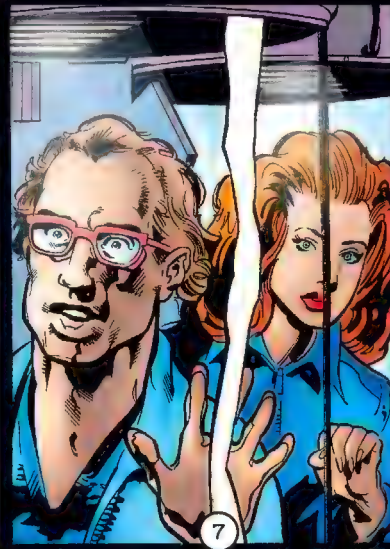
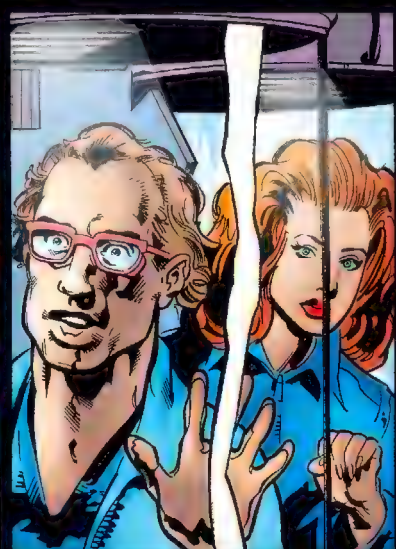
GREAT!!
THIS IS IT--OUR
RESCUE!!

"OUR"?
THEY ONLY SNATCHED
DEADPOOL.

ENERGY
RESERVES,
SKEETER--
THEY'VE GOTTA
TAKE US ONE AT
A TIME!*

PREPARE FOR
TRANSPORT--!

*MARY
"SKEETER"
MACPHERRAN=
TITANIA
--TOM



Y'KNOW...

...I REALLY
HATE DEAD-
POOL.

CLEARLY,
HE MUST
DIE.

AMEN,
BROTHER.



H'OKAY, BOYS AND GIRLS--

--THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH HAS ARRIVED!

LET THE BUTT-KICKING BEGIN!!

NOTHING QUITE SO VIOLENT, MY VERBOSE FRIEND--!!



(A) I'M NOT YOUR BLASTED FRIEND.

(C) SEE LETTER "A".

(B) YOU OWE ME THREE HUNDRED LONG AND ONE HAND PUPPET.

ALL IS WELL, MY FRIEND. I'VE BROUGHT EVERYTHING YOU'LL NEED!

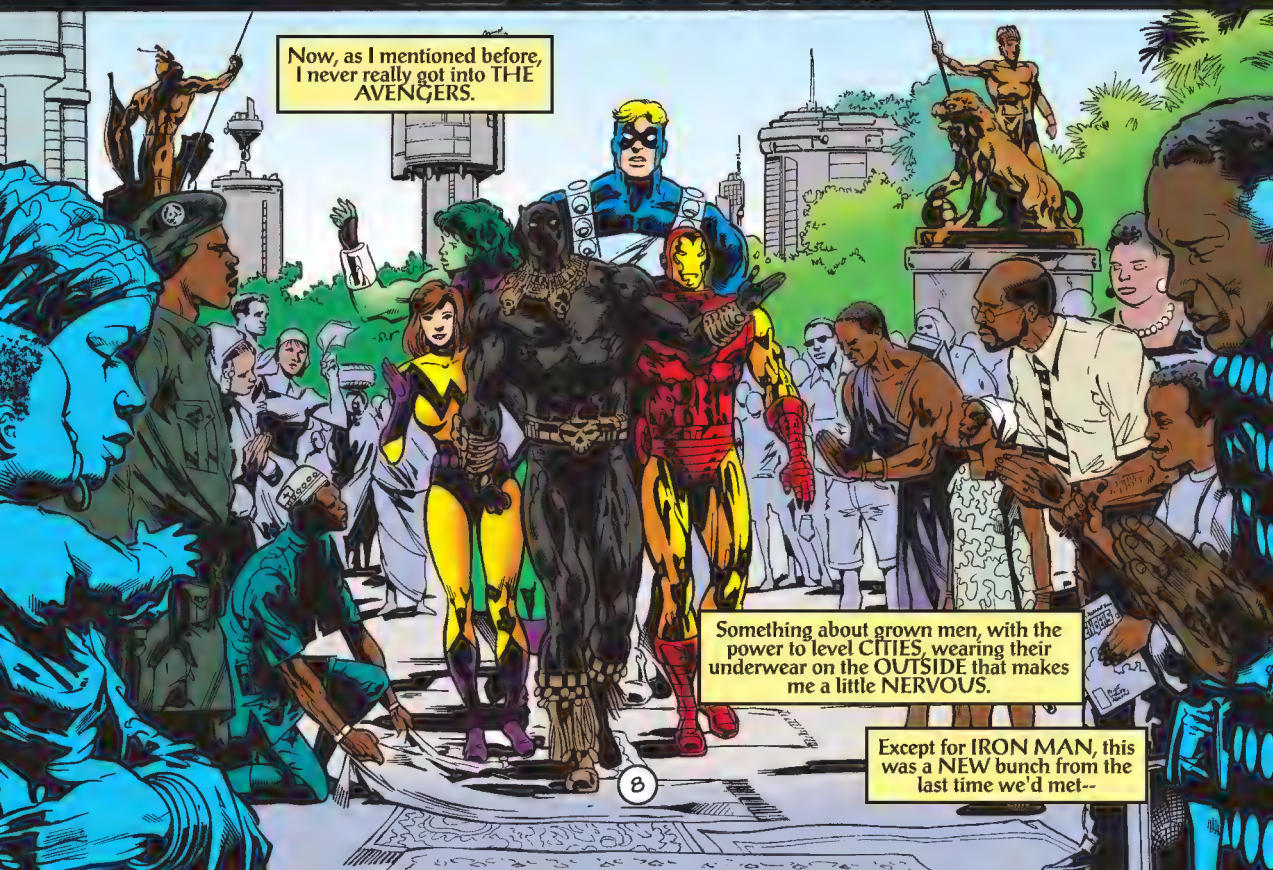


PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO FRESHEN UP--?

SAY--

--AREN'T YOU THOM CRUZ--?

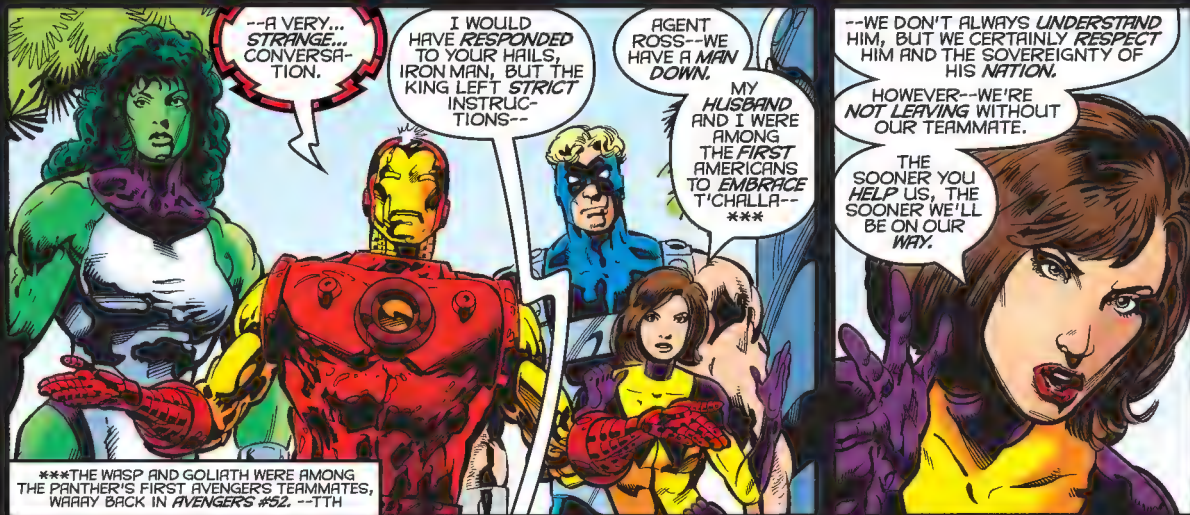
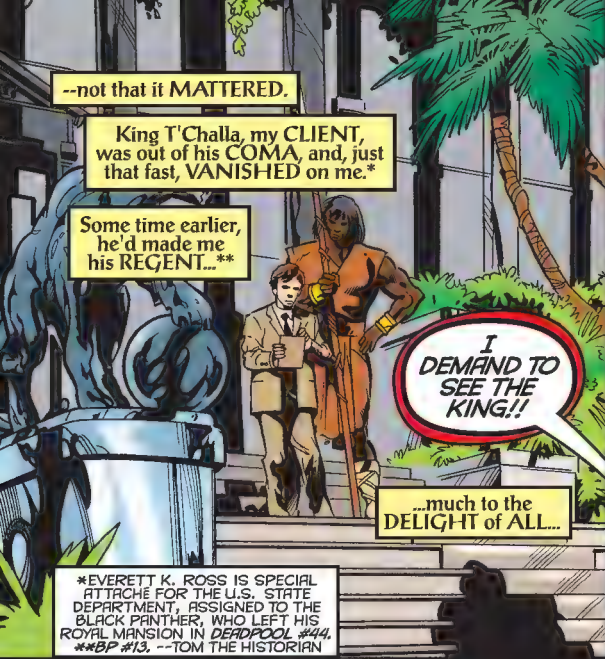
THE NEW BUNCH



Now, as I mentioned before, I never really got into THE AVENGERS.

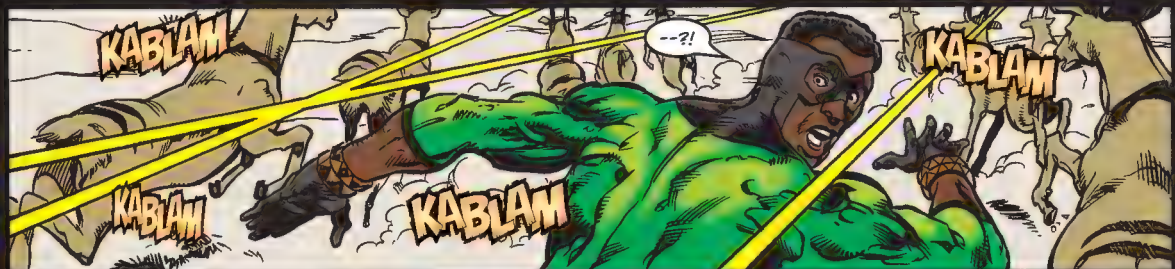
Something about grown men, with the power to level CITIES, wearing their underwear on the OUTSIDE that makes me a little NERVOUS.

Except for IRON MAN, this was a NEW bunch from the last time we'd met--



THE ERRAND





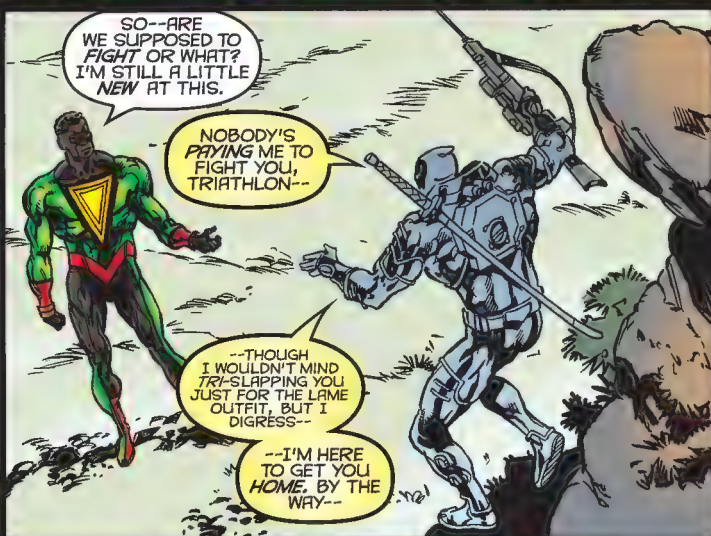
OH--I'M
SORRY--

--DID I
INTERRUPT--?

DIDN'T
HEAR YOU COMING.
I'M TEMPTED TO ASK
HOW YOU *MANAGED*
THAT.*

YOU'RE--
DEADPOOL, AREN'T
YOU--? YOU'VE HAD
SOME DEALINGS WITH
THE X-MEN.

*AND THE ANSWER WOULD BE
DP'S PERSONAL TRANSPORTER,
USED TO BRING TRIATHLON TO
WAKANDA IN DEADPOOL #44.--TOM



SO--ARE
WE SUPPOSED TO
FIGHT OR WHAT?
I'M STILL A LITTLE
NEW AT THIS.

NOBODY'S
PAYING ME TO
FIGHT YOU,
TRIATHLON--

--THOUGH
I WOULDN'T MIND
TRI-SLAPPING YOU
JUST FOR THE LAME
OUTFIT, BUT I
DIGRESS--

--I'M HERE
TO GET YOU
HOME, BY THE
WAY--



--WHAT
WAS ALL OF
THAT "RUN WITH
THE PUPPIES"
NONSENSE--?

AFRICA.

I'M IN
AFRICA. I'VE
WAITED ALL MY
LIFE...DREAMED
OF COMING
HERE...

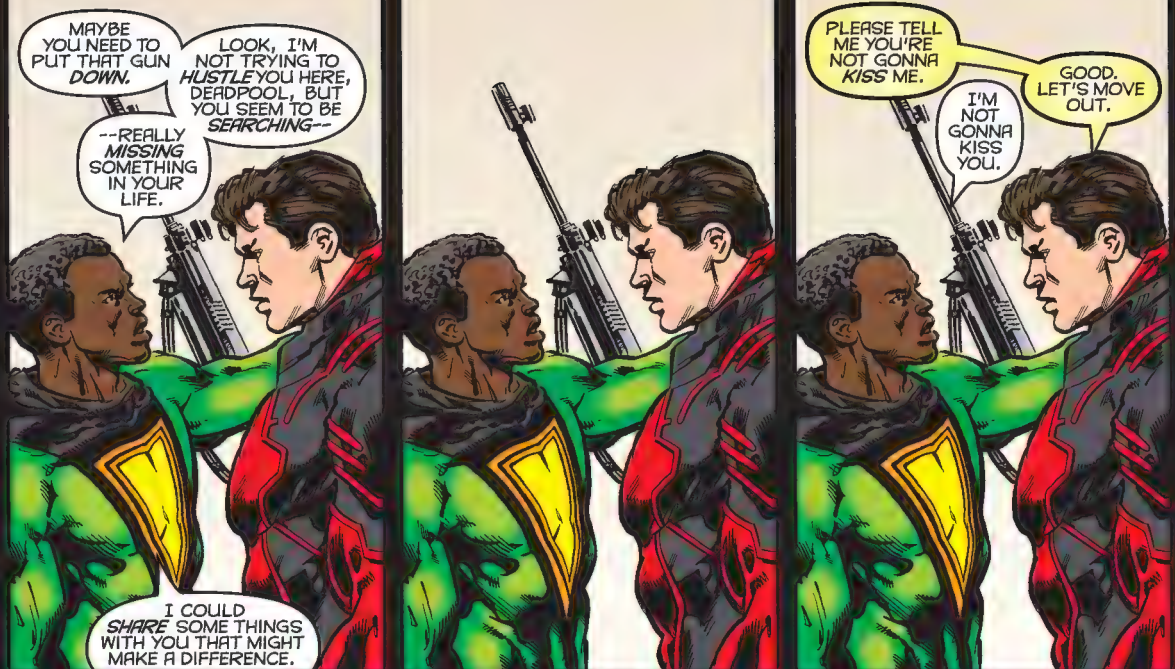
...AND I GET
HERE BY ACCIDENT.
DON'T YOU SEE IT--?
SMELL IT--?



I WANT
TO. I MEAN, I
REALLY WISH I
COULD.

I'VE BEEN
TO AFRICA DOZENS
OF TIMES...USUALLY
WITH A MACHINE GUN
IN MY HAND...

ALL I
SMELL IS
GAZELLE
POOP.



THE K TEAM



Despite my warnings, and empowered by Erik KillPanther's tribal say-so, the Avengers pressed on with the search--

--which led them into the **TECHNO-JUNGLE**...

HOW ARE WE DOING, IRON MAN--?

LEFT AT THE NEXT JUNCTION, WASP--

--THE TRACKER KILLMONGER PLACED ON HIS PET IS COMING IN LOUD AND CLEAR--

--WHICH IS WHAT WORRIES ME.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS. WE'RE WALKING RIGHT INTO A TRAP.

IRON MAN IS AN IDIOT.

OH, YEAH. YOU ARE THE TEAM PLAYER, KILLMONGER.

GOT MY VOTE, ANYWAY.



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

ZONE 4
SECTION 9, MY
LORD. SHALL I
REPEL THEM?

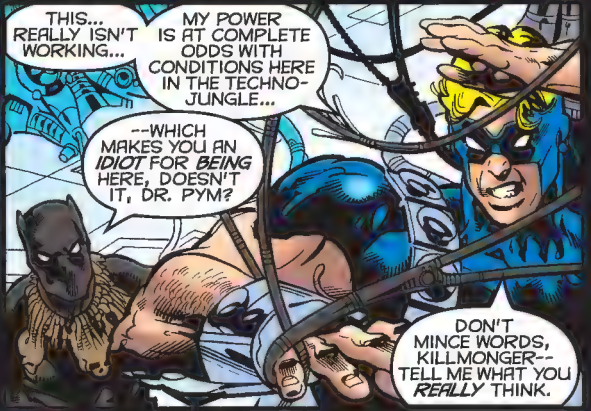
NO,
TAKU.

OUR UNWANTED
GUESTS ARE ABOUT
TO BE TAUGHT A VERY
STIFF LESSON. KEEP
MONITORING--



--ALERT
ME ONLY IF
NECESSARY.

UNDER-
STOOD, MY
LORD.

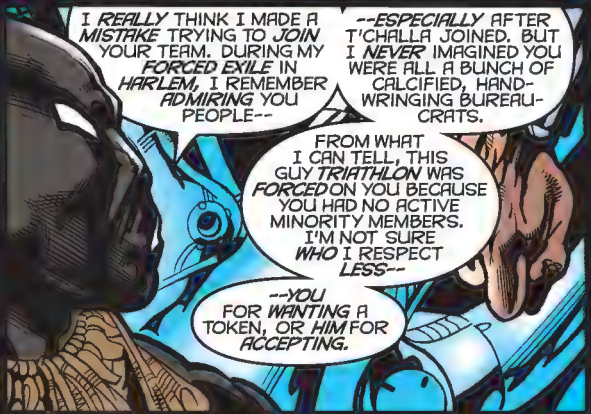


THIS...
REALLY ISN'T
WORKING...

MY POWER
IS AT COMPLETE
ODDS WITH
CONDITIONS HERE
IN THE TECHNO-
JUNGLE...

--WHICH
MAKES YOU AN
IDIOT FOR BEING
HERE, DOESN'T
IT, DR. PYM?

DON'T
MINCE WORDS,
KILLMONGER--
TELL ME WHAT YOU
REALLY THINK.



I REALLY THINK I MADE A
MISTAKE TRYING TO JOIN
YOUR TEAM. DURING MY
FORCED EXILE IN
HARLEM, I REMEMBER
ADMIRING YOU
PEOPLE--

--ESPECIALLY AFTER
T'CHALLA JOINED. BUT
I NEVER IMAGINED YOU
WERE ALL A BUNCH OF
CALCIFIED, HAND-
WRINGING BUREAU-
CRATS.

FROM WHAT
I CAN TELL, THIS
GUY TRIATHLON WAS
FORCED ON YOU BECAUSE
YOU HAD NO ACTIVE
MINORITY MEMBERS.
I'M NOT SURE
WHO I RESPECT
LESS--

--YOU
FOR WANTING A
TOKEN, OR HIM FOR
ACCEPTING.



WELL,
NOW, THIS IS
A TREAT--

--THE AGELESS WISDOM
OF A MAN UP TO HIS
WHISKERS IN BITTERNESS.
AND ME WITHOUT
MY SHOVEL.

LET ME TELL
YOU, KILLMONGER--
I KNOW A THING OR
THREE ABOUT
BITTERNESS. I USED
TO SPECIALIZE
IN IT. FOR YEARS,
IT WAS MY SUPER-
POWER.*

BUYS
YOU NOTHING.
TASTES LIKE
CHICKEN.

*DR. HANK PYM'S FALL FROM GRACE WAS
CHRONICLED IN AVENGERS V.1 #212-230. --TOM





--AND, WHY, YES, YOU CAN HAVE THIS DANCE!

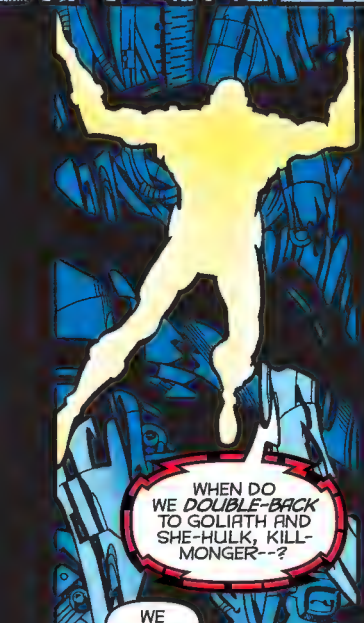
YOU BOYS LOOK LIKE REJECTS FROM THE "BLACK PANTHER FOR A DAY" CONTEST--

--OR THAT REGIS SHOW--

--THOUGH, I'M WILLING TO BET, IN YOUR OWN WAY, YOU'RE PRETTY DARN DANGEROUS!

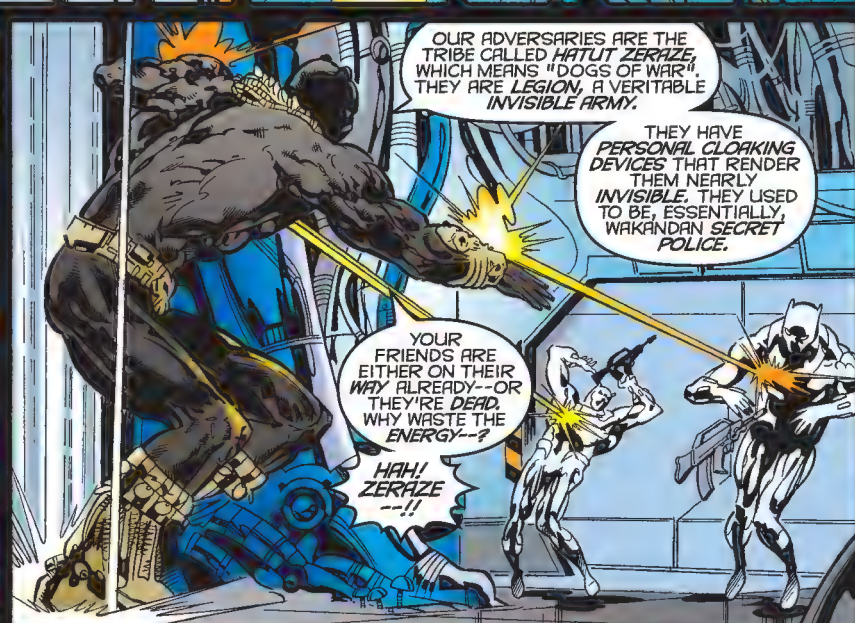
SO I SUPPOSE I SHOULD AT LEAST TRY AND TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY-- TAKE AWAY YOUR HIGH-TECH TOYS AND PUT YOU DOWN FOR A NAP--

--BEFORE GIGGLING MYSELF SILLY!



WHEN DO WE DOUBLE-BACK TO GOLIATH AND SHE-HULK, KILL-MONGER--?

WE DON'T.



OUR ADVERSARIES ARE THE TRIBE CALLED HATUT ZERAZE, WHICH MEANS "DOGS OF WAR". THEY ARE LEGION, A VERITABLE INVISIBLE ARMY.

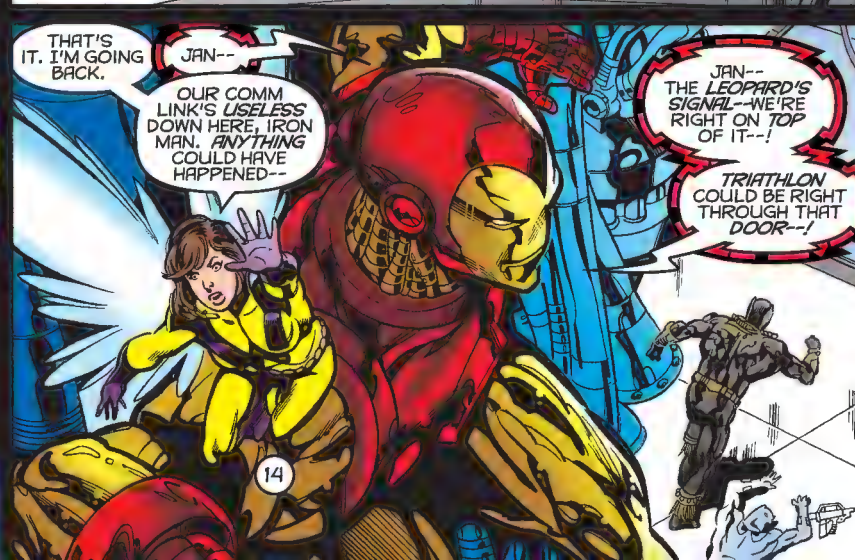
THEY HAVE PERSONAL CLOAKING DEVICES THAT RENDER THEM NEARLY INVISIBLE. THEY USED TO BE, ESSENTIALLY, WAKANDAN SECRET POLICE.

YOUR FRIENDS ARE EITHER ON THEIR WAY ALREADY--OR THEY'RE DEAD. WHY WASTE THE ENERGY--?

HAA! ZERAZE --!!



EXCUSE ME--?!



THAT'S IT. I'M GOING BACK.

JAN--

OUR COMM LINK'S USELESS DOWN HERE, IRON MAN. ANYTHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED--

JAN-- THE LEOPARD'S SIGNAL--WE'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF IT--!

TRIATHLON COULD BE RIGHT THROUGH THAT DOOR--!



--WHICH BRINGS US TO THE MAIN EVENT!

THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH VERSUS FANCY FEAST--!!

THAT'S IT, MERCENARY-- JOKE IT UP WHILE YOU CAN!

THEY'LL BE THE LAST JOKES YOU EVER TELL!!

I WANT MY LEOPARD!!



OH, IS THAT ALL? WAIT-- I THINK I HAVE HIM IN MY BACK POCKET!

LOOK, DEE-LUDE, I HAVE NO CLUE WHERE THAT NUTBALL ACHEBE STASHED FELIX THE CAT--AND I DON'T MUCH CARE,

WHICH RENDERS THIS LITTLE MEET-AND-GREET A LITTLE MOOT, N'EST-CE PAS--?

ACHEBE?!? YOU SERVE HIM--?!?



I "SERVE" WHOEVER'S GOT THEIR CHECKBOOK HANDY!

VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED.

ALL THE MORE REASON TO KILL YOU--!!

AND YOU ARE LOOKING FOR REASONS, AREN'T YOU, DOCTOR?

I MEAN-- ALL THAT RAGE-- THAT BREATH-- IT'S A CRY FOR HELP!



THE ONLY "CRY" WE'RE GOING TO HEAR WILL BE YOU BEGGING TO DIE!

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT, BOUGHT THE LINDEROOS.

SELF-LOATHING GETS OLD AFTER AWHILE, PAL. KINDA LIKE REGIS.

YOU'RE SO CAUGHT UP IN WHATEVER YOUR HEAD TRIP IS, YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE YOU'VE BEEN SET UP!

THIS WAS NEVER ABOUT THE LEOPARD, YOU EGG-O! I'VE BEEN SENT HERE TO KILL YOU! THIS IRRITATES ME ON TWO LEVELS:



FIRST, MY DAY RATE FOR SNUFFING SELF-LOATHING MANIACS IN KITTY-KAT SUITS IS A LOT HIGHER THAN MY STANDARD KIDNAP FEE.

--WELL, OKAY, I ONLY HAVE ONE LEVEL.

SECOND--

THE MORTALLY WOUNDED



AH...
EXCUSE
ME...

...I
THINK I'M
LOST.

WAIT--
STRIKE THAT.
I **KNOW** I'M
LOST.

AND--
NO OFFENSE,
PAL, BUT I **KNOW**
YOU'VE BEEN
FOLLOWING ME
FOR AWHILE.
WHOEVER YOU
ARE--



--MY ENHANCED
SENSES MAKE ME A
LITTLE HARD TO
STALK.

YES.

I CAN
IMAGINE.

LAST
I REMEMBER,
A MAN NAMED
DEADPOOL
WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE GIVING
ME A LIFT
HOME.

AND
NOW YOU ARE
HERE.



YOU UNDERSTAND
COMPLETELY.

COULD
BE **MARS**--
COULD BE
JERSEY.

NOT
JERSEY.

I SUPPOSE
I SHOULD ASK
IF YOU'RE A
GOOD GUY OR
A **BAD** GUY.



DIFFICULT
TO SAY THESE
DAYS.

SUFFICE IT TO
SAY YOU ARE IN
NO DANGER.

THEN WHY
BRING ME
HERE?

I DID
NOT BRING
YOU HERE. A
MAN NAMED
ACHEBE
REDIRECTED
DEADPOOL'S
TRANSPORT
BEAM--



--TO
VEY
ME.

WHY?

IT'S
WHAT HE
LIVES
FOR.

HIS GOAL
APPEARS TO BE
TO MANIPULATE
DEADPOOL INTO
KILLING KILLMONGER.
YOU WERE, AT BEST,
AN UNFORESEEN
COMPLICATION.



YEAH,
TO MY MOM,
TOO.

SO, NOT
JERSEY...

YOU
ARE STILL IN
AFRICA. THIS
TECHNO-JUNGLE
LIES BENEATH
THE CENTRAL
CITY.

I SEE.
AND, YOU LIVE
HERE--?

FOR
NOW...



ACHEBE LIVES TO TAUNT T'CHALLA! I GUESS MY VICTORY IN OUR TRIBAL CONTEST DOESN'T SIT WELL WITH HIM.

IN HIS OWN WARPED WAY, HE WANTS TO RESTORE T'CHALLA, SO HIS SCHEMES CAN PROGRESS!

AH, YEAH. THAT WOULD BE MY GUESS.

I WAS JUST GONNA SAY THAT. EXACTLY.



ENOUGH, DEADPOOL!

YOU'RE GOING BACK TO JAIL--AND I'M GOING TO PERSONALLY SEAL YOU IN THIS TIME--!



BACK OFF!!



YOU PEOPLE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HONOR, DO YOU?!

THIS IS BETWEEN DEADPOOL AND ME!

YOU ASKED TO BE ON A TEAM, KILLMONGER--

--THERE'S NO ROOM FOR YOUR PSYCHOTIC SOLO ACT!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KILL-MONGER--?



THIS MAN HAS COME TO KILL ME. THIS IS NOT A "TEAM" ISSUE!

LEAVE HIM TO ME--!

AWW, C'MON, MORRIS-- LET 'EM PLAY!

IT'S BEEN AWHILE SINCE I BEAT A TIN CAN GUY LIKE A DRUM!!

BY THE WAY, IS THAT POLO YOU'RE WEARING...?



SO, WE'RE IN AFRICA--AMONG ALL THIS **SPLendor** AND **BEAUTY**--BUT YOU LIVE DOWN HERE?!

WISDOM IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.

SO IS **FEAR**. NONE OF MY **BUSINESS**, PAL, BUT ARE YOU **SURE** YOU'RE NOT HIDING FROM SOMETHING--?

NOTHING **WRONG** WITH IT--I GUESS A **RETREAT** CAN BE A HEALTHY WAY TO **RE-CHARGE**.

GOD KNOWS I'VE WANTED TO STICK MY HEAD IN THE OVEN A LOT LATELY.

GUESS I'M JUST WONDERING IF YOU'RE IN **DENIAL** ABOUT WHATEVER **BROUGHT** YOU DOWN HERE.

AND YOU? HEAD IN OVEN?

LONG STORY. LET'S JUST SAY I'VE ACCEPTED A PLACE AMONG A GROUP THAT IS LESS THAN HAPPY TO HAVE ME.

DIFFICULT TO SAY ABOUT MATTERS OF THE **HEART**, FRIEND. I GUESS MY SENSE OF **SELF** IS A LITTLE **VULNERABLE** TO MY OWN **HUMANITY**--

--THAT FRAGILE BLEND OF **GOD** AND **MAN** THAT MAKES US ALL **DWARFS** REACHING FOR THE **SHELF**.

LOOKING FOR OUR **PLACE** IN THIS WORLD, BUT HAVING TO LIVE WITH THE DAMNING REALITY THAT WE'RE JUST **MORTAL**.



WHY ACCEPT THAT?

BEEN ASKING MYSELF THAT FOR **WEEKS** NOW.

AT FIRST, I GUESS I HAD SOMETHING TO **PROVE**. ABOUT MYSELF... ABOUT MY **BELIEFS**.

AND THEIR **ACCEPTANCE** OR **REJECTION** OF EITHER MEANS **WHAT?**



MORTAL...

YEAH... I'VE BEEN A LITTLE... **SNIPPY**... LATELY.

I GUESS, IN MY OWN WAY, I'M STUCK UNDERNEATH MY OWN **UTOPIA**.

WHY DO YOU **STAY?**



BECAUSE IT'S MY **TIME**. IT'S MY **TRIAL**.

I GUESS WE JUST **STAY** UNTIL WE'RE **READY** TO COME OUT.

I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE **HEALING** PROCESS...



IT IS **NOT**. IT IS **CHAFF** MEANT FOR THE THRESHING ROOM FLOOR.

IT IS... MORTALITY...

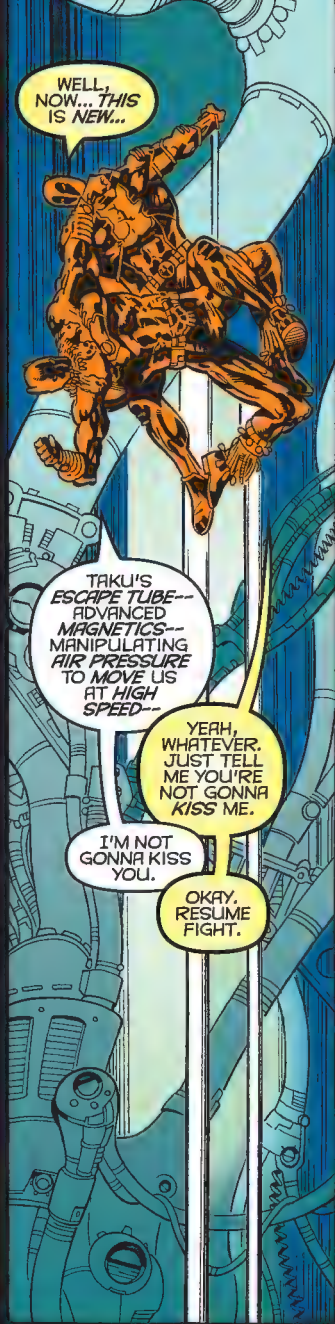


WALK YOUR OWN PATH, MR. GARRETT.

WISDOM IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.

WAIT-- HOW DID YOU KNOW MY--

--MISTER--? MISTER--?!



WELL,
NOW... THIS
IS NEW...

TAKU'S
ESCAPE TUBE--
ADVANCED
MAGNETICS--
MANIPULATING
AIR PRESSURE
TO MOVE US
AT HIGH
SPEED--

YEAH,
WHATEVER.
JUST TELL
ME YOU'RE
NOT GONNA
KISS ME.

I'M NOT
GONNA KISS
YOU.

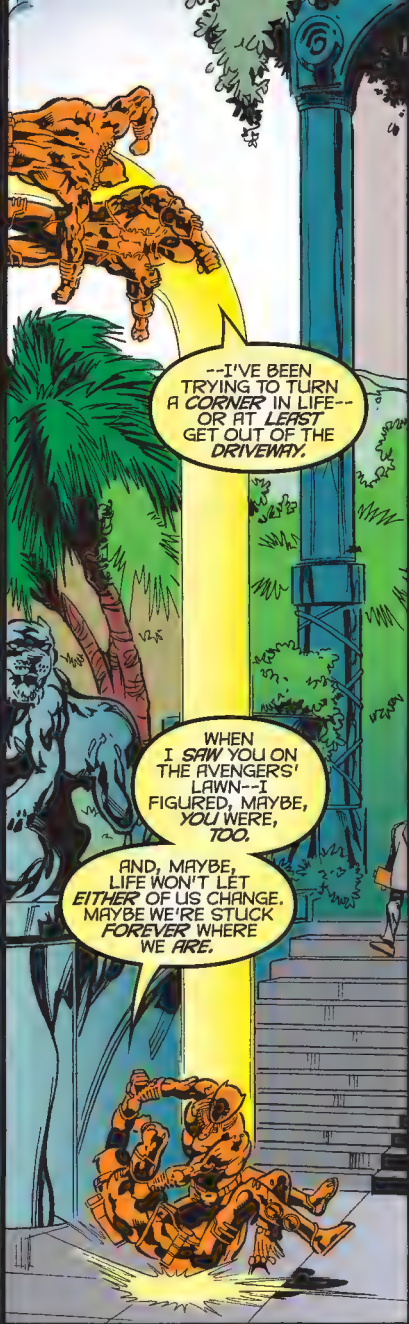
OKAY,
RESUME
FIGHT.



LOOK--
KILL PANTHER--
YOU'RE ABOUT THE
DUMBEST MUTT
BREATHING.

NO
OFFENSE.

I'VE
TOLD YOU
YOU'VE BEEN SET
UP--THAT I DON'T
WANNA KILL YOU--
OR, FRANKLY,
ANYBODY THESE
DAYS--



--I'VE BEEN
TRYING TO TURN
A CORNER IN LIFE--
OR AT LEAST
GET OUT OF THE
DRIVEWAY.

WHEN
I SAW YOU ON
THE AVENGERS'
LAWN--I
FIGURED, MAYBE,
YOU WERE,
TOO.

AND, MAYBE,
LIFE WON'T LET
EITHER OF US CHANGE.
MAYBE WE'RE STUCK
FOREVER WHERE
WE ARE.



MAYBE THAT'S
WHAT YOU'RE
REALLY TICKED
ABOUT.

AND YOU'VE GOT IT
ALL FIGURED OUT,
DEADPOOL? YOU
KNOW THE SECRET
TO LIFE--?!

WHY, YES,
IN FACT, I DO.
YOU SEE, THERE IS
A MAN... WITH A
TYPEWRITER...

GIRLS,
GIRLS...



...IF I'VE TOLD
YOU ONCE,
I'VE TOLD YOU
A MILLION
TIMES--

--NO HAIR-
PULLING ON
SATURDAYS.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

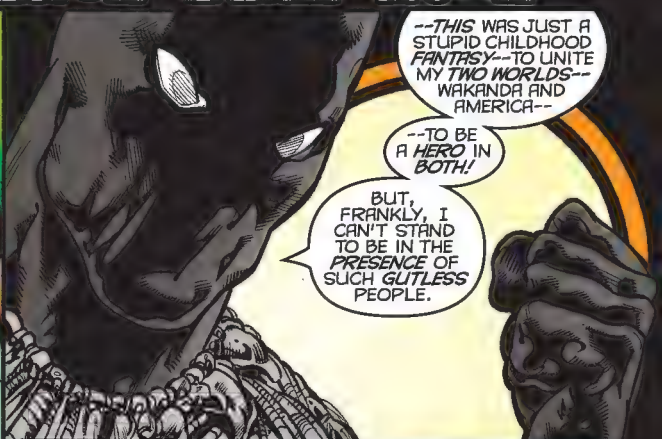


SO, YOU FOUND YOUR GUY, GUESS YOU FOLKS'LL BE SHOVING OFF.

WE'D HAVE PREFERRED TO SEE T'CHALLA--BUT WE'RE SATISFIED HE'S ALL RIGHT--FOR NOW.

TAKING RAT BOY WITH YOU, I HOPE--?

IF YOU'RE REFERRING TO ME, ROSS--



--THIS WAS JUST A STUPID CHILDHOOD FANTASY--TO UNITE MY TWO WORLDS-- WAKANDA AND AMERICA--

--TO BE A HERO IN BOTH!

BUT, FRANKLY, I CAN'T STAND TO BE IN THE PRESENCE OF SUCH GUTLESS PEOPLE.



YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. WHO NEEDS 'EM.

HEY...CAN YOU HEAR ME IN THERE--? SINCE DEADPOOL TRANSPORTED OUT, AND KILLPANTHER'S STAYING HERE--

--CAN I CATCH A RIDE HOME--?

BUT, ROSS-- YOU'RE THE KING'S REGENT-- WHO WILL RUN--

I WILL--



--I, W'KABI, THE KING'S TRUE REGENT! YES, TAKE THE AMERICAN WITH YOU-- THAT THINGS MAY BE AS THEY SHOULD BE--!!

GIVE ME A REASON, KILLMONGER. JUST ONE...

I'M AFRAID THAT WON'T BE POSSIBLE, AGENT ROSS--



SURE IT CAN--I'M ALREADY PACKED--AND I DON'T TAKE UP MUCH ROOM--

HECK-- I'LL RIDE IN THE LUGGAGE BAY--!!

THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM, ROSS-- JEN--?

--BUT YOUR U.S. CITIZENSHIP HAS BEEN REVOKED!

OUR STATE DEPARTMENT LIAISON SENT THIS FOR YOU--I'M SORRY, AGENT ROSS--

IN LOVE AND WAR

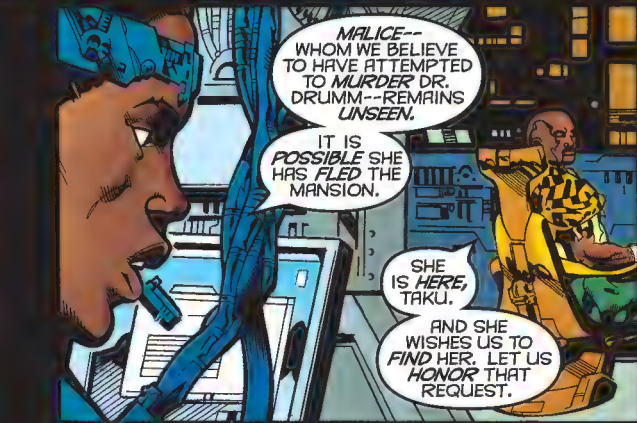


THE AVENGERS HAVE
CLEARED WAKANDAN
AIR SPACE, MY
LORD.

AND YOU,
TAKU--?

DEAD-
POOL
DID NOT
INJURE
ME.

ANY
SIGN OF THE
GIRL--?



MALICE--
WHOM WE BELIEVE
TO HAVE ATTEMPTED
TO MURDER DR.
DRUMM--REMAINS
UNSEEN.

IT IS
POSSIBLE SHE
HAS FLED THE
MANSION.

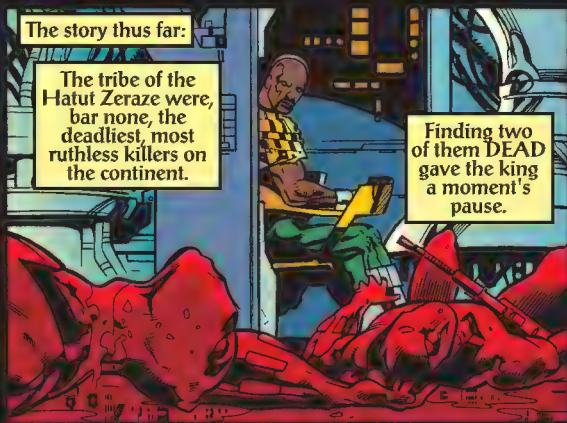
SHE
IS HERE,
TAKU.

AND SHE
WISHES US TO
FIND HER. LET US
HONOR THAT
REQUEST.

The story thus far:

The tribe of the
Hatut Zeraze were,
bar none, the
deadliest, most
ruthless killers on
the continent.

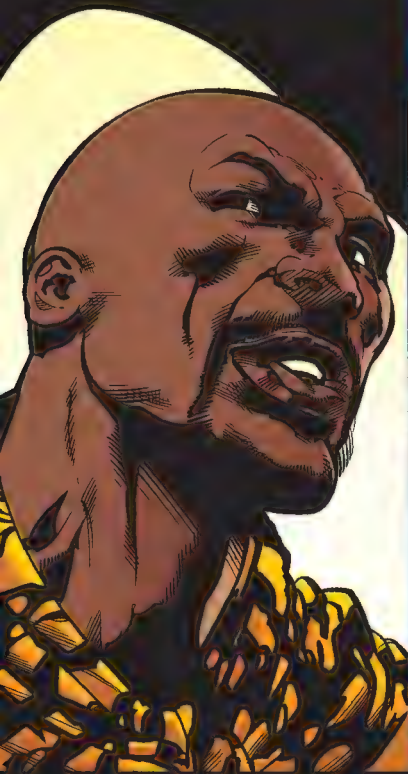
Finding two
of them DEAD
gave the king
a moment's
pause.



Could be their master--
the WHITE WOLF's work.
Could be DEADPOOL..

Or, he may have realized--

--everything about his world
had just changed forever...



NEXT: *Malice*

The end of the end
is the beginning...

MARVEL[®]
COMICS



DEAD- POOL[®]

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

#45

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PRIEST
CALAFIORE
HOLDREDGE



OH.

MY.

AT LONG LAST...

TITANIA'STM
SHOCKING
SECRET!

Calafiore '00



TOLD
YOU YOU'D
BE BACK.

I'M NOT
"BACK".
JUST
MAKING A LITTLE
DELIVERY...



HEY--
WADE!!
WELCOME
HOME!

WE SAVED
THE GOOD
SHUFFLEBOARD
STICK FOR
YA--!!

... SWEET ROSH
HASHANAH...

...WHAT
IT IS...

HEY--
LISTEN UP,
YOU MOPES--
I AM NOT
"HOME".

I'M NEVER
GONNA BE
"HOME".

THE PROBLEM
WITH YOU LOSERS
IS YOU'RE ALL HEROES.
ALL THAT SPEECH-MAKING
TENDS TO GET IN THE
WAY--

--OF TAKING
CARE OF
BUSINESS!

FORTUITOUSLY, I
AM SOMEWHAT LESS
ENCUMBERED...

GASP!

OMIGOSH--!!

CAN IT...
BE--?!

IT IS--
IT'S-- IT'S
HIM--!!

BUT-- YOU
CAN'T DO THAT--
JUST KILL A
MAN--

SURE I CAN.
JUST FOLLOW THE
SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS:
"TWIST HEAD LEFT UNTIL
YOU HEAR A LOUD
KEE-RACK!!"

NO-- DEADPOOL--
YOU'VE TRIED SO HARD
TO CHANGE-- TO MOVE
FROM BEING AN AMORAL
MERCENARY--

--TO
BEING ONE
OF US--

HE'S BACK--
DEADPOOL..

IT WAS...
WAS LIKE...
HE NEVER
LEFT US...

I KNEW
IT WOULDN'T
BE LONG--!!



--A
HERO.

--IT'S TRUE. I
MEAN, I'VE SPENT
MY WHOLE LIFE
DOING THE **WRONG**
THING-- MAKING THE
WRONG CHOICES.

FOR ONCE-- I
JUST WANTED TO
KNOW HOW IT
FELT TO BE ON
THE **RIGHT**
SIDE.

BUT THAT
WAS BEFORE
HIM!!

I TRIED-- I
REALLY **TRIED**
TO BE A HERO-- TO
DO ALL THAT "SAVE
THE DAY" STUFF--
AND **THIS--**

--**THIS IS**
WHAT I GET
FOR MY
TROUBLE!!



PUNT!

LOOK WHAT
HE DID!! LOOK
AT ME!!!

HE THOUGHT
THIS WAS A
GOOD
IDEA!!

THEN CAME
THE **STUPID**
ROOMMATES
WHO JUST **SIT**
AND **TALK ON**
AND ON AND
ON--!!



GASP!

HE... HE
DISFIGURED
'POOL--!!

WORSE THAN
THE **GOAT**
INCIDENT...



WELL-- MAYBE HE
DID HAVE IT COMING--
HE MADE ME **EVIL--**

HE DROVE ME **CRAZY**
AND THEN BANISHED
ME TO **LIMBO.**

HE MADE ME A
DRUNK-- KILLED
THE **RED**
CHICK...

HE **BLINDED**
ME! AND NOW
I'M **DEAD!!**

HE SOLD MY
GRANDMA!

HE **BURNED**
MY **HOUSE**
DOWN!

HE
CHANGED
ME INTO A
WOMAN!



THIS IS
WHAT I'M
SAYING.

THIS TIME,
I GOT HIM
BEFORE HE
GOT ME.

IT'S **SELF-**
DEFENSE!

GEE, WADE--
YOU'RE THE
MIGHTIEST AND
THE **WISEST**
OF US ALL!

WAY TO
GO!

GEEZ-- HAD
I THOUGHT OF
THAT, WE COULDA
STOPPED HIM IN HIS
TRACKS YEARS
AGO!

SO, WADE
WILSON, YOU
SURVIVED-- YOU'RE
STILL IN **BUSINESS!**
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
NOW--?

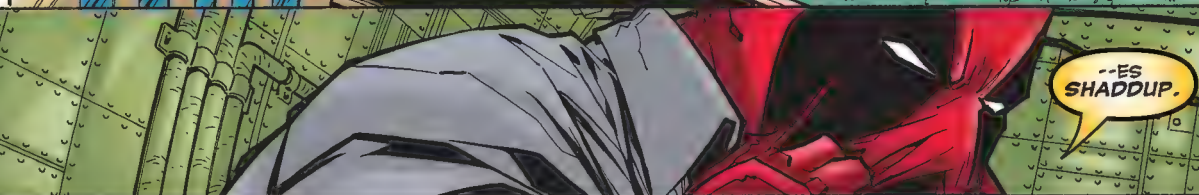
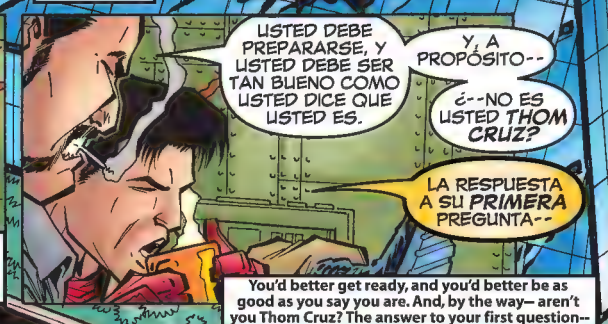
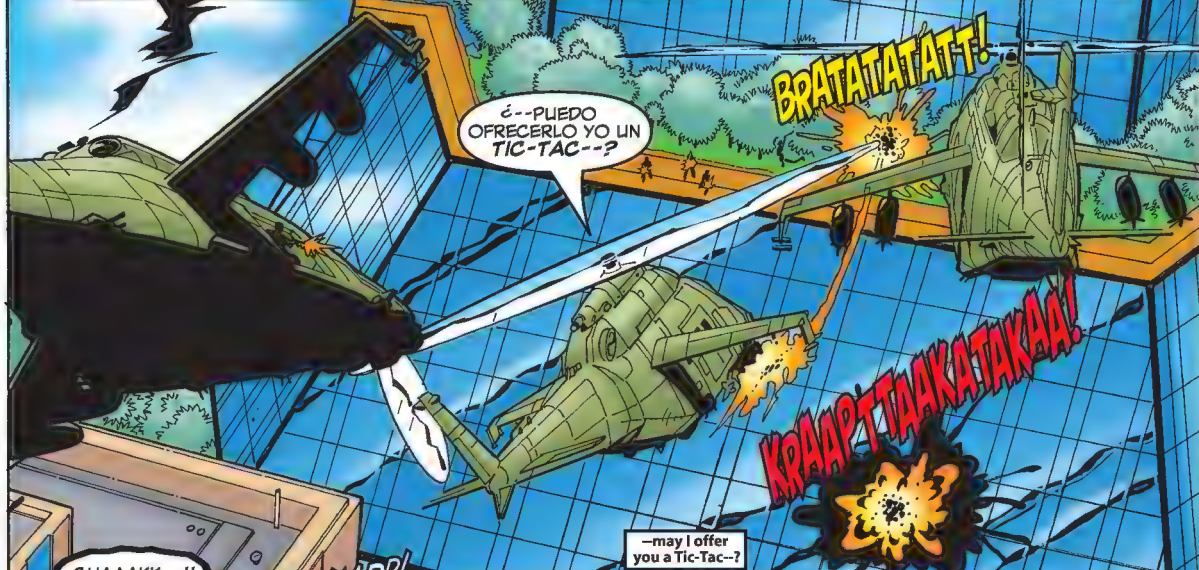
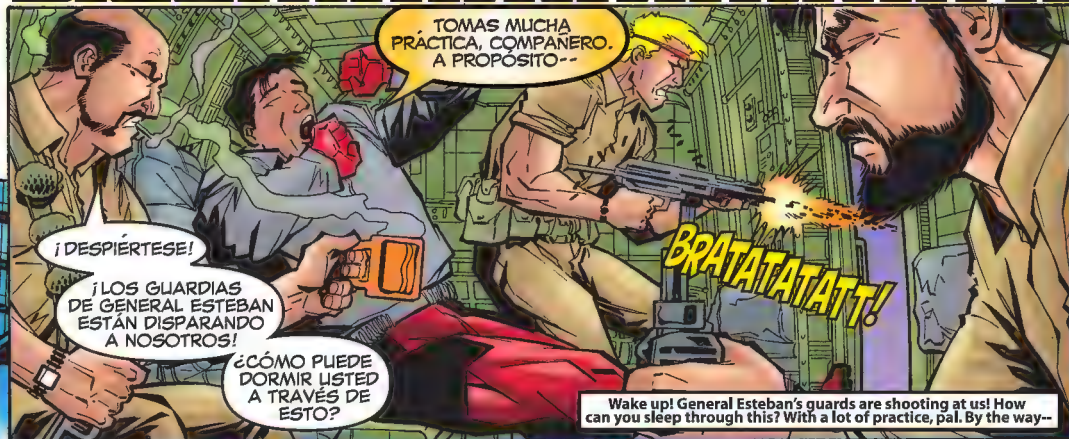
I'M
GOING TO
DIZZ--



EY.
EY
GRINGO--

Ey. Ey stupid--

BRATATATATATATT!





SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! **STAN LEE PRESENTS:**

DEADPOOL

JOHNNY HANDSOME BITES THE DUST

(OR: "IF THIS
SLIP BE PINK...!")

BY
PRIEST & CALAFIORE
STORYTELLERS



Jon Holdredge-Inking Chris Eliopoulos-Lettering Shannon Blanchard-Colorist Mike Marts-Editor Bob Harras-Editor in Chief





KEE-RAASH!

So, I suppose this'll be my LAST letter to you, babe.

Not that I MIND pouring out my soul to the EMBODIMENT OF DEATH--

¡TARDE BUENA! ¿HÁBRÍALO LOS SEÑORES QUIEREN A CUALQUIER LOS COSMÉTICOS DE MARY KAY?

BRATATATATT!

Good evening! Would you gentlemen care for any Mary Kay cosmetics?

¡EN EL NOMBRE DE TODOS QUE SON SANTOS, Y PARA EL FUTURO DE NUESTRA GRAN NACIÓN Y NUESTROS HIJOS Y HIJAS--

--EJECUTE A ESTE HOMBRE CON TODA LA VELOCIDAD DELIBERADA, INTENSIDAD Y MALICIA!

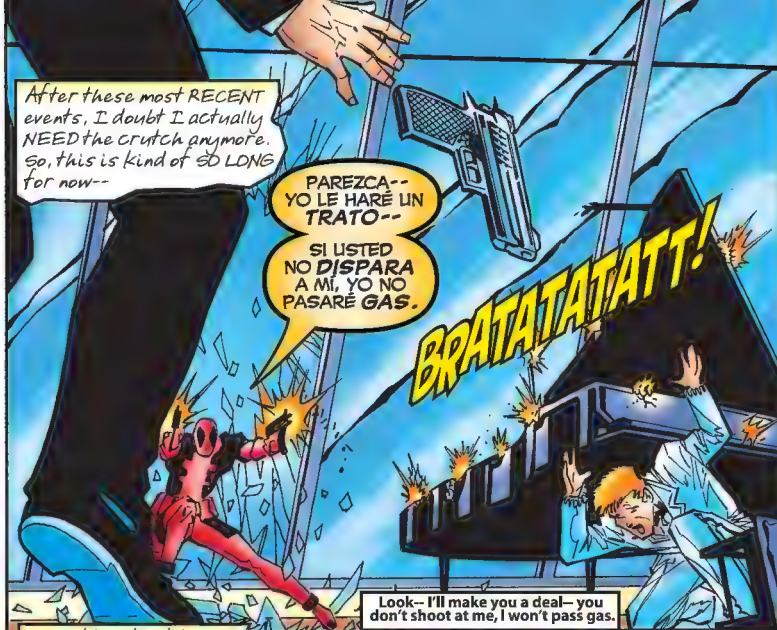
Kill him!

--but postage to YOUR neck of the woods is a real TREAT, let me TELL you.

And you apparently don't believe in E-MAIL, sister...

Bite me, fat boy!

BRATATATATT!





MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IT UP, FELLA.

FOR THE 900TH TIME, FRANK--

--I AM NOT A MAN.

AND NEITHER, APPARENTLY, ARE YOU.



WHEN ARE THEY GONNA ARRAIGN US?! WE'VE BEEN LEFT HERE SINCE THE AVENGERS CAPTURED US!

AND WHY DO THEY ALWAYS PUT SUPER-VILLAINS IN THESE BLASTED STAGIS TUBES?!

THINK, YOU IDIOT--

--THEY LEARNED IT FROM US.

US.

US.

LEARNED THIS.

THIS.

FROM US.

EYES.

THIS.

THIS.

US.

US.

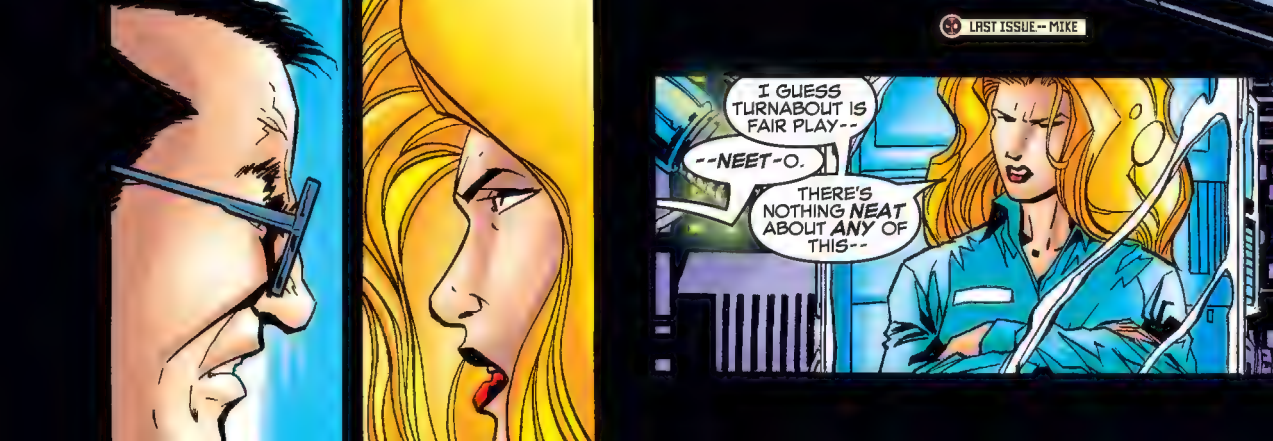
I'VE NEVER OWNED ONE OF THESE THINGS IN MY LIFE.

HAD A DEALER TRY TO SELL ME ONE ONCE. VERY PUSHY. A REAL TURN-OFF...

I MEANT VILLAINS, FRANK--

--MAGNETO WAS THE FIRST VILLAIN TO USE THESE THINGS TO IMPRISON HIS ENEMIES.

LAST ISSUE -- MIKE



I GUESS TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY--

--NEET-O.

THERE'S NOTHING NEAT ABOUT ANY OF THIS--



NO-- MAG-NET-O. YOU CALLED HIM MAG-NET-O.

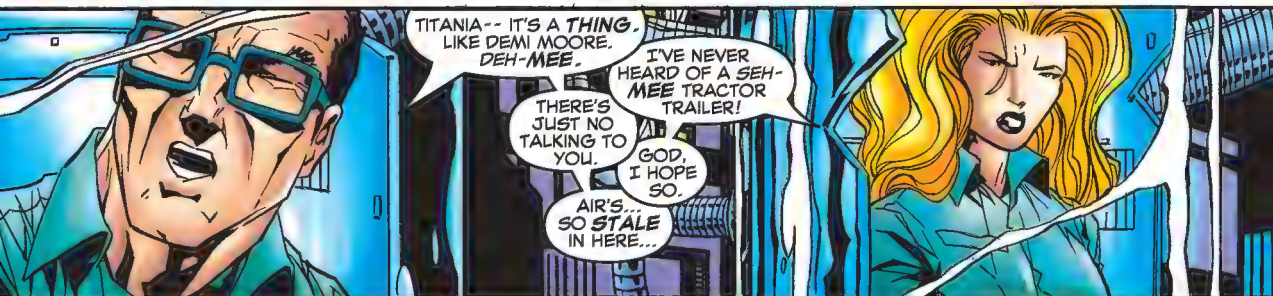
FRANK-- EVERY NEWS SHOW SAYS NET-O.

THEN EVERY NEWS SHOW IS WRONG. IT'S NEET.

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A MAG-NEET.

HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD THROW OUT A DRAG-NEET.



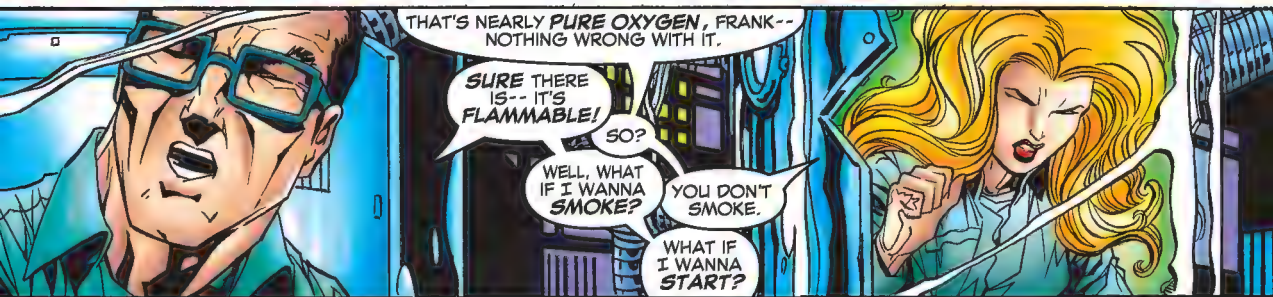
TITANIA-- IT'S A THING. LIKE DEMI MOORE. DEH-MEE.

THERE'S JUST NO TALKING TO YOU.

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A SEH-MEE TRACTOR TRAILER!

GOD, I HOPE SO.

AIR'S... SO STALE IN HERE...



THAT'S NEARLY PURE OXYGEN, FRANK-- NOTHING WRONG WITH IT.

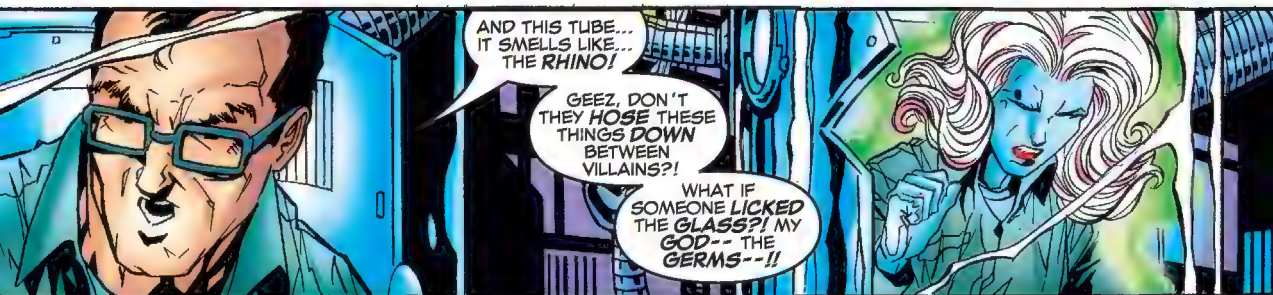
SURE THERE IS-- IT'S FLAMMABLE!

SO?

WELL, WHAT IF I WANNA SMOKE?

YOU DON'T SMOKE.

WHAT IF I WANNA START?



AND THIS TUBE... IT SMELLS LIKE... THE RHINO!

GEEZ, DON'T THEY HOSE THESE THINGS DOWN BETWEEN VILLAINS?!

WHAT IF SOMEONE LICKED THE GLASS?! MY GOD-- THE GERMS--!!



I'M STUCK IN A STASIS TUBE WITH RHINO SPIT ALL OVER THE GLASS!!

I'M LODGING A FORMAL COMPLAINT--!!

GUARDDDD--!!

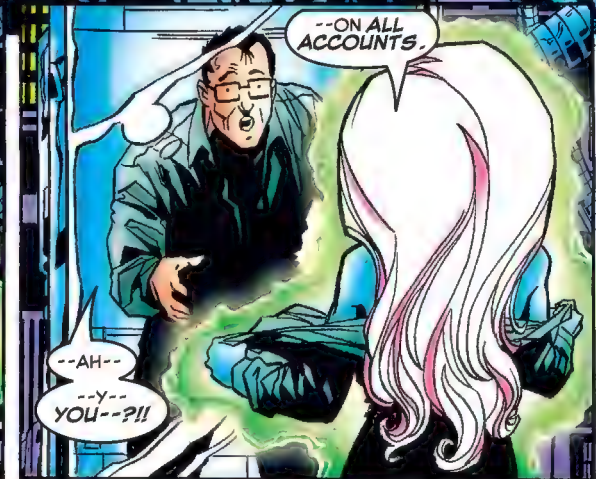


FOR CRIPES SAKE, SCHLICHTING, PUT A CORK IN IT, WILL YOU?!

NOT LIKE WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TO DO--

I WANNA TALK TO SOMEBODY ABOUT THIS RHINO SPIT--

--AND WHAT'S ON THE OFFICIAL RECORD-- NET-O OR NEET-O--?!



Last I'd seen my ROOMMATES, they were still in STIR, PLEASED, no doubt, that I'd escaped and left THEM there.

Dr. Otto

HEY, KIDS!
IT'S DEADPOOL!!
BROUGHT YOU BACK
A **SOUVENIR** FROM
AFRICA--

--FIFTY
ROUNDS OF
HOT LEAD!!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

--SO,
I FIGURE
WE **DANCE**
FIRST, **HUG**
LATER--!!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

--AH--

--ANYBODY HOME?

--BUT-- OF
COURSE--

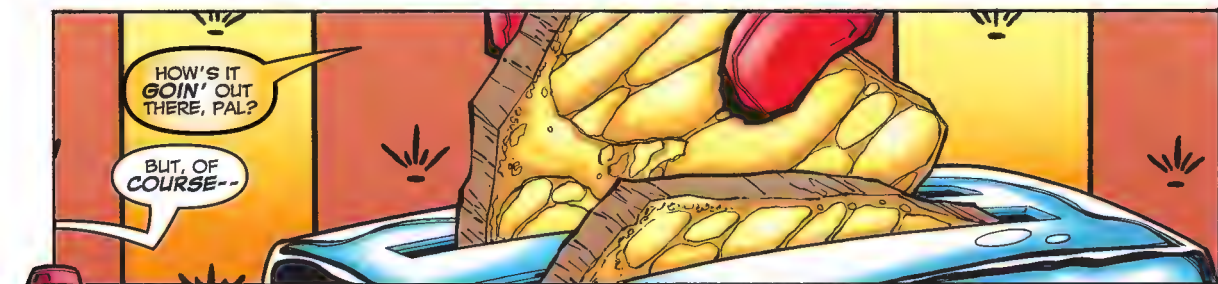
HAYDEN--!!

**HAYDEN--
MY FAVORITE
REALTOR!!**

HOW
ARE THEY
HANG--

**WE GOT
ANY PORK
CHOPS?**

NEVER
MIND.



HOW'S IT GOIN' OUT THERE, PAL?

BUT, OF COURSE--



--I BELIEVE I HAVE DISARMED MOST OF THE TRAPS MEESTER SSHLEKKTUNG SET FOR YOU.

WHAT A PAL. WANNA CHOP?



BUT, OF COURSE, NO, THANK YOU.

I AM ATTEMPTING TO CUT DOWN ON TOASTER-GRILLED PORK PRODUCTS...

DING DONG!

... AH, SOMEONE AT THE DOOR...



WHO IS IT?

BUT, OF COURSE, NO ONE. ARMWAY SALES.

NOW, YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THE CHOPS THING, HAYDEN? LAST CHANCE, BUBBETTE.

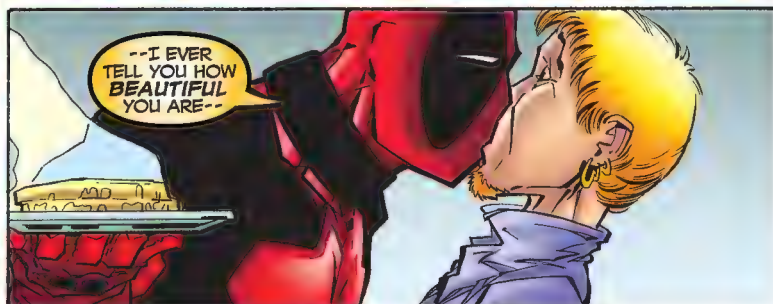


WELL, PERHAPS.

WE CAN ALL LEARN SOMETHING NEW...

YES. YES, WE CAN.

WHICH REMINDS ME--



--I EVER TELL YOU HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE--





YOU'VE MADE
A LOT OF ENEMIES
OVER THE YEARS, WADE--
INCLUDING--

--THE
WINGLESS
WIZARD!!

WHO-?!

THE
WINGLESS
WIZARD!!

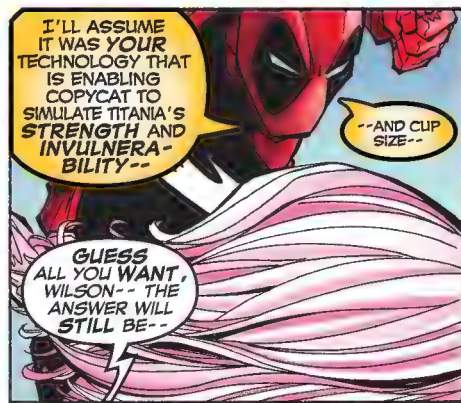


SORRY--
NOT RINGING
A BELL...

THE WINGLESS
WIZARD, YOU DOLT!
I RECRUITED YOU
AS A MEMBER OF
THE FRIGHTFUL
FOUR! @

I REMEMBER.
I'D JUST MADE
A BET WITH MYSELF
TO SEE HOW MANY
TIMES I COULD GET
YOU TO SCREAM OUT
"THE WINGLESS
WIZARD!!!"

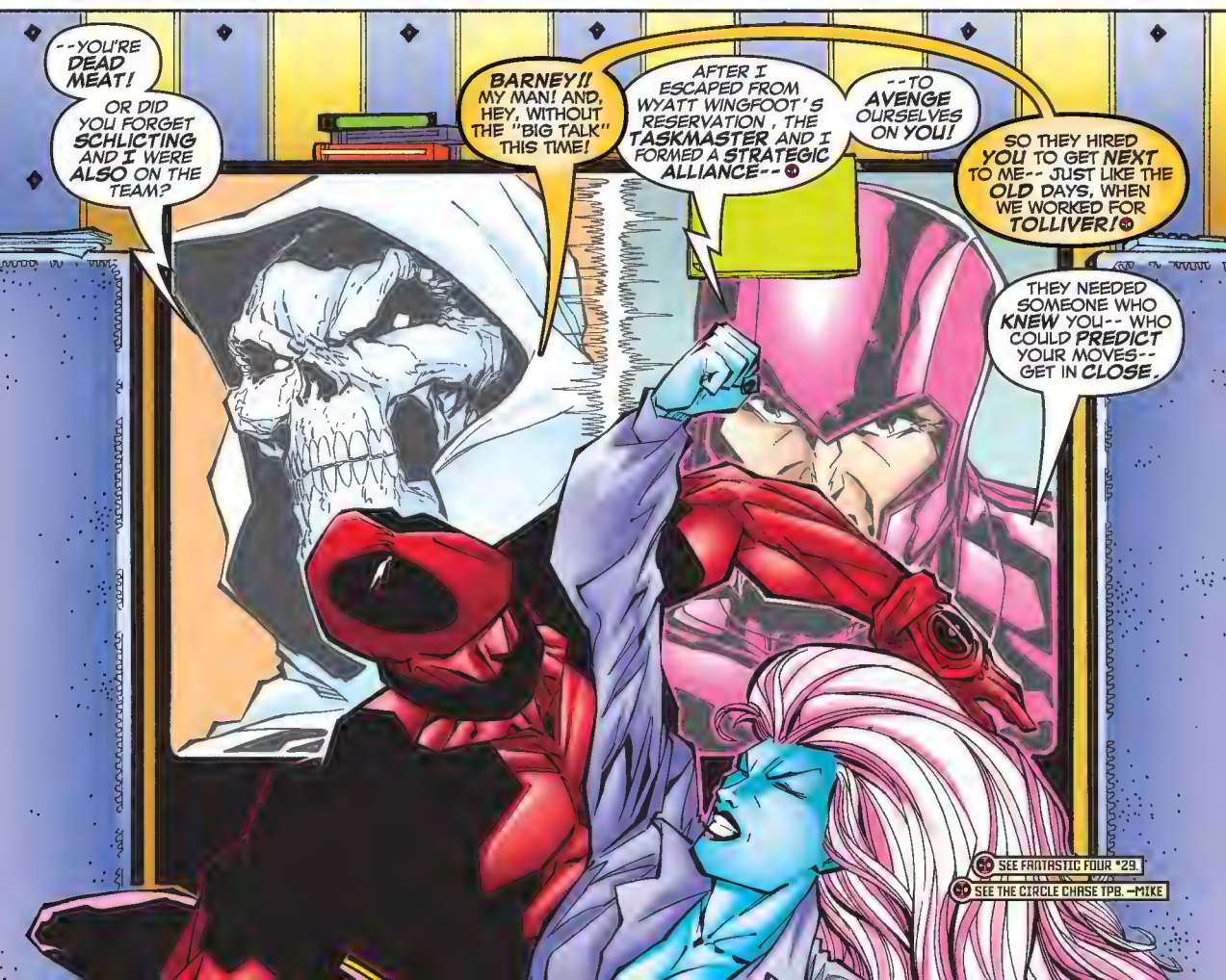
ISSUE #35. -MIKE



I'LL ASSUME
IT WAS YOUR
TECHNOLOGY THAT
IS ENABLING
COPYCAT TO
SIMULATE TITANIA'S
STRENGTH AND
INVULNERA-
BILITY--

--AND CLIP
SIZE--

GUESS
ALL YOU WANT,
WILSON-- THE
ANSWER WILL
STILL BE--



--YOU'RE
DEAD
MEAT!

OR DID
YOU FORGET
SCHLICHTING
AND I WERE
ALSO ON THE
TEAM?

BARNEY!!
MY MAN! AND,
HEY, WITHOUT
THE "BIG TALK"
THIS TIME!

AFTER I
ESCAPED FROM
WYATT WINGFOOT'S
RESERVATION, THE
TASKMASTER AND I
FORMED A STRATEGIC
ALLIANCE-- @

--TO
AVENGE
OURSELVES
ON YOU!

SO THEY HIRED
YOU TO GET NEXT
TO ME-- JUST LIKE THE
OLD DAYS, WHEN
WE WORKED FOR
TOLLIVER! @

THEY NEEDED
SOMEONE WHO
KNEW YOU-- WHO
COULD PREDICT
YOUR MOVES--
GET IN CLOSE.

SEE FANTASTIC FOUR #29.

SEE THE CIRCLE CHASE TPB. -MIKE

I TOLD THEM THAT EVEN WITH TITANIA'S POWERS, IT WAS **UNLIKELY** ANYONE COULD ACTUALLY KILL YOU. STILL, I WAS HAPPY TO TAKE THEIR MONEY--

--AND YOURS! BUT ACHEBE **WELCHED** ON OUR DEAL TO GIVE ME THE ACCOUNT CODE FOR YOUR OVERSEAS BANK!

WHAT DO YOU NEED MONEY FOR?! GARRISON KANE'S ROLLING IN IT--!

RIGHT. GUESS AGAIN.

SO-- THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ABOUT-- MONEY?

HERE I THOUGHT-- WELL-- MAYBE THIS WAS YOUR WAY OF GETTING CLOSE TO ME AGAIN--

BARRISON KANE • WEAPON X, COPYCAT'S CURRENT BEAU. —MIKE

SEE LAST ISSUE —MIKE

--I MEAN, LOOK AT ME-- EVERYTHING I'VE EVER KNOWN IS GONE-- I'M STUCK WITH THIS STUPID FACE--

--BUT, THEN YOU CAME ALONG, KNOWING THAT I'D **SEE RIGHT THROUGH** YOUR DISGUISES-- I THOUGHT, AFTER ALL WAS SAID AND DONE--

--THERE'D BE AT LEAST ONE GRATUITOUS NUDE SCENE!

LOVER, IF I SAID THIS WAS **JUST** ABOUT THE MONEY--

--I'D BE TELLING YOU THE TRUTH!

IT'S OVER BETWEEN US, WADE, YOU DID THAT.

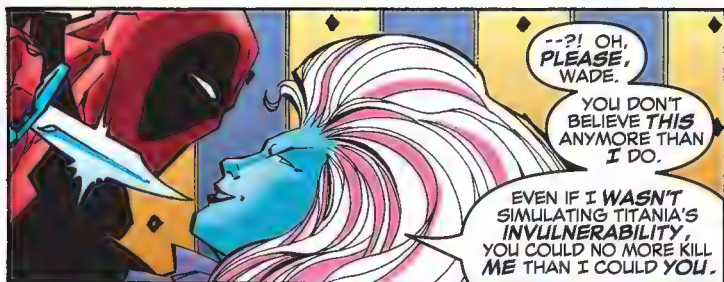
STOP LOOKING FOR **DEEPER MOTIVES**-- THIS IS ABOUT THE **CASH**.

...
--I BELIEVE YOU.

THWACKK!

OKAY, IF WE DON'T HAVE LOVE, MAYBE WE CAN SHARE A LITTLE **NEURAL STUN!**

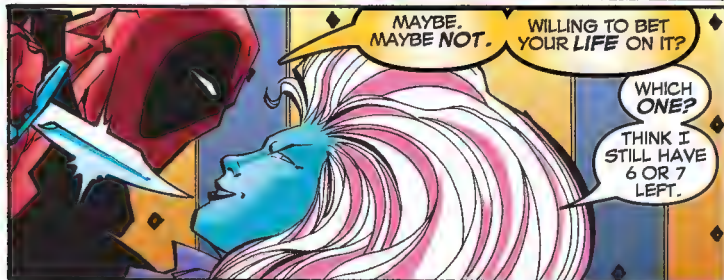
IT'S COMPLETELY **PLATONIC!**



--?! OH, PLEASE, WADE.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE *THIS* ANYMORE THAN I DO.

EVEN IF I *WASN'T* SIMULATING TITANIA'S INVULNERABILITY, YOU COULD NO MORE KILL ME THAN I COULD YOU.

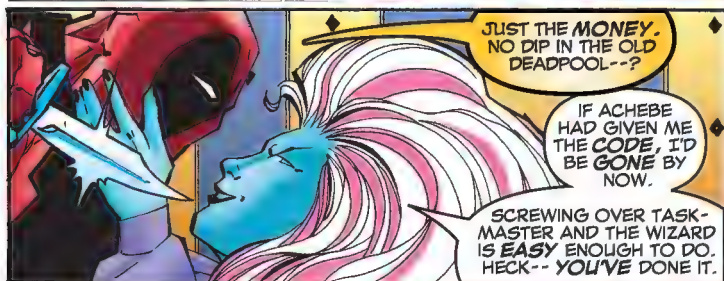


MAYBE. MAYBE NOT.

WILLING TO BET YOUR LIFE ON IT?

WHICH ONE?

THINK I STILL HAVE 6 OR 7 LEFT.



JUST THE *MONEY*. NO DIP IN THE OLD DEADPOOL--?

IF ACHEBE HAD GIVEN ME THE *CODE*, I'D BE GONE BY NOW.

SCREWING OVER TASK-MASTER AND THE WIZARD IS *EASY* ENOUGH TO DO. HECK-- *YOU'VE* DONE IT.



YOU'RE RIGHT. FOR INSTANCE--

--WHAH--? WHAT ARE YOU-- AAIIIEEEE--!!

I'M GIVING YOU WHAT YOU CAME FOR...

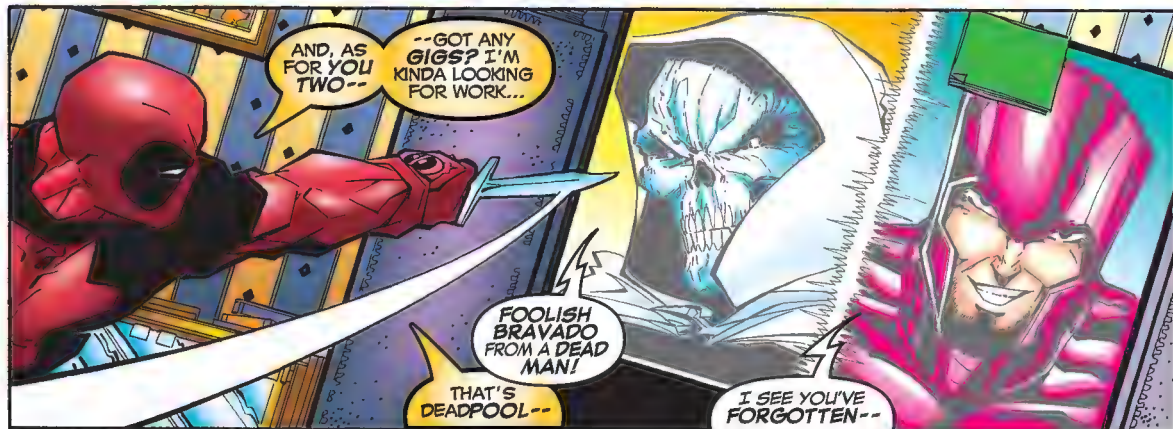
...STOP *SQUIRMING*... RUINING MY *PENMANSHIP*...



YOU-- YOU *JERK*--!!

WOMEN. GIVE 'EM WHAT THEY WANT, AND THEY STILL COMPLAIN!

RELAX, VANESSA-- YOU'RE A *SHAPE-SHIFTER*! JUST MAKE SURE YOU WRITE DOWN MY *BANK CODE* BEFORE SHIFTING IT OFF!



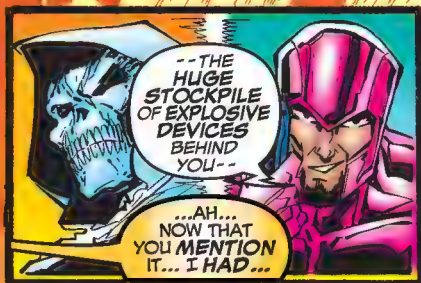
AND, AS FOR YOU TWO--

--GOT ANY *GIGS*? I'M KINDA LOOKING FOR WORK...

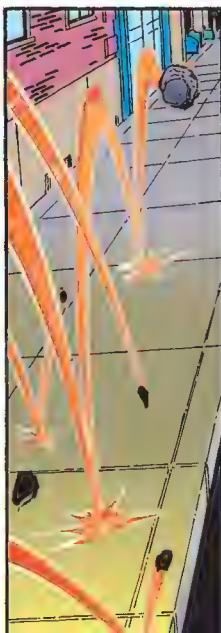
FOOLISH BRAVADO FROM A DEAD MAN!

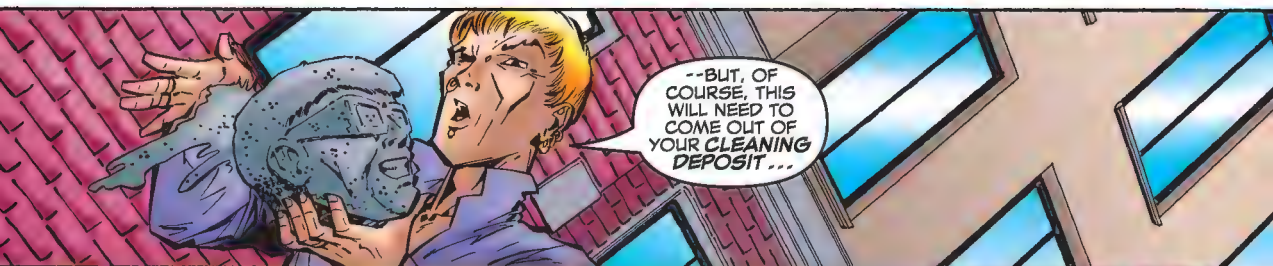
THAT'S DEADPOOL--

I SEE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN--

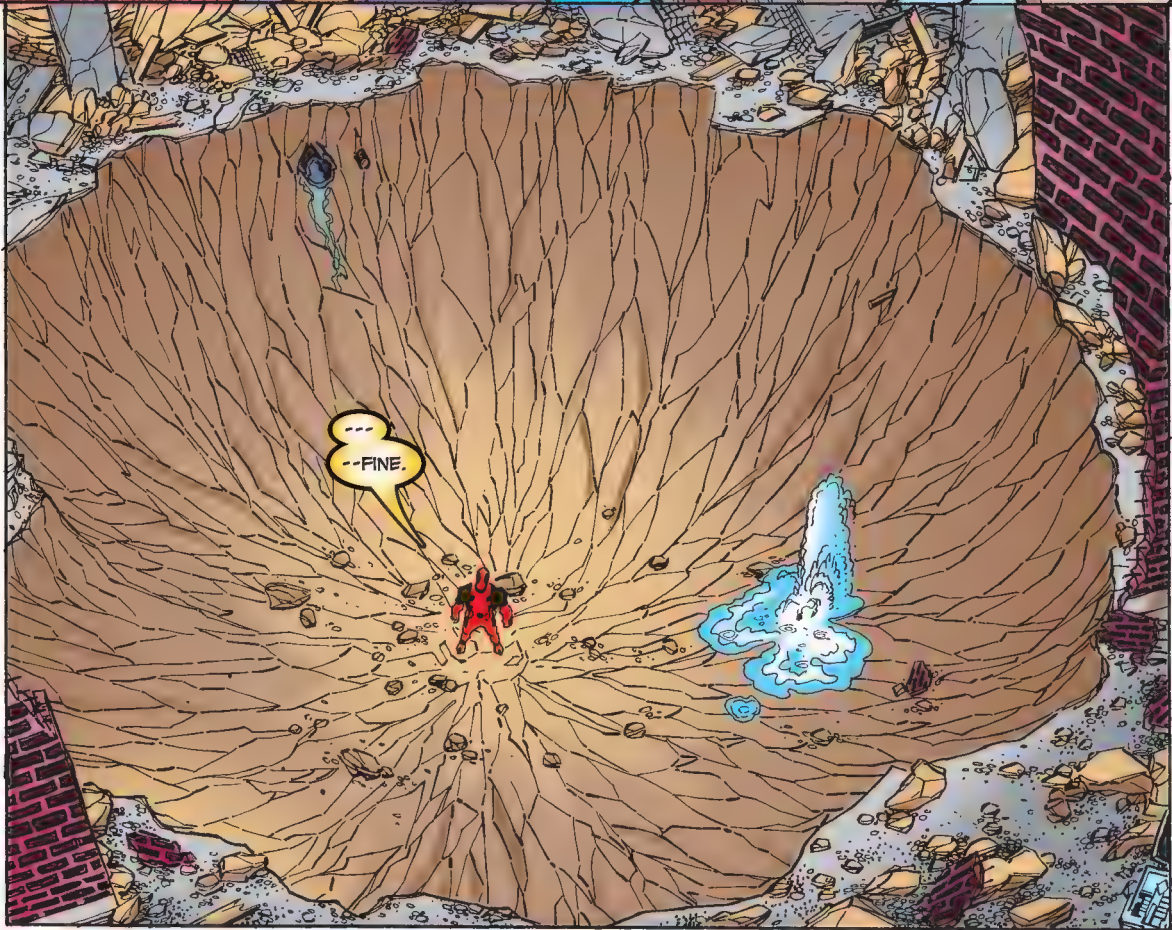


KRAKKABADDOOM!





--BUT, OF COURSE, THIS WILL NEED TO COME OUT OF YOUR CLEANING DEPOSIT...

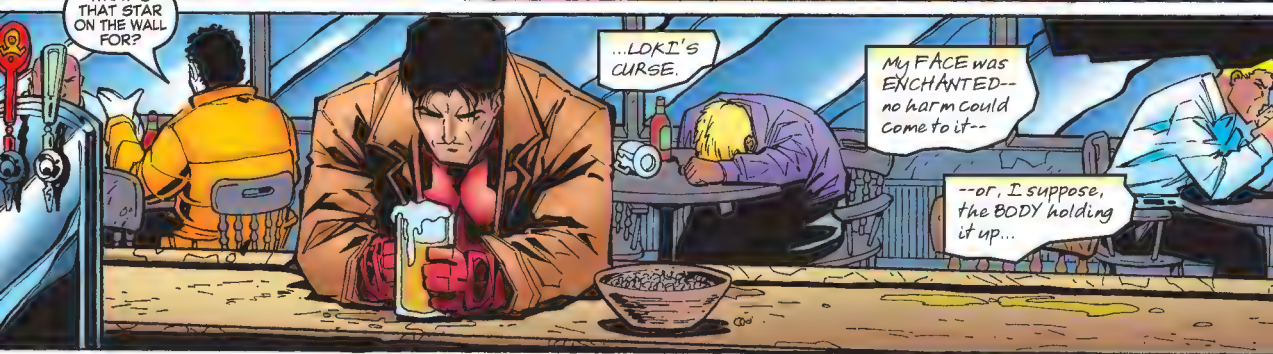


--FINE.



I stood there, for, like an HOUR, before it dawned on me...

...okay, it was more like 20 seconds, but it FELT like an hour...



WHAT'S THAT STAR ON THE WALL FOR?

...LOKI'S CURSE.

My FACE was ENCHANTED-- no harm could come to it--

--or, I suppose, the BODY holding it up...

A CURSE
UPON THEE!!

LET THY
LIFE FALL INTO
RUIN UNTIL THOU
DOETH SEEK THY
FATHER'S
FORGIVENESS!!

So, I figured, I was STUCK
with the mug of a Hollywood
dandy until I somehow made
PEACE with Loki--

--who, for whatever reason,
was claiming to be my FATHER.

Vanessa SURVIVED somehow,
because when I checked my
overseas account, I was
CLEANED OUT.

TRYIN' TO
CORNER THE
MARKET, THERE,
GUY?

I figured a BUD was a reasonable
way to spend my very last dollar...

...hopefully a BAR FIGHT
would be JUST the ticket to
take my mind off things...

WHAT
MARKET MIGHT
THAT BE,
GRAMPS?

THE
PEANUTS.
THE NUTS, YOU
DANDY.

I'M NOT A DANDY.
I JUST LOOK
LIKE ONE.

I KNOW.
YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY
NOT THOM CRUZ.
IT'S A WIG OR
SOMETHIN'.

OR, PERHAPS,
SORCEROUSLY
IMPOSED BY THE
NORSE TRICKSTER
GOD OF EVIL.

YEAH.
MEBBE
THAT.

ABOUT
THOSE
NUTS.

MOSES AND JOSEPH!
TELL SOMEBODY WHO
GIVES A SQUAT.

KID-- MY NAVAL
LINT'S HAD TOUGHER
DAYS THAN YOU.

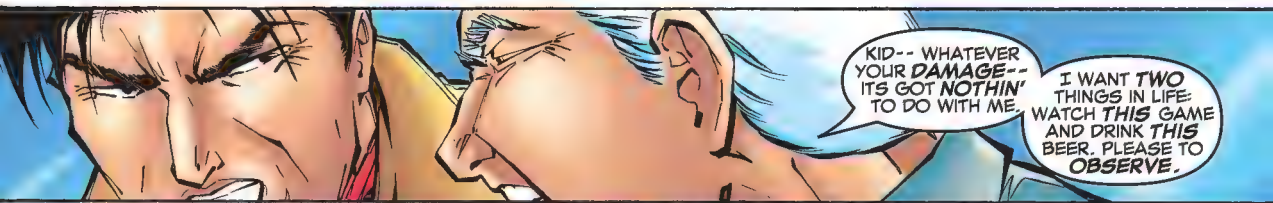
YOU'RE ONE O'
THEM-- PSYCHO
THUGS LOOKING FOR
A REASON. THAT IT,
KID? YOU WANNA GO
AT THE OLD MAN?

OVER A
BOWL OF
NUTS?

BEWARE
THE MOORS--
STAY TO THE
ROAD!

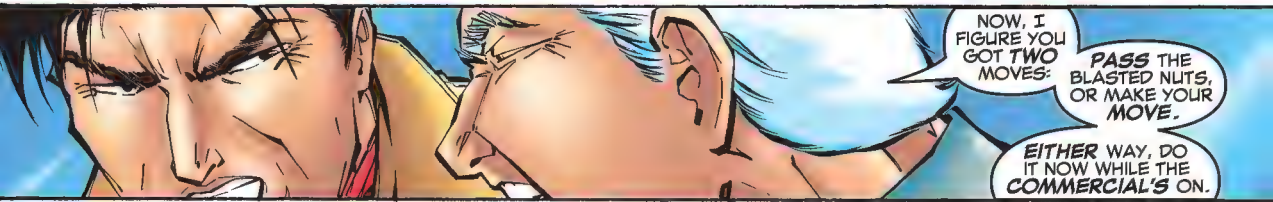
MAYBE IF
YOU WERE
BUSTING MY
CHOPS A
LITTLE LESS,
HUH?

I MEAN,
IT'S BEEN A
LONG DAY.



KID-- WHATEVER
YOUR **DAMAGE--**
IT'S GOT **NOTHIN'**
TO DO WITH ME.

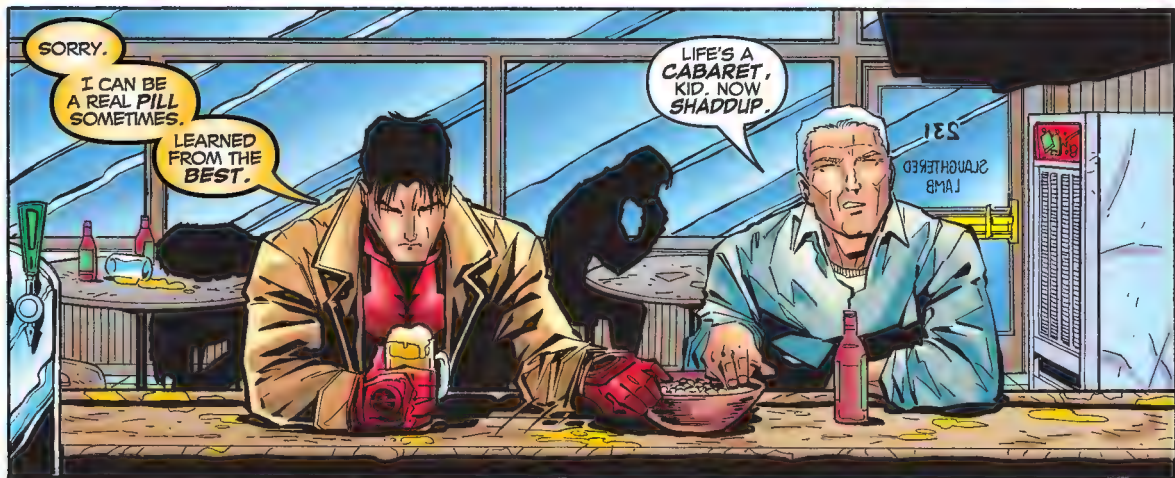
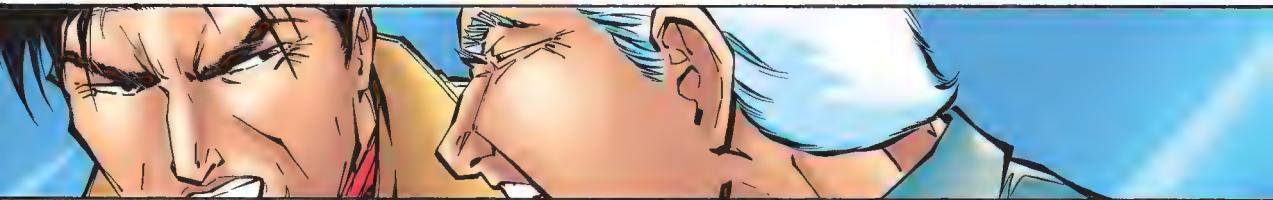
I WANT TWO
THINGS IN LIFE.
WATCH **THIS** GAME
AND DRINK **THIS**
BEER. PLEASE TO
OBSERVE.



NOW, I
FIGURE YOU
GOT TWO
MOVES:

PASS THE
BLASTED NUTS,
OR MAKE YOUR
MOVE.

EITHER WAY, DO
IT NOW WHILE THE
COMMERCIAL'S ON.



SORRY.

I CAN BE
A REAL **PILL**
SOMETIMES.

LEARNED
FROM THE
BEST.

LIFE'S A
CABARET,
KID. NOW,
SHADDUP.



MAYBE
I'LL SEE YOU
AROUND.

MAYBE
YOU WON'T.

TRY NOT
TO TOSS AND
TURN OVER
IT.

I'LL SEE
WHAT I
CAN DO.



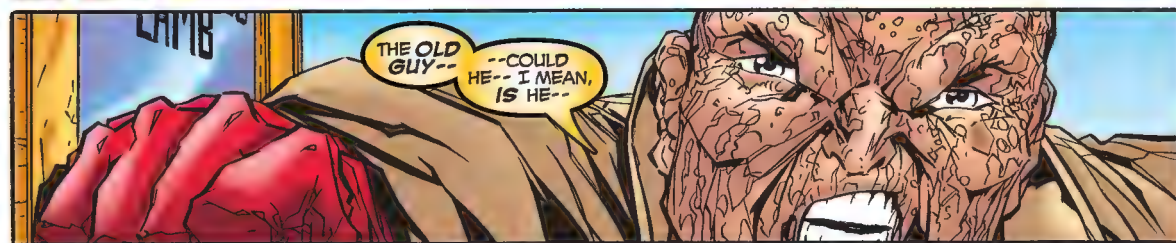
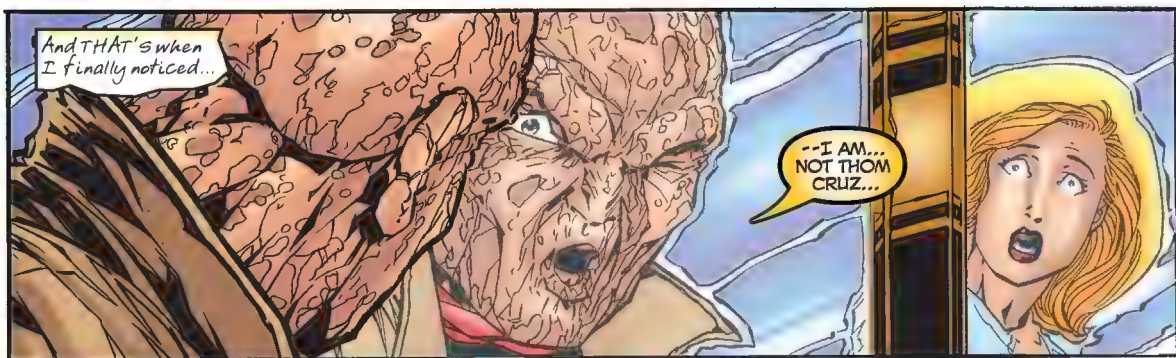
I figured I'd hit
BOTTOM. I mean,
can't even pick a
decent **BAR FIGHT**
anymore...

EEEEEEKKKK--!!

OH... MY
GOD...

NO, I AM
NOT THOM CRUZ.
NO, I AM NOT
THOM CRUZ.
NO--

GASP--!





--GUESS
I'LL JUST DO
WHAT COMES
NATURALLY!

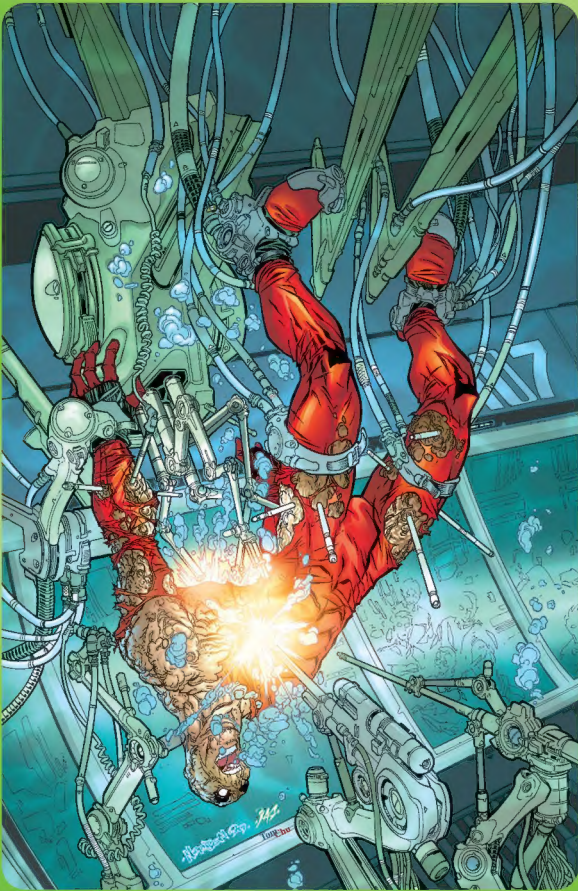
HANG ONTO
YOUR HATS,
GANG--

--THE BEST
IS YET TO
COME!!



NEXT:
A BIG WELCOME TO
JIMMY PALMIOTTI
& PAUL CHADWICK
AS THEY KICK OFF
DEADPOOL'S CRAVE
SUMMER!

THANKS, GANG,
IT'S BEEN A BLAST!
--PRIEST
(THE ANSWER TO YOUR
FIRST QUESTION IS
SHADDUP!)







**HE'S THE MERC WITH A MOUTH, THE ASSASSIN WITH ELAN,
THE WRYEST WISECRACKER OF THE WEAPON X PROGRAM,
NOW IN A COLLECTION OF HIS EARLIEST SAGAS!**

What happens when Deadpool crosses paths with royalty? Watch the madness unfold as the Merc with a Mouth learns what it's like to cavort with two of Marvel's mightiest monarchs — of the Asgardian and Wakandan varieties — and hangs with some crooked cronies more befitting his ill-mannered ilk. Guest-starring Thor, Loki, the Black Panther, Constrictor, Taskmaster and more!

Collecting Deadpool (1997) #34-45 and Black Panther (1998) #23 — written by Priest and Glenn Herdling; and illustrated by Paco Diaz, Gus Vazquez, Andy Smith, Jim Calafiore and Sal Velluto.

